THE LITERARY DIGEST

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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

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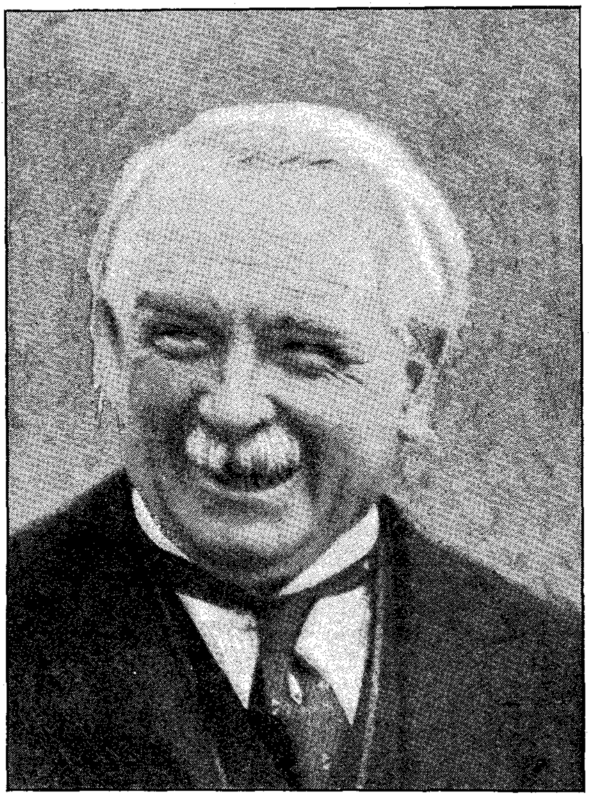
THE DOVE FROM GENOA'S ARK

WITHOUT A PACT OF PEACE, Lloyd George told the correspondents, "Genoa will have accomplished nothing," and in the lifetime of this generation Europe will again "welter in blood." What is at stake, comments the New York *Globe*, "is not the fate of Russia, of Germany, of France, or of England, but the fate of European civilization." Moreover, to quote the British Prime Minister again, "whether America will or not, she will inevitably be brought in, as the last war brought America in." To safeguard the world against this disaster Lloyd George proposes an agreement among all the thirty or more nations represented at Genoa to refrain from all acts of aggression for a period of ten years. The French Cabinet agrees to this Pan-European non-aggression pact, dispatches tell us, with the single reservation that all France's rights under the Versailles Treaty shall be respected. Walter Rathenau, Germany's Foreign Minister and head of the German delegation to Genoa, informs the press that "Germany will support loyally Lloyd George's plan for a pact of non-aggression"; and he adds enthusiastically: "The proposed pact will constitute one of the greatest acts ever taken on behalf of humanity. It will make the Genoa Conference the greatest in the history of the world."



"ARE WE DOWNHEARTED?"

That Lloyd George refuses to be discouraged by the perils that beset his peace program is evidenced by this picture, taken at Genoa.

The Lloyd George plan, several American editors explain, represents a wider application of the principle embodied in the Washington Conference's Four-Power Treaty. If it is consummated, notes the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, it "will immediately remove the cause for most of Europe's armaments." Mr. Tchitcherin, leader of the Russian delegation, points out that "only by a policy of peace can the nations balance their budgets." And a European correspondent of the New York *Tribune* reports that Marshal Foch is among the supporters of the British Premier's plan. "It is quite certain that in Europe there is a strong popular demand both for peace and for a lightening of the burden of armaments, a burden which is even heavier, and far more crushing, than before the war," says the Springfield *Republican*, which notes that "even in Paris" the idea of a ten-year truce is growing in popular favor. The Manchester (N. H.) *Union* even suggests that sentiment in Western Europe is moving in the direction of a European federation; and in an Associated Press dispatch from Genoa we read:

"It is understood that Lloyd George has a profound ambition to make his non-aggression pact the precursor of a broad movement to bring all the peoples of Europe, including Russia and Germany, closer together, perhaps, as the first step toward some form of European federation.

"It is learned, also, that one of the drafts contains the proposition that the members of the Little Entente mutually shall agree to organize a kind of flying army corps, which will act as international policeman to protect the frontiers and punish violations of the non-aggression agreement. It is understood that the idea emanated from Roumania, but several delegates gave it as their opinion that there seemed little chance of its being incorporated."

Those who would wreck this pact are classed by one correspondent with "the men who sank the *Lusitania*." While the proposed agreement would not end international aggression absolutely, remarks the Chicago *Evening Post*, "it would put the aggressor overwhelmingly in the wrong." In an editorial headed "A Dove from the Genoa Ark," this Chicago paper goes on to say:

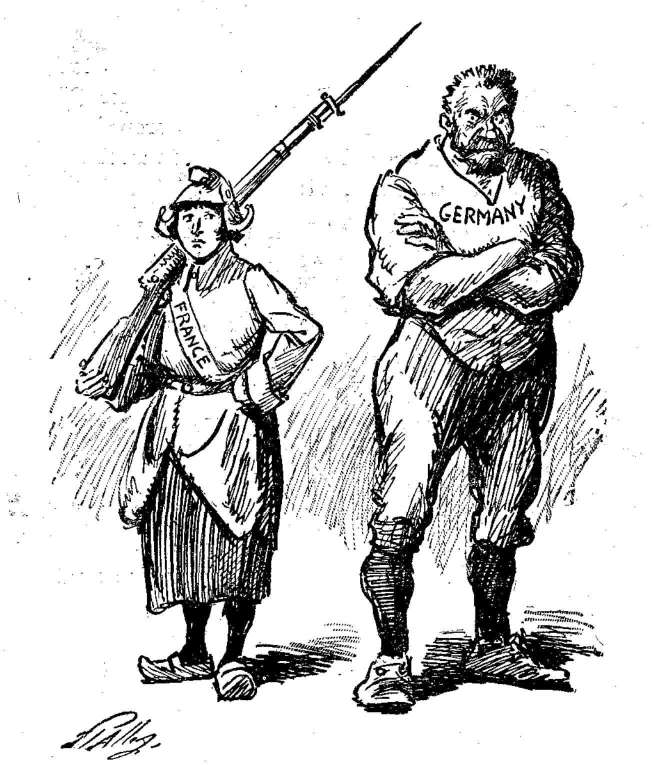
"Thus, for instance, it would not greatly affect the actions of the Bolsheviks if they signed it, since being in the wrong is their chosen be-all and end-all; but it would separate them more clearly from the mutually self-respecting Government. It would tend to form a coalition against their aggression, just as the Pacific Treaty tends to form a coalition against any possible Japanese aggression in the islands of the western ocean. . . .

"We suppose, after all, that this newest peace treaty is still in the trial-balloon stage. But it is high statesmanship, and non-aggressive America should give it a sympathetic send-off."

A round-robin agreement against aggression would be a great step toward European recovery, agrees the New York *World*, which remarks that "the real difficulty of such a treaty is to assure France that she does not surrender all right to enforce her claims against Germany." As the New York *Evening Post* sees it, "Lloyd George's non-aggression agreement is popular all round, and the peace of Europe is assured." Concerning France's attitude it goes on to say:

"Only on the hypothesis that France is bound to say No every time Lloyd George says Yes was there any reason for supposing that France would object to the British Premier's proposal of a ten-year pledge of non-aggression. France and her good friends in Central Europe have everything to gain by such an arrangement. France and the new or enlarged nations in Central Europe have the frontiers they want; and a pact of non-aggression means a guaranty of those frontiers. There is thus removed that mischievous factor which roused hostility to the Genoa Conference before it met and which made trouble after it met: the suggestion, prest in some quarters, that the conference should take up the question of boundaries, which meant the rewriting of the Versailles Treaty and other treaties.

"We assume that accompanying a non-aggression agreement there will be some machinery for its supervision. It will not be the military sanctions that France has asked for without really expecting to get them, but it will be a united European moral sanction behind the *status quo*. The machinery for the purpose may yet turn out to be the League of Nations. That explains the news from Paris that even Marshal Foch is sympathetic to Lloyd George's proposal."



"ARMAMENTS ISS FOOLISH UND VICKED—NOW!"

—Alley in the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*.

But there are American editors who doubt the practicability of this program. "Can a red Russian live peacefully side by side with the capitalistic nations of Europe?" asks the Washington *Post*. And the New York *Tribune* finds the proposed pact "superfluous or vicious." To quote *The Tribune* further:

"What is the real purpose of the non-aggression treaty which Lloyd George is urging on the Genoa Conference? All the European Powers except Germany, Russia and Hungary are already protected by a non-aggression compact. This compact, contained in the League of Nations covenant, goes much further than the Genoa proposal does. It pledges the signatories not only to refrain from aggression, but to preserve against such aggression the territorial integrity and political independence of any threatened state. Here is a full-blown guaranty of stabilization. What is the use of supplementing it with a far more limited and purely negative one?

"It may be said that the Genoa project is intended as a measure of protection to Germany, Russia and Hungary, putting them to some extent on a parity with the other European states. But a more complete parity could be effected by admitting them into the league. The process of admission is simple. Bulgaria and Austria, former members of the Teuton alliance, have already been taken in.

"If the Lloyd George plan involved nothing more than a second oath on a second altar to the principle of stabilized boundaries a good deal of the zeal behind it would be beyond explanation. It appears, however, from hints dropt at Genoa that the aggression which the suggested compact would be most useful in restraining is 'aggression' for the purpose of enforcing the Versailles Treaty. Such 'aggression' can not be halted by the league because it does not constitute war and is authorized by the same convention which created the league. Viewed in this light the non-aggression compact is not so much an attempt to supplement the league covenant as to break down the reparation section of the Versailles Treaty. It seeks to destroy the one genuine sanction behind the peace settlement with Germany."

Other American editors and many foreign correspondents remind us that the question of boundaries looms ominously in the background of any European peace pact. Lloyd George himself said recently of Europe's contested frontiers:

"Every one of those lines involves in itself the possibility of a terrible conflict in Europe. Sometimes the complications are the result of the terrible muddle of races, which you have surging like a caldron in the center which has not settled down.

"You have this racial lava surging right through the center of Europe, and unless you settle the line there which will be accepted by everybody, there are interminable possibilities of future conflicts that will embroil the whole world."

This problem, it seems, must be met before any ten-year truce can be confidently pledged. In a Genoa dispatch to the New York *Times*, Edwin L. James tells us that Lloyd George is now wrestling with this question of boundaries; and he goes on to say:

"It is doubtful if any living man could have tackled a more difficult problem. There are border disputes between Russia and the Baltic States, between Russia and Poland, between Russia and Roumania, between Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, between Austria and Hungary, between Jugo-Slavia and Italy, and numerous other disputes. Just to give an idea of the job—Poland and Lithuania have been quarreling for two years over the Vilna lines, and the best efforts of the Supreme Council and the League of Nations have not brought a settlement. Mr. Lloyd George purposes to try and settle all these frontiers at Genoa. When they are fixt then the nations will be asked to sign a non-aggression compact, or a promise to observe those lines.

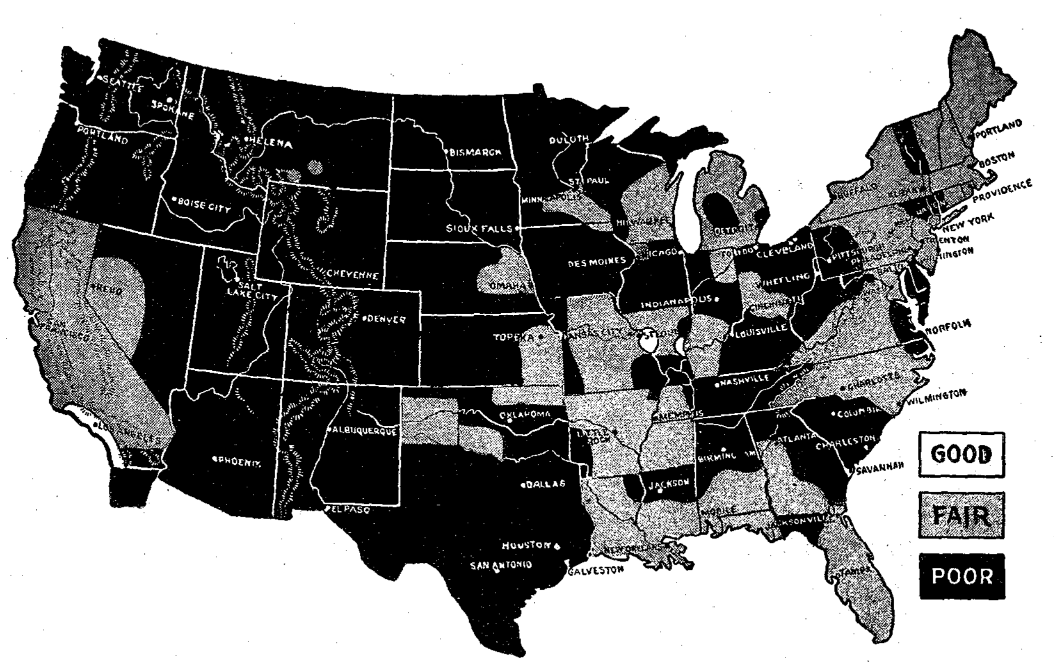
"Whether the British chief can get the other nations to go deeply into these nationalistic questions remains to be seen, but he intends to try. Sir Edward Grigg, his private secretary, told me to-night that all the reported drafts of the non-aggression compact were manufactured, and that no draft existed for the reason that it would not be written until the frontier problems had been considered. He said it was Mr. Lloyd George's opinion that a peace compact would be worthless without frontier agreements.

"The British Premier has undertaken perhaps the most tangled political task in the world. Any one who has followed the history of Besarabia and is familiar with the Russian claims against Roumanian occupation of that territory can get a grasp of what the proposal means. There is absolutely no limit to its complications. Can he do it? Can the little Welshman repair the weaknesses of the Treaty of Versailles? Can he quiet the racial lava running from the Baltic to the Black Sea? He has precious little real help in the undertaking, for brotherly love is a scarce commodity in the world to-day."

Editorially *The Times* characterizes this dispatch as "bad news," because "any serious attempt to rearrange Europe's disputed boundaries would start a dozen new wars." Another *Times* correspondent, however, suggests that the problem might be solved by leaving the present actual possessors in temporary control of disputed territory while vesting the legal sovereignty for the time being in the League of Nations until the disputes are satisfactorily settled.

FOUR MONTHS OF "RECUPERATION"

WHEN THE YEAR OPENED, all the authorities—government officials, bankers, financial experts, newspaper editors—raised their voices to tell a hopeful nation that 1922 was to be, in Secretary Hoover's words, "a year of recuperation." A third of the year has gone, during which time the nation has been traveling the road to normalcy. Have these four months justified the optimistic forecasts of the new year prophets? Yes, says Wall Street, where "million dollar days" have followed one another in quick succession and the "bulls" have had it their own way in a remarkable upward movement affecting practically the whole list of securities. But while the barometric nature of Wall Street happenings is acknowledged, our careful authorities on business are far from admitting that one Wall Street spring boom guarantees a summer of prosperity. During April and the early days of May business authorities have been recasting their views on the prospects of returning good times, and their conclusions based on facts are worth noting. Secretary Hoover believes now, as he did four months ago, "that we have some time since gone by the worst part of the depression; that we are on the road to recovery." Associated Press reports gathered from all over the country are said to show general improvement in the industrial situation, particularly over conditions as they existed in the winter months. Department of Commerce business figures available up to April 18, we read in *Commerce Reports*, "show a profound improvement over the conditions a year ago," two outstanding features being "the increases in iron and steel activity and the big increase in construction."



From "The Nation's Business," Washington, D. C.

NATION-WIDE BUSINESS CONDITIONS IN MID-APRIL.

This map, prepared by Mr. Archer Wall Douglas, shows actual conditions on April 15. White areas indicate good crops, industrial activity, and "high-pressure" buying markets. In the black areas these conditions are lacking. The shaded areas are half-way.

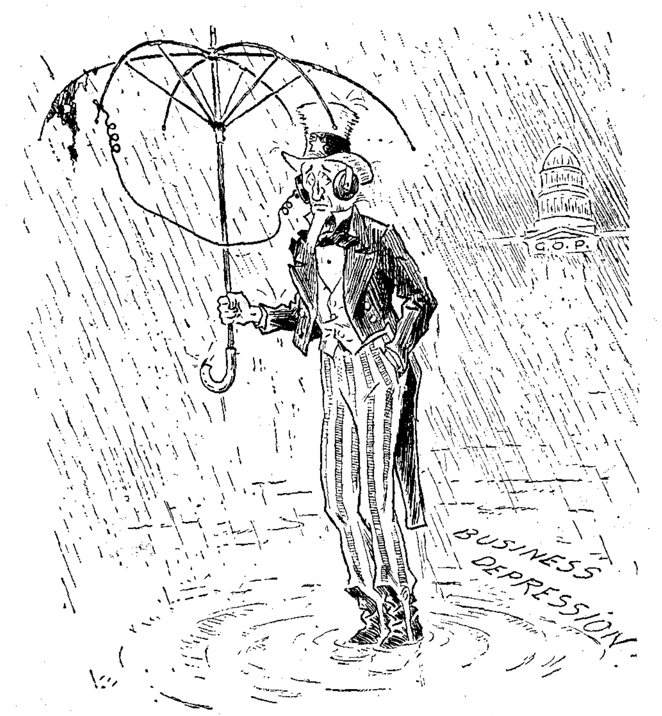
Discussions of business conditions in the daily press, as recorded a few weeks ago in THE LITERARY DIGEST, have laid great stress on the improved lot of the farmer. Mr. Eugene Meyer, Jr., head of the War Finance Corporation, which has been helping so successfully to finance the farmer during the past winter, has just returned from a trip of observation through our agricultural States. He reports to President Harding "that the severe and indeed unprecedented depression which dealt such a hard blow to the agricultural interests is in some sections of the country already a thing of the past; that in other sections it is rapidly passing, and that everywhere hope and confidence are taking the place of despair which six months ago was so widely prevalent." Mr. Archer Wall Douglas, of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, who has also been traveling through the country districts, similarly reports that "the cheerfulness of the countryside is wide-spread, tho not vociferous." The Secretary of the National Association of Credit Men is a third traveler who comes from the chief agricultural States to tell us that those regions have gathered "energy and confidence from the rise in prices of farm products and this is reflected in retail and wholesale lines." "Prosperity in the Middle West," comments the New York *Tribune* editorially, "is the most reassuring among the many indications of the return of general prosperity." Several authorities, including Mr. John Moody, head of Moody's Investors' Service, report a high degree of prosperity on the Pacific Coast. The improved buying power of the farmer takes first place among the evidences of really better times, in the opinion of such important financial institutions as the National City Bank and Mechanics and Metals National Bank of New York and the First National Bank of Boston. Officials of the Republic National Bank and National Bank of Commerce of St. Louis report good conditions in the lower Mississippi Valley.

But the Irving National Bank of New York's April *Mid-Month Review* prefers to lay chief stress on the revival of activity in basic productive industry: "The recovery in iron and steel has broadened, many copper mines have resumed, the movement of freight is far heavier than a year ago, industrial employment, despite the coal and textile strikes, continues steadily on the upgrade, foreign trade is much better than in several months and building construction shows phenomenal expansion." The outstanding evidences of improvement noted by W. S. Cousins in his weekly review of business are "the greater activity in the steel industry and the improved railroad outlook, the advance in foreign exchange, the gradual stabilization of commodity prices and the revival of building construction." The Harvard Economic Service sees a country-wide improvement during the opening months of the year and it expects "that the upward trend of business will continue," saying:

> "The basis for this expectation is not that business must improve because it has been bad. Rather, an analysis of the fundamental economic situation—increases of wholesale prices gradually predominating over decreases, moderate manufacturing output compared with freight movement, low money rates, and a strong security market—reveals powerful forces making for business expansion."

It is such evidence that leads a business man's paper like *The Manufacturers Record* (Baltimore) to voice the change in the popular attitude. It sees "the light of prosperity breaking over the land." Slowly, it observes, "the psychology of disaster has been changed into the buoyant psychology of enterprise and initiative." With the year one-third gone—

> "More than one hundred million of the most virile, active, optimistic, aggressive, upbuilding people of the world, having about one-half of the world's producing power, with more than one-half of the world's coal and many other things in proportion, have grown weary of pessimism and stagnation and are now bending their activities to constructive work.
>
> "They have seen the advance in the stock market, following an advance in farm products, and now they see a marked betterment in iron and steel and other products. They see hundreds of millions, even billions, pouring into construction work such as highways, streets, office buildings, hotels, schools, churches, and dwellings, and they know this spells PROSPERITY in capital letters."



"LISTENING IN" FOR PROSPERITY.

—De Mar in the Philadelphia *Record*.

But there is such a thing as being too optimistic. Over and over we are being told by most eminent authorities that growing prosperity does not by any means necessarily mean a boom, and that recuperation is likely to be slower than many of us have hoped and that there are a number of unfavorable factors which must be taken into consideration. There are "ifs" and "buts." For instance, the Federal Reserve Board itself in its review of financial and business conditions for April sees industry in much better shape and "every reason to expect business to improve steadily tho perhaps slowly." "But for labor disturbances," the Board continues, "the industrial outlook would be pronounced definitely good, with evident promise of improvement even in those directions such as foreign trade in which heretofore prospects have been unsatisfactory." And there is another "but"—"with world conditions as they are to-day there is no likelihood of an immediate boom movement." An unofficial body of observers like the National Industrial Conference Board notes that wage reductions are less frequent and that wage levels are still most irregular:

> "This lack of adjustment and the general feeling that with wage reductions for coal miners and railroad workers imminent, fuel and transportation costs will be lower, and consequently manufacturing costs and prices of goods less, is causing some hesitancy among manufacturers and tends to retard operating activity."

The great wholesale markets, we read on the market page of the New York *Times*, are still in large measure marking time. The writer explains that:

> "Against the natural trend toward normal conditions are arrayed the labor disturbances, the threat of a reactionary tariff, the instability of values and the reduced purchasing power of so large an element of the population, to say nothing of the still unsettled financial condition of nearly every foreign country. Progress is being made, but it is slower than it should be. The demand is still for lower levels of value, while producers are insisting that they can not make both ends meet at present prices."

"Business is distinctly on the upward trend," we read in the May *Credit Monthly*, organ of the National Association of Credit Men. On the basis of its reports, the "improvement in business as a whole is due to the increased activity of the construction industry which comprehends not only building in its narrower sense but construction of railroad equipment. But *The Credit Monthly's* correspondents in various parts of the country are aware of hindrances to more rapid betterment. They are said to agree that the things that are holding us back are "the low price of farm products, general depression, lack of export demand, strikes, the coal situation, unemployment, weather, and freight rates."

The improvement of trade in recent months "has been of a fitful sort," as the Alexander Hamilton Institute sees it. This New York business service organization lists certain favorable and unfavorable factors affecting business. The three favorable factors seem so potent at the present time "that trade revival during the next twelve months seems assured, regardless of whatever unfavorable influences may develop." They are:

> "1. A healthy mercantile situation.
>
> "2. A promising agricultural outlook.
>
> "3. A surplus of banking funds sufficient to finance an expansion of trade activity this fall and throughout 1923."

The third factor, namely the plentiful supply of banking funds, seems to this judge the most important, for while "unfavorable developments may retard trade revival," the "existence of surplus funds insures an upward trend." The factors which are retarding improvement and "are adversely affecting business confidence at the present time" are set down as follows in the Institute's *Monthly Letter* for May:

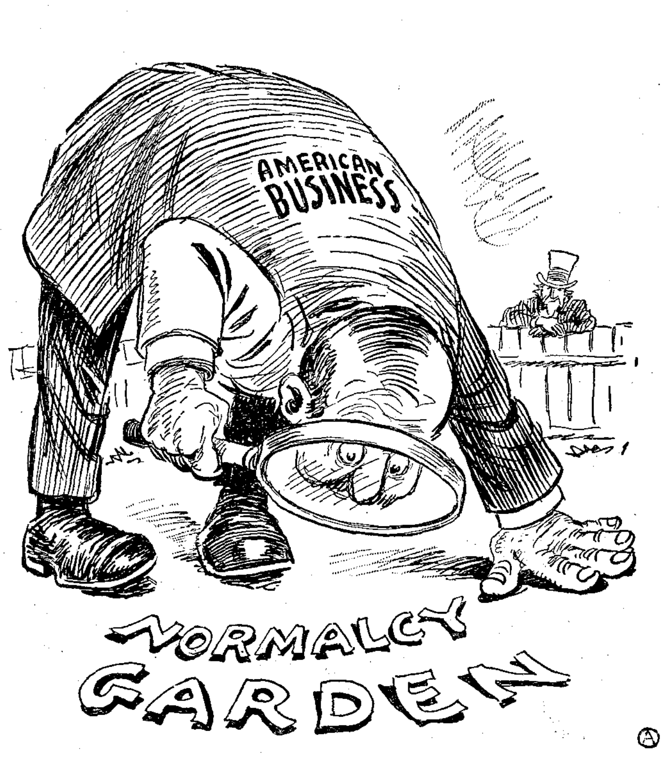
> "1. Continued inflation in Germany.
> "2. The prospect of currency deflation and price declines in England, France and Italy.
> "3. Overbuilt manufacturing plants in the United States.
> "4. Possibility of lower construction costs in larger projects.
> "5. The Fordney-McCumber Tariff Bill.
> "6. The soldiers' bonus bill.
> "7. Allied debts."

At the end of April *Bradstreet's* preferred to use the word "irregular" to characterize the state of trade, elaborating as follows:

> "Generally speaking, cold weather with killing frosts, injurious to fruits and early vegetables, or heavy rains, with floods in many of the country's streams, and poor country roads are still credited with retarding retail trade, farm work and crops, while the circles of disturbance proceeding from the coal, textile and other labor troubles are obstacles to what would otherwise be the best industrial situation in nearly two years.
>
> "Despite these drawbacks, at least three basic industries, building, iron and steel and automobiles and accessories, are active, the first preeminently so, while iron prices are all stronger; lumber is firmer, with orders far exceeding output; there is an unquestionably more optimistic tone in jobbing trade, which is fully fair; mail-order houses are moving more goods, and collections make the best showing since late last fall."

Dun's Review found "decisive gains in business in April": "previous irregularities and unsatisfactory phases have by no means been eliminated, yet there is now more uniformity to commercial dispatches and it is clearly evident that major movements are in the right direction." According to *The Wall Street Journal*, "reports received by New York bankers from correspondents in other cities indicate that while business improvement is 'spotty,' buying is gaining momentum," and a real business boom is looked for later in the year.

Some of the bank bulletins issued around the first of the month are cautious about summing up the situation. In New York the American Exchange National Bank sees some of the industries and trades which have been lagging behind being "picked up and carried along by the broadening current" of improvement, but "no marked acceleration of the general movement." Careful study of the situation seems to the Guaranty Trust Company to warrant only a confident outlook rather than expectation of a 'boom.'" Another large New York bank, the National Bank of Commerce, notes that "important gains are shown in basic industries simultaneously with a disappointing spring retail trade in many parts of the country." The writer for this bank explains that:



UNCLE SAM: "QUIT LOOKING AND GET BUSY!!"

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

> "The set-back in retail trade is the direct consequence of two factors. Buying by farmers, long at a low level because of unprofitable prices for farm products, has not shown much improvement, as farmers have very little money, and their buying power can not expand materially before autumn even if the current year's crops are good. They are wisely using their credit to buy fertilizer, tools and other necessaries of their business. Buying by workers in cities has declined heavily—the cumulative effect of prolonged unemployment. It now seems likely that retail trade will continue at not far from its present levels or better until the normal mid-summer dulness occurs. If gains in basic industries prove permanent the autumn offers promise of expanding retail operations on a stable basis.
>
> "The progress of the nation toward normal business has not stopt; operations have merely shifted to a new field."

Outside of New York we find the Cleveland Trust Company aware of six conditions, which taken together mean that business is recovering:

"1. Prices of staple raw materials are advancing.
"2. The production of iron and steel is increasing.
"3. The prices of stocks and bonds are rising.
"4. The volume of unemployment is diminishing.
"5. Interest rates are falling.
"6. The amount of building construction is growing."

But this, we are told, does not mean that the recovery is to be rapid, or anything that could fairly be called a boom: "it would be reasonable to expect the present recovery to continue irregularly during the present year, and to reach by the end of the year a condition that might be described as statistically normal, but which would be considered something less than that by most business men."

The Cleveland Federal Reserve Bank's business review for April is even more cautious, saying: "while the business outlook is growing better almost daily, we must remember that it must necessarily proceed at a slow pace." The Philadelphia Reserve Bank finds business improving in April as compared with the preceding three months, but a "normally active market not yet reached." In St. Louis the Federal Reserve Bank reports betterment in April not universal, and several important lines of business showing a decided slowing down. In the same city, the Liberty Central Trust Company was unable to say last month that there has been any great impetus toward normal conditions in mercantile business this spring. It records the curious fact "that the two principal mail-order houses in March sales records have run in opposite directions. One shows a decrease from 1921 and the other an advance." But these Missouri bankers are far from disappointed because progress seems so slow:

> "It is not right or proper to look for 'booms' at this stage; the period of feverish prosperity, with its after effects, is past, and in its place we should look for something less spectacular but far more substantial. That it is approaching but slowly is in itself a favorable omen."

With this a writer on business still farther West thoroughly agrees. We read in the Seattle *Business Chronicle:*

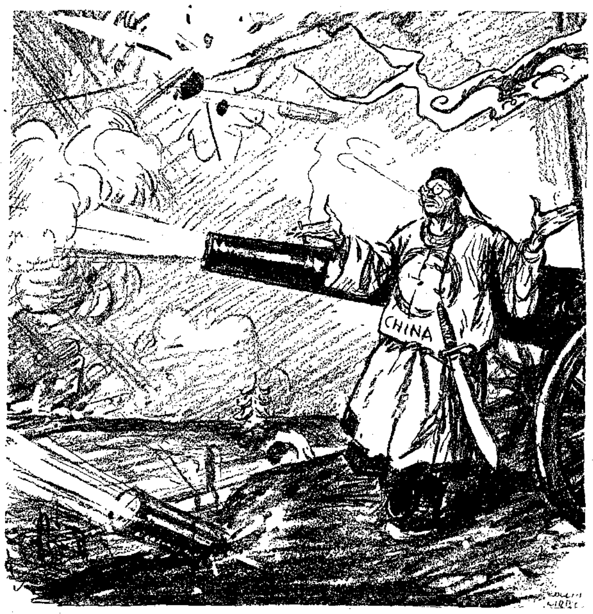
> "Overconfidence resulting in premature expansion could easily destroy much of what has been accomplished so far.
>
> "Business is like unto a sick man who is convalescing—he must be most circumspect in his exertions and discriminatingly cautious in his diet. The dictionary definition of the verb convalesce is, 'to gather strength; to recover health and strength, especially, gradually, after sickness or weakness, to get better.' Let us drive home the thought by quoting the definition of the noun convalescence: 'recovery, especially gradual recovery, of health and strength after disease; state of a body renewing its vigor after sickness or weakness; the time between the subsidence of a disease and complete restoration to health.'
>
> "If we do not forget in the enthusiasm of returning strength that we are still 'convalescing,' and if we do not disregard the obvious limitations of 'convalescence,' it will not be long before we are well—but beware of 'backsets.'"

In line with these Western reflections comes a conservative and thoughtful statement from the New York *Journal of Commerce.* As this organ of business sees it, business is, indeed, getting better, but it "has been making its advance by main strength and quite against the current of events." Our indisposition to finance trade with Europe, the unsettling effect of tariff discussion, and "threats of bonus and heavier taxation" all have their effect. And "in addition to the easily adjustable evils which grow out of administrative weakness or legislative perversity is the general fact that industrial readjustment is still with us in an acute form." So, as *The Journal of Commerce* concludes:

> "Business is better, no doubt, but its improvement is not what is being so often painted. It is not such as to warrant further advances in the general run of stocks and bonds. Least of all will much greater prosperity come unless there is decisive action on the part of our public men to bring about a fairer and better condition of taxation and foreign trade and to reduce the burden of taxation."

WAR-LORD OF MANCHURIA.

General Chang Tso-Lin.



"SPLING DLIVE."

—Kirby in the New York *World*.

DICTATOR OF CENTRAL CHINA.

General Wu Pei-Fu.

CHINA TORN BY A STRUGGLE FOR UNITY

THERE IS NO ANALOGY between the civil war that flamed up so suddenly last month in China and our own Civil War, for the cables say that instead of there being a secessionist movement, all the contending factions favor union. There is no likeness to the upheaval in Russia, either, for no economic revolution is involved. Nor can the situation be compared to the clashes in the Balkans, for the Chinese are not divided by racial animosities or territorial disputes. "Perhaps Ireland," the Philadelphia *North American* goes on to suggest, "comes nearest to presenting a parallel, for there, as in China, the battling factions all proclaim that their ideal is unity." There is one difference, however: In China, poison gas, artillery, tanks, machine-guns and airplanes claim their victims along a modern front a hundred miles long. The statement that two thousand dead and wounded were found after the first serious battle near Peking leads the New York *World* to remark that "civil war in China is not the joke it once was."

This battle resulted, according to Associated Press dispatches from Peking, in a crushing defeat for General Chang's soldiers, thousands of whom were disarmed outside the city walls by the Peking gendarmerie and sent home with a gift of $10 each to cover traveling expenses. But immediately after this event a statement was issued in Washington by Ma Soo, accredited representative in the United States of the Canton or South China Government, declaring that the civil war in China has just begun. His Government, says Mr. Ma, has an army of 150,000 men, with headquarters at Shaokuang, which is marching to attack the forces of General Wu Pei-Fu. On the other hand Sao-Ke Alfred Sze, Chinese Minister to Washington, who speaks for the Peking Government, predicts that the fighting will not last long, and avers that the correspondents exaggerate the gravity of the political situation in China. A hopeful sign, he points out, "is the eagerness with which both parties declare their desire to comply with the popular wish, that is, the calling of a people's convention at once."

China, say foreign correspondents, is in the worst political plight of recent years; war-lords on every side are defying the Peking Government. The outstanding personalities in the present rebellion, it is said, are Hsu Shih-Chang, President of the Chinese Republic; Liang Shih-Yi, Premier of the Peking Government; Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, President of the Southern Chinese Republic in Canton; General Chang Tso-Lin, war-lord of Manchuria, in Mukden; and Wu Pei-Fu, Inspector-General of Lianghu in Hankow. As the *North American* explains the events leading up to the present:

> "Following the overthrow of the ancient Manchu dynasty in 1911, a Republic was established, but democracy and representative institutions prove an ill-fitting garb for a people devoid of any practical sense of nationalism. Yuan Shih-Kai, the first President, had been a leading statesman under the Empire; he set up a virtual dictatorship, and at the time of his death was contemplating a reversion to the monarchical system. During the World War the Government fell under control of reactionary and militaristic leaders who found it profitable to admit Japan to a dominating position in the country's affairs. In 1917 they dissolved the Parliament, and since then have maintained an oligarchic rule in Peking by military means and with political support from the Japanese.
>
> "This Government, tho incompetent and insecure, was the obvious legatee of national authority, and was duly recognized by the nations of the world, including the United States. But there was wide-spread opposition to it, especially on the ground of its subservience to Japan, and eventually the more democratic and progressive elements of the South established at Canton a Government which they assert is really representative. Its President is Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, father of the Chinese Republic, and its Foreign Minister, Dr. Wu Ting Fang, former ambassador at Washington; they and their chief supporters are enlightened men and ardent friends of the United States.
>
> "The principal cause of the strife in China, therefore, is the rivalry between these two Governments; each of them declares that it alone can speak for the nation, but in fact each wields only a sectional and indefinite power. Probably that at Canton is more representative, but that at Peking has the technical advantage of world recognition."

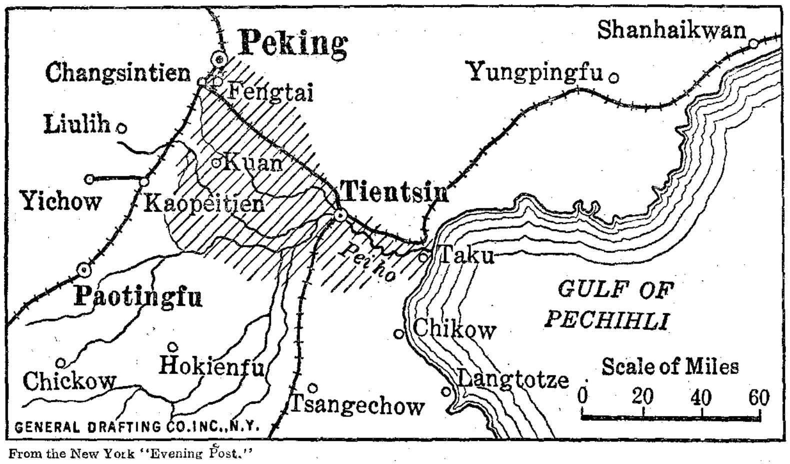
"The fundamental difference between the Peking and Canton Governments," points out the San Francisco *Argonaut*, "appears to be the familiar one of conservatism and progressivism. The dominant ideals of the Peking group are those of old China; the ideals of the Canton group have been affected largely by contact of their leaders, notably Wu Ting Fang, with the Western world." Dr. Sun Yat-Sen and Chang Tso-Lin are reported to have formed an alliance.

General Wu Pei-Fu, declares the Newark *News*, was the father of the national convention scheme for unifying the country and forming a stabilized Government, "and he was on the road to success when Chang Tso-Lin stole his thunder." Hence the bitter fighting near Peking. According to the New York *Tribune:*

"The three chief figures in the Chinese disorders are all fighting for the same thing—the unification of China. Their chief differences lie in who shall be the leader and what methods of unification shall be adopted. None of the trio desires to secede from the empire, but only to control all of it. Sun Yat-Sen is popular among the literati of China because of his progressiveness and idealism, but the educated are all too few to make his control far-reaching.

"Chang Tso-Lin has had a rapid rise to power, in large measure the result of his successful tactics in getting money from Peking. He has repeatedly drawn large appropriations to be used ostensibly for the suppression of banditry in Manchuria and for the protection of the Russian frontier, but again and again these sums have been used to strengthen his own army.

"Wu Pei-Fu is dominant in the nine central provinces, and his annihilation of the Szechuan army several months ago makes him almost immune from attack on the west. He controls the most prosperous and most populous part of China and unquestionably is the most popular leader in the north. He has the support of more than 250,000,000 persons, whereas population of Chang's three barren provinces is not more than 20,000,000. Sun dominates an area in which the population is nearly 100,000,000. This makes Wu, on the surface at least, the most powerful leader in China.



From the New York "Evening Post."

WHERE THE BATTLE FOR UNITY BEGAN.

The shaded portions being the fighting area. Under the protocol between China and foreign Powers, signed after the suppression of the Boxer uprising, the line from Peking to the sea must be kept open. Nevertheless American, British, French and Japanese soldiers are on duty there, and American Navy vessels are being kept in Chinese waters.

General Chang Tso-Lin's purpose, as revealed to the American Minister to China, was to call a convention of political and military leaders to form a new Government, revise the Constitution, summon Parliament and elect a president acceptable to all factions. It is the contention of the Peking Government, however, that all these changes are unnecessary, as the present Government was legally constituted. Of the rival generals the New York *Evening Post* says:

"Chang, an ex-bandit with an unsavory reputation for violence and corruption, is suspected of playing the Japanese game, either by agreement or under pressure of the threat of Japanese troops in his Manchurian provinces and around his capital of Mukden. Wu Pei-Fu, while he has used some high-handed methods in requisitioning means to support his army in central China and keep order in his Yangtze provinces, has more support from the student and merchant classes and the name of being a sincere Chinese patriot, with liberal tendencies and a desire for a Government in accord with the needs and aspirations of the people.

"Reports of an alliance between Chang in the north and Sun Yat-Sen in the south are really beside the point. Such reports are read without a realistic sense of the immensity of China. In actuality they mean something like what the situation would be if the Governor of Massachusetts and the Governor of Texas formed an alliance against the Governor of Tennessee—with only one railroad through Washington between Massachusetts and Tennessee and no complete railroad at all between Tennessee and Texas."

"For the moment, of course, all this agitation plays into the hands of the aggressive party in Japan," notes the New York *Times;* "it affords a convenient excuse for delay in letting go of Shantung; and it gives the world a picture of disorganized China, who can not be helped so long as she does not help herself." "The Japanese," agrees the New York *Globe*, "are watching the fighting, and perhaps getting ready to intervene if a Japanese skin is abraded or a Japanese pocket is picked by any one of the contending soldiers." And if the present disturbance keeps up, points out the Baltimore *American*, "much of the work of the Washington Conference will have been in vain." In the opinion of the Newark *News:*

"If the war is maintained for any length of time, no one can expect Japan soon to turn over to battling China the control of the Tsingtau-Tsinanfu Railroad and withdraw her forces from Shantung, in accordance with the agreement reached at Washington. Neither will it be possible for China to arrange while fighting is going on for the financing of the deal that would bring the trans-Shantung line under her control and ownership.

"Should President Hsu Shih-Chang be forced out, along with his supporters, and should no other Government be firmly established within a period of six months, then the commissions provided for at the Washington Conference to go to China next fall and arrange for initiating the reforms agreed upon may as well stay at home. There is danger that the whole program adopted to bring about peace in the Far East will be of no avail unless the war can soon be brought to an end."

General Wu Pei-Fu, after routing his rival's forces near Peking, announced that he did not consider that his victory was complete until he had captured Chang Tso-Lin, whom he desired to eliminate as a possible future menace. According to an Associated Press dispatch:

"He expressed himself as agreeing with the opinion of the powers, set down at the Washington Conference, that China must put her house in order, free herself from vast armies, apply her revenue to pay her debts and build railroads. . . .

"General Wu was asked whether he intended entering Peking to assume the direction of the Government. He replied that he was not interested in politics because of more serious questions. He favored disarming most of the soldiers but wanted a reasonable defensive army to represent united China against foreign empires.

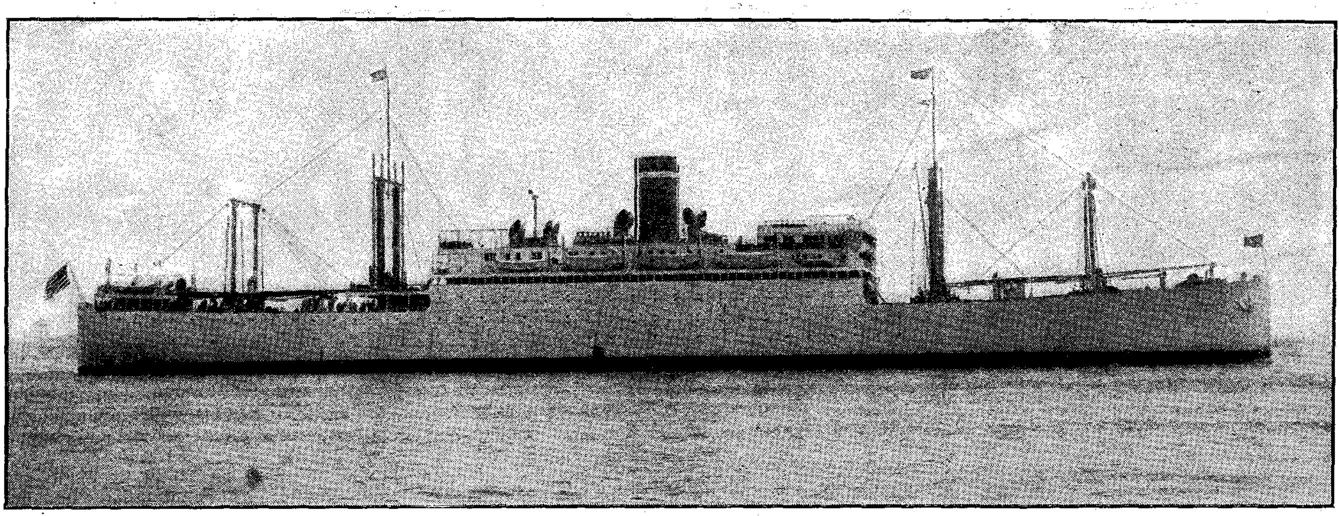
"Regarding economic reconstruction, he declared that China's great need was railroads. Inefficiency and the dissipation of funds resulted from the present system of foreign investments with Chinese management. He purposed encouraging foreign investment by arranging foreign management with Chinese auditorship, which would assure good profits, with the protection of foreign and Chinese interests alike."

Irrespective of which side wins the final victory, says Minister Sao-Ke Alfred Sze, "the present disturbance will ultimately result in the growth of nationalism."

There is little confidence among American editors that order will be brought out of chaos in China, for, as the Baltimore *American* puts it, "the military governors themselves are collectively more powerful than the Government at Peking. Moreover, they are all jealous and suspicious of each other, and contemptuous of any movement designed to pacify and subordinate them."

Yet as Walter Littlefield writes in the New York *Times:*

"Even if civil war should for a time prevail, even resulting in a change of Government in Peking, there is little in the situation to cause despair. For it was the people who brought about the revolution of 1911-12, and since then the people have learned a great deal about self-government, and when the proper time comes will put that knowledge to use."



SHE HAS CUT THE RUNNING TIME FOUR DAYS BETWEEN NEW YORK AND RIO DE JANEIRO.

The *American Legion*, one of the four fast new 21,000-ton, 535-foot Shipping Board steamers operated by the Munson Line between New York, Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, and Buenos Aires in competition with the "V-fleet" of the British Lamport & Holt Line. "So long as the American Government is operating ships it is going to keep the flag flying and these splendid accommodations going to South America," says Chairman Lasker.

THE FIGHT FOR THE RIO ROUTE

MORE OF A SKIRMISH *than a real fight came off in* the brief rate-war between the American and the British lines running from New York to Brazil and the Argentine. Day after day came the militant newspaper headlines—"SHIP BOARD SLASHES FARES IN RATE-WAR"; "LASKER'S CHALLENGE STUNS BRITISH LINES"; "SHIP BOARD DIRECTS RATE-WAR AND WILL BATTLE IN ALL SEAS"; "LASKER IN RATE-WAR TO FINISH"—only to end quietly in the announcement of an agreement between the two companies concerned to settle their rate controversy by a quiet conference. The real winner in this maritime battle would seem to be the consumer, the traveler between North and South America. Now, as the Brooklyn *Eagle* observes, it will be "Cheaper 'Rolling Down to Rio!'" First the British Lamport & Holt Line cuts its New York-Rio fare from $415 to $315. The American Munson Line, operating fine new oil-burning Shipping Board vessels, meets this cut and betters it to $295. The pre-war rate, by the way, was $160. So much for the rate-cutting, which is complicated by various "differentials," and has been the subject of rather technical controversy.

But the big thing, as Chairman Lasker of the Shipping Board and several of our editors see it, is that here was a real test of the ability of our new merchant marine to hold its own in the face of foreign competition. Chairman Lasker called the British rate cut "unfriendly," and predicted that it would usher in "a test fight in all the oceans as to whether America is to continue expanding its merchant marine and maintaining it." In Rooseveltian phrase he exclaims: "Our hat is in the ring, and we are going to stick as long as necessary to insure the dominance of American-flag ships between North and South America!" The Manchester *Union* believes that "a test of the sort has been looked for and that a fight may be beginning which will spread to all the Seven Seas." This particular rate-war was soon settled, but, says the Grand Rapids *Herald*, "it will serve to notify Great Britain and the rest of the world that there is now an American merchant marine and at the same time should convince Americans of the necessity for its expansion." More is involved, agrees the New York *Herald*, "than the great bulk and value of the carrying trade between this country and the lower continent." It is a matter of "the maritime prestige of this nation on the Western Hemisphere." As we read:

> "Aside and apart from the South American commerce with the United States, which soon after the war ran well beyond a billion dollars a year, if there is one place where the American flag ought to be kept flying over a busy and splendid merchant marine it is here in our western seas between North America and South America. It may never be possible to do the business at a profit made out of the traffic itself so long as wages on our ships are so much higher than wages on British and other foreign ships are, food and repair bills so much heavier, and general expenses so much more burdensome.
>
> "The New York *Herald* can not see how American ships can compete with British and other foreign ships on such uneven terms unless the United States Government pays the difference in one form or another. But the test is well worth making in the South American trade if anywhere, and while we are making that test it behooves the United States Shipping Board to sail into the South American ports the biggest, fastest and finest ships of all the merchant fleets that show their colors in those waters."

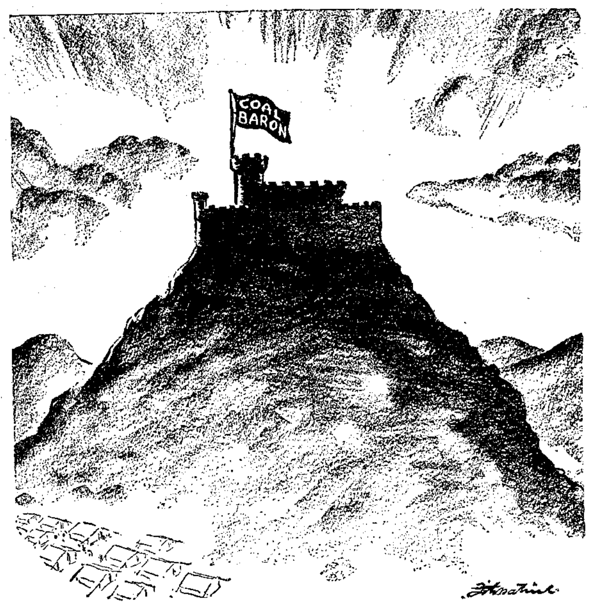
But in the correspondence over the rate cuts, a spokesman for the Lamport & Holt Company asserted that at present "the South American berth is over-tonnaged," 80 per cent. of all the passenger accommodations offered in this trade by both lines going vacant. Everywhere there is surplus tonnage, remarks the New York *Journal of Commerce*, which concludes that there must be some routes and some classes of business in which it will not be "possible to force the trade into American ships." And the Baltimore *Sun*, in another Atlantic seaport city, observes that while such rate-wars may keep the traffic for American ships, they are "not likely to reduce the Shipping Board's deficit." It judges from recent utterances in the British press that if Mr. Lasker were to go ahead with his idea of trying "to assure American domination of the passenger traffic on all oceans" he might have on his hands "a war of competition with the whole British Government, world-wide in scope, accompanied by reprisals, retaliations, atrocities and all the other accompaniments of war, particularly gigantic expense." *The Sun* suggests a connection between the rate-cutting incident and the ship subsidy controversy, particularly as affecting the taxpayer:

> "Of America's legal right to grab the trade of Great Britain or any other nation there is no doubt. But tho all things are lawful, all things are not expedient. It is clear that there are a great many ramifications of this subsidy question which have not yet been thoroughly considered. Congress should consider them before acting on the subsidy. And it should always keep in mind the effect on the taxpayer. If a subsidy of $30,000,000 is required under existing conditions in order to make profitable the operation of the American fleet, a vastly greater subsidy will be required if these costly competitive wars are entered into. The taxpayer must bear the burden, and altho the glamour of the idea of America dominating the seas may make him forget that fact for the moment, it will not do so permanently."

WEST VIRGINIA'S TREASON TRIALS

Treason, an overt act of betrayal, treachery, or breach of allegiance or obedience toward the Government; levying war against the States, or giving their enemies aid and comfort.—(Standard Dictionary.)

SUCH IS THE MOST SERIOUS CHARGE—the first to be brought since the Homestead, Pa., riots of thirty years ago—on which several hundred West Virginia United Mine Worker officials and miners are to be tried in the little red court-house at Charles Town, W. Va., where John Brown was sentenced to die some sixty years ago for the same offense. The charge is not a Federal one, but is founded on an accusation of treason against the State of West Virginia. There are other charges against the miners, ranging from assault to conspiracy and murder—the outgrowth of the miners' armed march in August and September, 1921, from Marmet, Kanawha County, through Boone and Logan counties to Mingo, which the Governor of West Virginia had declared under martial law. There are twenty-four test cases, and more than five hundred to follow if convictions are obtained in these. "Nothing like it is recalled in history," writes Roy P. Roberts in the Charleston (W. Va.) *Gazette*.



WEST VIRGINIA'S RELIC OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

It is the contention of the State attorneys that the march of the miners last year, and the assistance given them by officials of the United Mine Workers, amounted to "levying war against the State"; murder, they say, was in the killing of three deputy sheriffs and mine guards. The district officers of the union, backed by the international organization of miners, are in charge of the defense. They hold that the uprising was in no sense an act of war either against the State or the people of West Virginia, but that it was a revolt against the acts of West Virginia coal operators in taking over the political power into their hands, and their suppression of free speech, free assemblage, and the liberties guaranteed American citizens by the Constitution.

The specific provisions in the indictment against the miners and their officials as summarized by Circuit Judge Woods, before whom the men are being tried, are as follows:

> "First—That the defendants, with their confederates, intended to invade Logan and Mingo counties, and by force, violence, murder and open warfare to deprive the people residing in said counties and members and citizens of the State of West Virginia of the protection afforded them by the laws of the State of West Virginia.
>
> "Second—To destroy and nullify by force of arms, violence, murder and open warfare, martial law in said Mingo County, and the military occupation in said county; which martial law had been duly proclaimed by the Governor of the State of West Virginia.
>
> "Third—To release from imprisonment persons who had been duly and legally arrested and incarcerated in the jails of Mingo County for violation of the law and violation of the martial law proclamation of the Governor.
>
> "Fourth—To take possession of the counties of Logan and Mingo in the said State and to prevent the execution of the laws of the said State in said counties and to deprive the people of said counties of the protection afforded by the laws of the said State.
>
> "Fifth—Especially to destroy and nullify martial law in said Mingo County, and to nullify the proclamation of the Chief Executive of the State.
>
> "Sixth—The release of prisoners duly held in jail in Mingo County as also stated in the first count."

Certainly, asserts the New York *Times*,

> "Such a demonstration of wild disorder and sedition could not be allowed to pass without action by the courts to vindicate the law. Examples must be made of the leaders of the mob and of those who conspired against the peace of the State. How shall insurrection be defended? How shall alleged wrongs be redressed by defying the police of the State? Can a labor organization be a law unto itself? What provocation and mitigation, if any, were there for such a rising, for such destruction of property, for such license and disorder and the taking of life?"

"That armed march of miners was rebellion, and men convicted of rebellion deserve punishment," admits the Newark *News*, "but those who marched claimed the desire to liberate 'the slaves of the non-union coal regions' from a rule which has no place in free America." "Moreover," adds *The News*, "it may seriously be questioned whether the march ever would have started had there not been reasonable ground that the State Government was allied with the coal operators." "There was much violence in West Virginia," notes the Norfolk *Virginian Pilot*, "but no one believes that even the guiltiest of the guilty parties were guilty of intent to overthrow the State in the way that is suggested by the word 'treason.' Why, therefore, resort to such extraordinary prosecutions, when outraged law could be avenged far more simply—and less theatrically?" "When you charge treason," notes the New York *Evening Post*, "you must have an act so flagrant, so wanton, so menacing to the national existence as to convey in the very charge a sense of dreadful odium." Continues this paper:

> "Treason to a State is hard to conceive at best, and infinitely hard in the case of a State with the notorious recent history of West Virginia. It has been a State which had been derelict in exercising its duty to enforce order. It has left the maintenance of 'order' to armed detectives in the employ of the mining companies or to deputy sheriffs, who too often have been in the pay of the operators. With so long a record of violence on both sides it is rather late in the day for West Virginia to awake to its injured dignity and invoke the charge of treason."

The West Virginia State code, points out the chief counsel for the miners and officials, prohibits the employment of deputy sheriffs by private persons.

The New York *Evening Mail* is another of many papers which "can not see on what grounds the miners are being prosecuted for treason." Says this paper:

> "If the miners have been violent, let them be prosecuted for violence, and for violence let them be punished. If they have conspired together to commit a crime, let them be prosecuted for conspiracy, and for conspiracy let them be punished. Neither conspiracy nor violence is, however, treason."

"In bringing the charge of treason before the Court," maintains the New York *Evening World*, "the prosecution lays itself open to the suspicion that it is merely endeavoring to intensify the hostility of the two factions, and so win support for extreme measures against future efforts of the mine unions to exercise their rights. The very seriousness of the crime charged against the miners is an impeachment of the good faith of the prosecution."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

The Irish border is frayed.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

You can save daylight by using it.—*Newspaper Enterprise Association.*

All right, raise the bonus by a tax on radios.—*Chicago Journal of Commerce.*

Optimistic Lloyd George seems to think he has picked up most of the beans.—*Boston Globe.*

If they keep on, all Irishmen will soon be equipped with the emblem of the country.—*Brunswick (Ga.) Banner.*

Economy now thinks it has scored if the country is run as cheaply in peace as in war.—*The Buffalo Enquirer.*

New York had 91 murders in 93 days; the other two days, no doubt, being holidays.—*Newspaper Enterprise Association.*

Germany and Russia may make treaties, but they can't borrow money from each other.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

European merchants can take Russia's orders if Russia will take their orders at Genoa.—*Newspaper Enterprise Association.*

It would be well to find out if those fish coming out of the California oil well are suckers or sharks.—*Brunswick (Ga.) Banner.*

"Ireland is yours for the taking," De Valera tells the "young men and women of Ireland." Taking from whom?—*Springfield Republican.*

John D. says in an interview that the financial outlook is very bright. What does the guy on the park bench say?—*New York American.*

They are arguing over why most wars started in April. Perhaps house cleaning had something to do with it.—*Newspaper Enterprise Association.*

The number of people in the United States who can not speak English is less than two millions. This includes train callers.—*Richmond News-Leader.*

A man is not eligible for the hall of fame until ten years after his death. That's another thing to worry the college seniors.—*Newspaper Enterprise Association.*

Mr. Gompers says in substance that the labor unions are above the law; oh, come, the law isn't as bad as that!—*Philadelphia North American.*

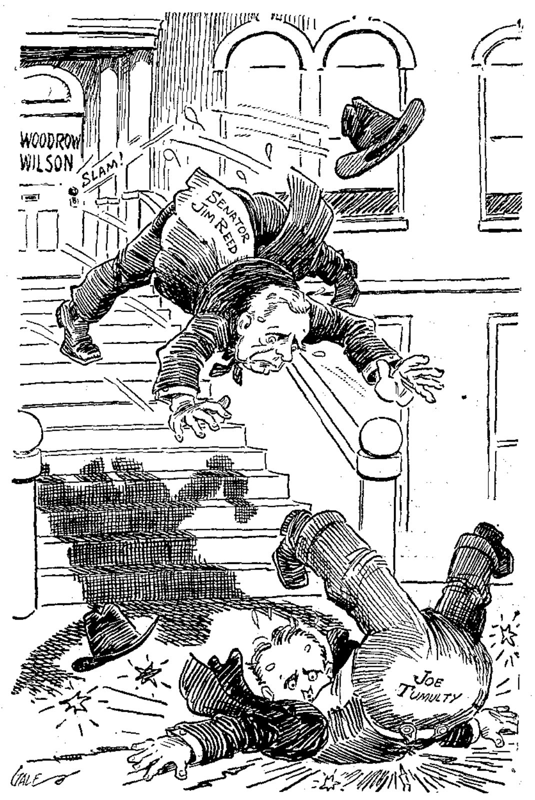
The latest product of protectionism has been christened "Consumers' Tariff." It ought to be theirs; they will pay for it.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Now that it is proposed to appoint a government commission to investigate the coal strike, its chances for long duration are bright.—*Wall Street Journal.*

The Republican Army in Ireland is so enthusiastic for freedom that it refuses to permit an Irish leader to make a speech in the market place.—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

If the Genoa Conference wants any expert advice on finance, Jack Dempsey and his manager, who are now in Europe, could tell them a few things.—*New York Evening Post.*

Those European nations seem to be in the position of the man who complained that his creditors wished him to deplete his capital by using it to pay his debts.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*



"HE'S GETTING BETTER!"

—Gale in the Los Angeles *Times.*

The white man's real burden is his own cussedness.—*Atchison Globe.*

Internationalism manifestly aspires to inter nationalism.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

When business is slow it is a good idea to get after it.—*Newspaper Enterprise Association.*

Nobody appears to be making any money in Europe except the Governments.—*Baltimore Sun.*

The hold-up business isn't as big a crime as the business hold-up.—*Newspaper Enterprise Association.*

In these tight times, labor wants to keep all the hands across the sea they possibly can.—*Brunswick (Ga.) Banner.*

Attending conferences seems to be all the rage. Looks as if the world was going to the pow-wows!—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A movie kiss lasts 50 seconds. Their marriages, however, often last much longer than this.—*Newspaper Enterprise Association.*

Landlords should remember they don't have as hard a time collecting the rent as tenants do.—*Newspaper Enterprise Association.*

There are thirty-four reasons why the bonus bill is kept alive in the Senate, and they're all up for reelection.—*Wall Street Journal.*

Work, of course, is the cure for unrest, but there are lots of people who think the remedy is worse than the disease.—*Columbia Record.*

We need a nation full of tender consciences and calloused hands. The thing seems to be reversed at present.—*Richmond News-Leader.*

When the Administration fires a Democrat it grows remorseful and turns around and hires three Republicans to fill the job.—*Columbia Record.*

Now that the radiophone has provided the largest audiences ever known for the statesman's words of wisdom, is it too much to hope that he will give more attention to knowing what he is talking about?—*Springfield Republican.*

The more Conan Doyle writes about spiritualism the more we regret that he stopt writing detective stories.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

Dr. Doyle gives an attractive picture of the place where we are going, but as yet he hasn't started the slogan "Let's go!"—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

When the farmers get all they ask from the Government, they may come into the cities and spend some of the money.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

A pen portrait of Conan Doyle's family is headed "Doyle children normal." No reflection on Sir Arthur and his lady, we take it.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

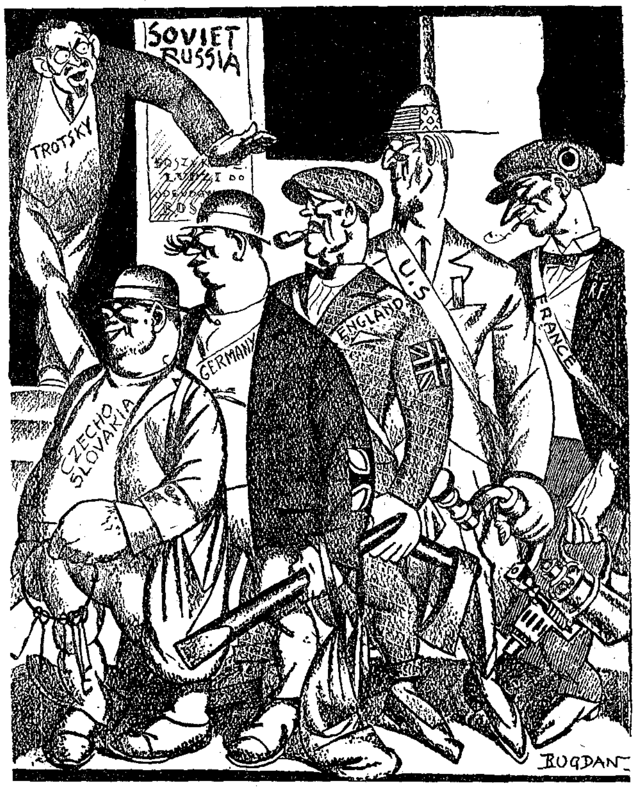
Proposed airplane line will make it possible to be robbed in Chicago one morning and shot in New York that afternoon.—*Newspaper Enterprise Association.*

"We were not beaten in the field," writes General Ludendorff. The only reason the German armies did not receive a beating which even he would acknowledge is that they quit before it could be administered.—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

RUSSIA AS "A LAND OF OPPORTUNITY"

EVERYBODY WANTS TO HELP RUSSIA, and to help himself in the operation, is the remark frequently heard among Soviet sympathizers, who smile at the "graciousness" with which European statesmen now comport themselves in dealing with the "unspeakable Bolshevik." But "business is business," they say, among the nations of the world as among individuals, and it is "time this principle should be recognized." Meanwhile, Genoa dispatches advise us of the proposals for an Allied agreement with Russia, in which it is said that the French contribution is devoted to projects for restoring Russia's agricultural and industrial activities, while that of Great Britain is concerned chiefly with credits for Russia. France insists on the full payment of Russia's war debts and the return of private property to foreigners, according to press dispatches, while Great Britain favors a reduction in Russia's war debt and will be satisfied if Russia grants former foreign owners the use of their property instead of restoring them to actual ownership. Genoa correspondents relate further that the British proposals indicate that Great Britain has a fund of £25,000,000 available for development in Russia, which could be placed at the disposal of Englishmen interested in that country. The same informants aver that Belgium and Japan possess large amounts of capital for development in Russia, that Italy could help through her cooperative agricultural organizations, and that other countries could send technical experts to Russia.



CONFERENCE GREETINGS.

TROTZKY: "Powers of the West, the hearts of the Bolshevists are open to you!"

THE POWERS: "We want something quite other than your hearts."

—*Mucha* (Warsaw).

Meanwhile we read in the official organ of The Friends of Soviet Russia, *Soviet Russia* (New York) that Russia to-day is as the United States was after the Civil War, "a land of opportunity" and a modern Horace Greeley might say: "Go to Russia, young man, and grow up with the country." Of the land's wonderful riches, we are told that—

> "In the Urals, for instance, every foot of ground literally covers some hidden wealth: coal, iron, copper, gold, platinum, graphite, quartz, limestone, asbestos, salt. The wealth of Siberia has hardly even been investigated. In many localities there are enormous deposits of copper, mountains of coal, silver and gold, excellent iron ore—just waiting for human hands and capital to develop them. It would take too long to describe in detail the mineral wealth of the South of Russia, of the Caucasus with its oil wells, of the North with its timber. There are unlimited opportunities for agriculture and for cattle and sheep raising, both in European Russia and in Siberia.
>
> "It may seem strange to speak of profits, opportunities, growing up with the country, in a land ruled by Communists, where the first phase of a social revolution has been accomplished. But there can be no doubt that both the leaders and the rank and file of the Russian Communist Party are reconciled to the necessity of postponing the introduction of complete communism and calling in the aid of private initiative to restore Russia's productive capacity. Discussing the desirability of interesting the large merchant in the new economic policy, Lenine recently said:
>
> "'He (the merchant) is a type as far removed from communism as earth is from heaven. . . . But this is just one of those contradictions which in actual life lead from petty peasant economy through state capitalism to Socialism; individual interest raises production. At all costs, no matter how severe may be the pains of the transition period, poverty, hunger, collapse, we shall not fail in spirit and we shall carry our work to a victorious end.'"

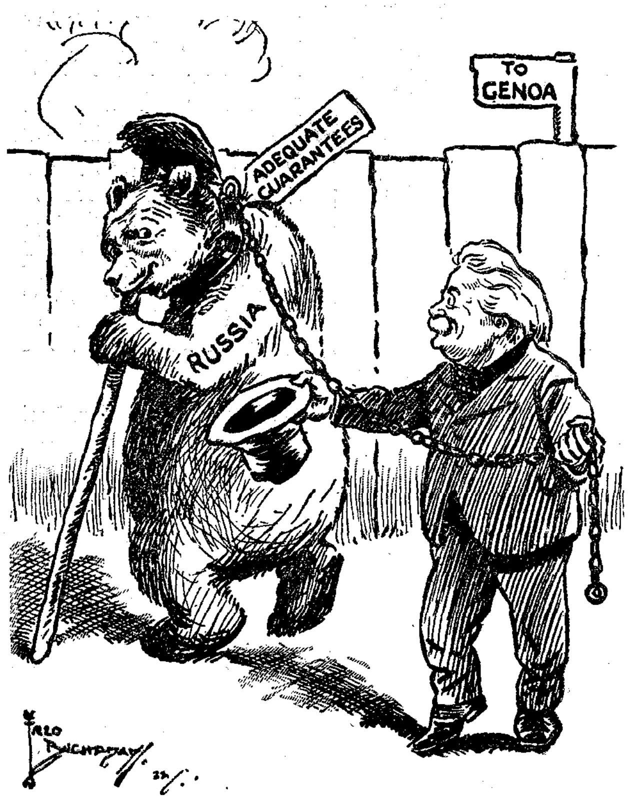
Meanwhile Russian business leaders and students of economics, who are now perforce sojourning in England and France, keep a close eye on the economic situation in Russia through the reports issued by the Soviet Government and through their own sources of information. The results of their investigations they make known through two monthly reviews, one of which, the *Zapisky Ekonomischeskago Obschestva* (*The Journal of the Economic Association*) is published in London, and another, the *Ekonomicheskia Zapisky* (*La Revue Economique*) is issued in Paris. The whole question of Russia's economic condition they divide into three sections, agricultural, mining and metallurgical, and cotton and wool industry.

RUSSIA'S AGRICULTURAL CONDITION

According to the official Soviet statistics, we read in *La Revue Economique*, the decrease in the area under crops in European Russia amounted in 1920 to 44 per cent. as compared with pre-war conditions. From an elaborate article by Professor Zagorsky in the *Sovremennia Zapisky* we learn that in 1921 the reduction of the acreage cultivated attained 56 per cent., and thus the ground was prepared for the famine that broke out in the autumn of the same year. To this must be added a menacing decline in the yields of this last year, which amounted in 1921 to 48 per cent. Stock, fertilizers and agricultural implements needed for the cultivation of land are lacking and cultivation is carried on in a primitive way. The production of the agricultural implements in Russia has fallen to 6 per cent. of the pre-war output. The number of the implements imported has undergone nearly the same decrease so that now only a small part of worn-out tools can be replaced by new ones. According to the

Economicheskaia Gizn, the official Bolshevik Review, continues *La Revue Economique*, in January, 1918, there were twenty-five million horses in Russia, while now they are not more than twelve million, which means a decrease of 52 per cent. The decrease in the number of cattle in the course of the last few years, says the Bolshevik *Narodnoie Khoziaistvo*, was smaller than the decrease of area under crops, but the fall in the number of the young horned cattle has reached a limit, beyond which continuation is bound to disorganize cattle-breeding to its very foundation. As to the decrease in the number of pigs, it will continue until a general improvement is achieved in the cultivation of the fields and in cattle and sheep breeding.

The foregoing figures incline *La Revue Economique* to refrain from rosy expectations about the future cultivation of the land in Russia, for it says "the area under crops will undergo a further reduction of some 25 per cent. as compared with the past year, and the result will be a famine not less terrible than Russia is suffering at present." This organ reflects in sadness that while Russia's annual export of grain before the war amounted to half a billion of poods (a pood equals 36.07 lb.), she now requires 200,000,000 poods from the outside to save her agriculture from utter disorganization and millions from starvation.



ON THE LEAD.

The Bear Trainer (with the correct Genoa accent): "You make-a de dance good and remember de chain—and ve shall be de success of de season!"

—*The Pall Mall* (London).

THE MINING AND METALLURGICAL INDUSTRY

La Revue Economique turns then to statistics of mines and metals reported in the Bolshevik *Pravda* from the records of the Supreme Economic Council. These figures show that the total output of the Soviet industries in 1920 is valued at 584 million golden rubles, which represents 10 per cent. of the production in 1912 (the latter was valued at 5,738 million rubles). In the first six months of 1921 the output rose to 368 million golden rubles, that is to say 13 per cent. of the pre-war production. Thus the Russian industries do not amount now to one one-seventh of the pre-war industries. Not all the industries suffered in the equal measure. The metallurgical industry suffered the most. In 1920 the total productions of pig-iron went down to 7 million poods, while in 1921 even this figure was not attained. This means that pig-iron is now at 3 per cent. of pre-war production. Russia has fallen back to the time of the Czar Peter the Great, when the output of the smelting plants was equal to that of to-day.

The mining industry is in a much better position. The output of coal in the Donietz basin was equal in 1920 to 16 per cent. of pre-war production, while in 1921 it rose to 17 per cent. From the Soviet *Isviestia* we learn, however, that this increase was due to the improvement in the supply of the miners with food. Well fed and provided for, they worked, but now, as the famine has badly affected the Soviet Government food reserves, their rations are being considerably reduced. So they desert the shafts to earn their daily bread somewhere outside the Donietz coal fields. This explains the fact that in January and February, 1922, a considerable reduction in the output of coal is reported by the Soviet press. "It would not be safe," says the London *Zapisky Ekonomicheskago Obschestva*, to draw optimistic conclusions as far as the future of the Donietz basin is concerned. The latter is being ruined by the using of the coal forming the supporting pillars. Also, there is the working of the surface crop of coal, which, owing to the poor quality of the mineral, has never been used before. So this journal declares it would be "absolutely impossible to regard these entirely unscientific methods as guaranties of the maintenance of the increase of output reached in 1921."

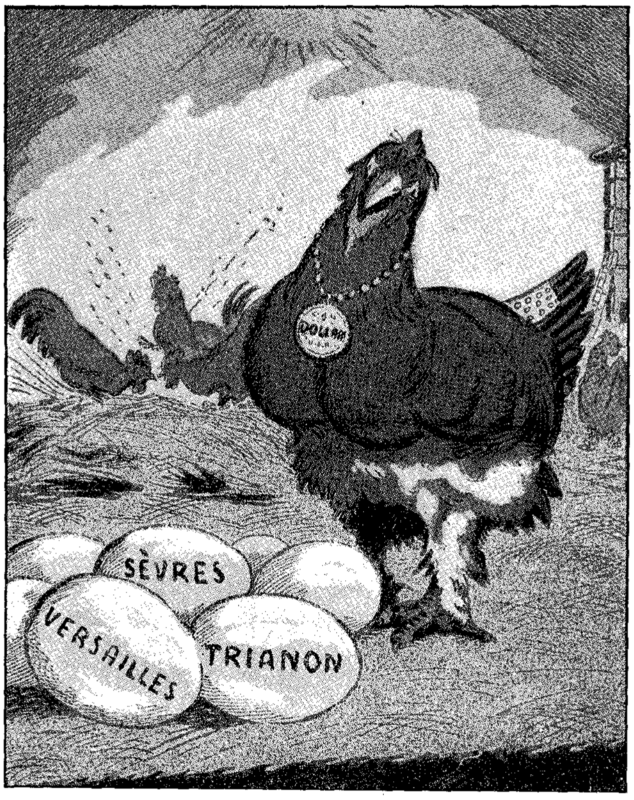
As to oil, it is in a far better condition than any other industry in Russia, says *La Revue Economique*, and this is due to the fact that the oil industry is the "least subject to disorganization from mismanagement and, moreover, to the exclusive attention paid by the Soviet Government to the oil fields." Still the 1920 output of the Russian oil wells, we read, did not exceed 36 per cent. of the pre-war production, while in 1921 it was about 39 per cent. We learn further that the technic of the oil industry has badly suffered in the last year and that therefore, it can be hardly expected that in 1922 the Soviet authorities will succeed to keep the output of the oil up to the figures attained in 1921. All in all *La Revue Economique* believes that Russia will have to face this year at least the same shortage in coal and oil as in 1921. The slightest decline in the food supply is bound, however, to render conditions still worse.

COTTON AND WOOLEN INDUSTRY

The cotton industry, says the *Zapisky Ekonomicheskago Obstchestva*, held one of the most important places among the various branches of Russian production. Its speedy growth during the nineteenth century supplied one of the most brilliant pages of the industrial history of Russia. Both before and during the war the Russian cotton industry was steadily growing so fast that it became able completely to satisfy the demand of the home market. But now this industry has practically ceased to exist. It is "hardly breathing," as the Soviet commissary Rykoff has said, and this review adds gloomily: "One sees ahead a period of slow extinction with unavoidable alternating rises and falls, followed by a fatal paralysis." Out of 64 cotton factories, which in 1921 supplied records to the Soviet authorities, 51 were idle, owing to the lack of fuel, to the shortage of foodstuffs, to the workmen being on leave, as well for many other reasons. We are told that the output of the factories does not amount to 5 per cent. of the pre-war average production. On the other hand the cultivation of cotton, on the creation and development of which so much effort has been spent, has been reduced almost to nothing. Beside the catastrophical reduction of the area under cotton, this review advises us that the very existence of cotton cultivation is now threatened with complete destruction. The fact is that, in peace time, the yield reached on the average 70-80 poods per dessiatin, while now, owing to a whole series of adverse conditions it does not exceed from 40-50 poods. At the same time the quality of the cotton produced has "considerably deteriorated."

The woolen industry is not much better off than the cotton industry. The output of the yarn and of the finished products does not amount to one one-twelfth of what it used to be before the war, and "out of 56 woolen factories which have supplied information in 1921, 35 were idle." The technic of the production is said to be thoroughly disorganized.

While it is too early to draw any definite conclusions as to the success or failure of the new trade policy taken by the Soviet Russian Government, nevertheless, the *Zapisky Ekonomischeskago Obschestva* believes that we may arrive at the following conclusions: "(1) In 1921 the productivity of labor has risen, altho not to any marked extent. (2) The output of goods, however, in a great many cases, has not only failed to increase, but has even actually diminished. (3) The establishment of an economic autonomy of certain concerns, to attain which attempts were made to organize Government Trusts, has not materialized." Thus, according to this review, no changes have taken place in the organization of the Russian economics that would inspire any optimistic prospects as to the future. To this, according to *La Revue Economique*, must be added the desperate disorganization of Russian finance, and it tells us that "the Soviet Government budget for 1921 attained 22 trillions paper rubles, while the income derived from the taxes gave from 10 to 14 per cent. of this sum. The rest was covered by emission." It is evident that "no improvement is possible under those conditions," says this journal, which adds that the other difficulty is with the transport conditions. The disorganization of the rolling stock is shown in the following figures: 62 per cent. of the total number of locomotives are out of order and can not be used. Of the remaining locomotives more than 15 per cent. are idle owing to fuel shortage, and *La Revue Economique* does not expect any improvement in transport conditions in 1922.



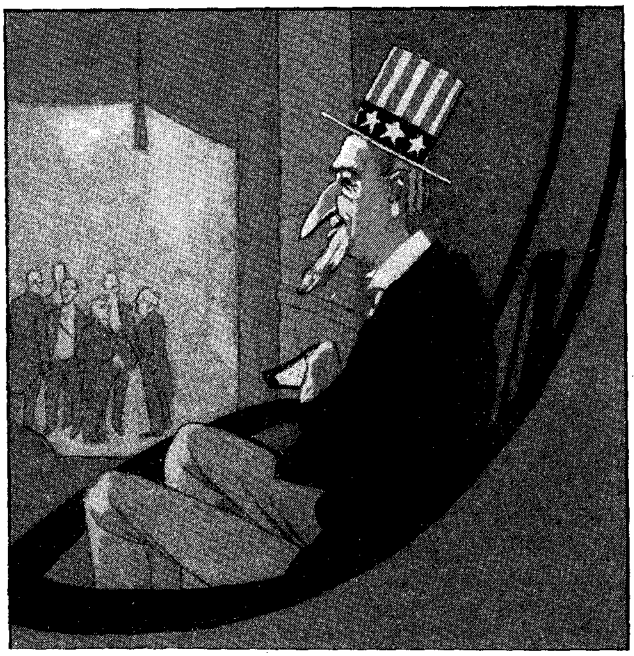
THE AMERICAN HEN IN THE EUROPEAN BARNYARD.

"I'll let the hens that laid these eggs hatch them."

—*Wahre Jakob* (Stuttgart.)

A JAPANESE VIEW OF GENOA

FAILURE AT GENOA is inevitable because the United States is not sharing in the Conference, we have been warned by German semi-official utterances and editorial statements. Now we discover a similar judgment among the Japanese press, and the Tokyo *Kokumin* laments that because of Uncle Sam's absence from Genoa the prospect of international cooperation is "shrouded in murkiness and gloom." The lack of the spirit of mutual assistance among the nations of the world, particularly among those which are important factors in the international situation, distresses this journal deeply. At the time of the opening of the Paris Conference, it remembers that the spirit of the brotherhood of men and the omnipotence of internationalism was much in evidence, but, alas, it says, this was "only a superficial phenomenon, and in reality nationalism was already supplanting internationalism." It is true that the Washington Conference was held for the limitation of naval armaments and for deliberation on different questions of high import, but "it did nothing in the way of solving financial and economic questions," which this newspaper considers the great need of the hour. We read then:



WAITING HIS CUE.

UNCLE SAM: "I'll do nothing until the password, "Money," is used. Then I'll let the iron curtain down."

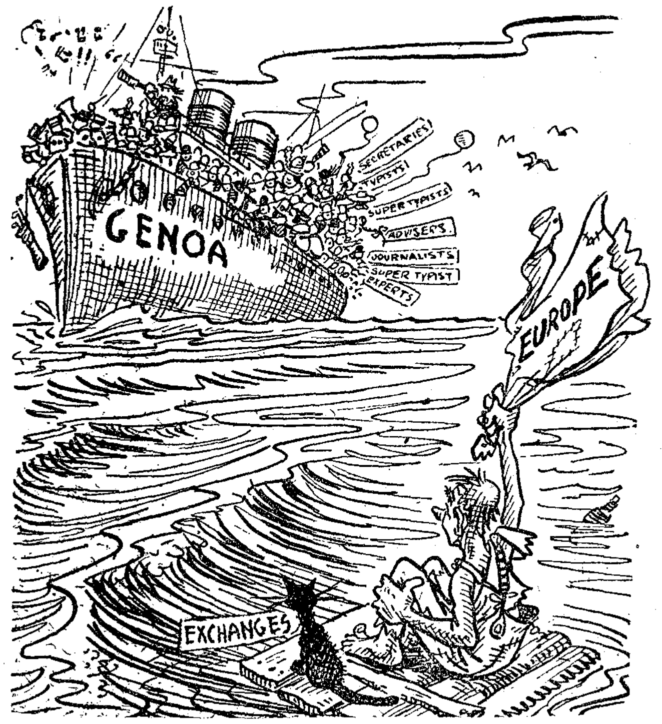
—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin.)

> "Minor points apart, the American people are traditionally disinclined to be deeply involved in the affairs of Europe, so that it is quite natural that they should be averse from the participation of their country in the Conference. Further, the United States Government is apprehensive of the contingency of inviting the attack of the Senate and creating difficult political questions as the result of the participation on the one hand and, on the other, is strongly disinclined to attend any conference wherein Russia takes her part. The anxiety whether Britain, France, Italy and other countries will propose the cancelation of their debts to the United States at the Conference is also attributable to be opposition given out by the American people to the participation."

In the present condition of Europe, the *Kokumin* goes on to say, it is "utterly impossible" for the leaders of the various countries to devise ways and means to resuscitate their finance and economics through an international conference from which the United States is absent. To complicate matters still more there is "the occasional friction between the English and the French."

THE PASSING OF OLD EUROPE

POLITICAL EUROPE in the old sense exists no more, except nominally, for the political man has "yielded the symbols of his office to the industrial man." So we are assured by the London *Saturday Review*, which says that the shifting of the balance of power is now to be observed not between states, but within states, and that nothing is more remarkable than that the politician, whether at home or abroad, is finding that his political formularies are out of date. No one pays the slightest attention to them, according to this weekly, which tells us that as we leave the old political order in Europe we enter on the new—the era of "an economic Christendom." President Wilson is called the "last of the international politicians" and Mr. Lloyd George, the "last Prime Minister of England," for tho the office of Prime Minister may be retained, it is without its old meaning and its old significance. The sovereignty of England, centralized in a parliament at Westminster, has "silently but effectively passed away." Instead of "sovereignty," there are now "sovereignties," we read, and the great industrial corporations of employers and employed, the great professional organizations in England as in every European state, have obtained a status, which, if not recognized in constitutional law, is nevertheless effective. This weekly proceeds:



CASTAWAY EUROPE.

"I wonder if this one will pick me up?"

—*The Daily Express* (London).

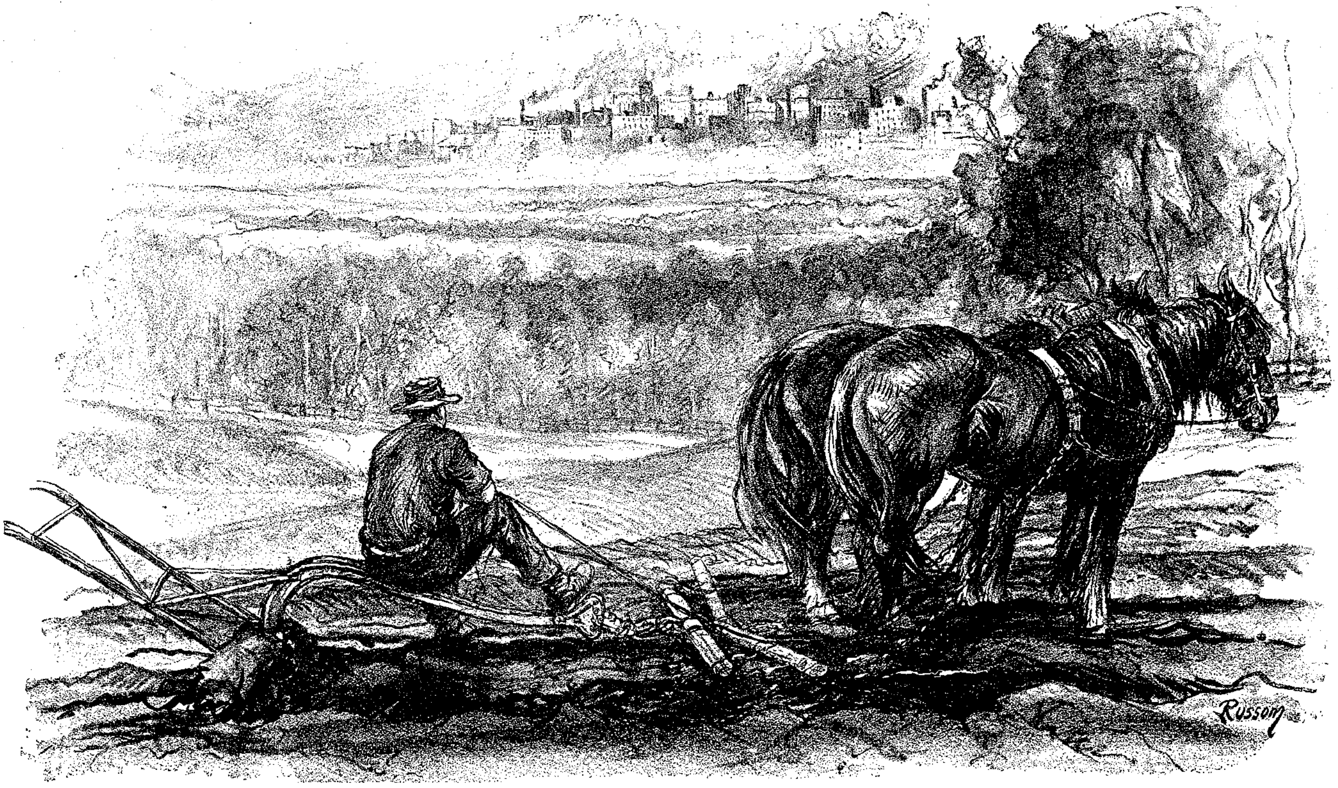
"In other connections we have noticed this. We have remarked how the executive of this realm has negotiated with Trade Unions, with the British Medical Association, with Federations of Employers, on a level of equality and respect. Parliament and the King's Government have recognized that they are no longer supreme. The phenomenon is not confined to these shores. In France, in Germany and America, the same symptoms of change are to be observed. The Peace Conference at Versailles found itself incapable of grappling with the problems it sought to settle. The men who composed it, influenced by the criteria of an epoch which no longer exists, thought politically. Despite the apparent humanity of many of the generalizations which they laid down and which they applied to the hitherto unrecognized nations of the earth, the vessels which they made broke in their hands. Again and again they assembled together in Herculean efforts to repair their work. It was of no avail. In city after city they gathered themselves together and discust the outworn creed of politics. And now they have arrived at Genoa—and they discuss politics no more. Here is illustrated at once the importance of Genoa, and its unimportance. Its unimportance lies in this—that its members do not adequately realize that they belong to a generation which has passed away. Their minds can not be adjusted to the new conditions of the world. Its importance, on the other hand, is that it marks, nevertheless, the last of three historical epochs."

We are then asked to recall how the states of Europe grew into being and developed. The Catholic Church inherited from the Roman Empire the idea of European unity, it is remarked, and the conception was already breaking up "when Luther appeared and lent, by the veriest accident, the weight of his religious protest against the domination of the Vatican, to the growing national consciousness." The birth of the nations from one point of view was merely a religious phenomenon, it is said, but the notion of unity was so overpowering that it influenced the philosophy of politics, and the oneness of the state grew out of the oneness of the church. We read then:

"The monarch of each nation inherited within his own borders the complete and unquestioned authority both of the Popes and of the Emperors of Christendom. What had taken place in Europe then began to work itself out in each separate nation. There was a protest against uniformity and the protest took on a spiritual shape. The claim for liberty of conscience and freedom of thought was a claim variously made by Protestants and Jesuits, by Puritans and by the Nonconformists of every school against rulers of a different faith from theirs. The various Churches were the precursors of the modern Trades Union asserting their claims to liberty and self-government against an all-comprehending central authority. Gradually there were eliminated from the province of the state matters which were considered to be not appropriately political. By the assertion of religious independence, freedom of thought, of conscience and of expression of opinion were gained as conquests from the central power. The whole life of the community ceased to express itself through the single channel of the state. Then the conquests were reduced to a political philosophy. A theory of politics began to work itself into reasoned expression, culminating in the principles of the French Revolution. By the eighteenth century the religious man had become the political man. The last hundred years have been years in which the political thinker has dominated Europe. His influence wanes. Genoa seeks to inaugurate an economic Christendom. It begins unhappily by imitating the errors of the two great eras which have preceded it."

In even a cursory survey of the two earlier epochs in the history above referred to, *The Saturday Review* notes one peculiarity common to both, and that is "how willingly men have died for phrases." Thus it reminds us that—

"The great councils which have endeavored to lay down the dogmas and propositions to which every good Christian should subscribe have immersed the world time and time again in dissensions and in blood. Of the early ecumenical councils we have inherited only the bare transcript of the resolutions. We must be aghast at their futility and their hollowness. Yet sanctions were established and machinery was improvised to enforce their general application. It was imagined in the early Middle Ages that peace on earth and good-will toward men would be established by the universal acceptance of a few generalizations. The idealists of the early Christian era assembled successively at Constantinople, at Ancyra, and at Antioch. They discust for days and weeks at Ephesus and at Ferrara. At Constance, at Pisa, at Seleucia, at Nice, delegates from the whole Christian world deliberated on the canons which were to bring salvation to mankind. Each time it was thought that at last a prescription had been discovered for uniting the world and removing the causes of its differences. The revolutionaries of France fell into similar errors. It was for generalization after generalization that men fought and died. Again, after the Versailles Conference the same phenomenon is observable. Generalizations were like bombs which burst in the hands of those who did not understand them. Every single gathering of the nations since that time has been characterized by the same errors."



THE SIREN VOICE OF THE CITY.

—*The Bulletin* (Sydney, N. S. W.)

JAPANESE UNREST DOWN ON THE FARM

LABOR TROUBLES in Japan were confined to industrial centers until recently, we are told, but now the unrest of the worker has spread to the farm, and the Japanese press note with concern that year by year the disputes between land-owners and tenant-farmers have grown to such number that they are a matter of discussion in the Diet. In 1921, the Tokyo *Chuo* informs us, there were 1255 cases of tenant-farmers disputes, which is three times as many as in 1920, when there were 408 cases. Out of the total for 1921 it appears that 937 cases resulted from "natural disasters," but the merely human causes of trouble between the owner and the worker of the land are in themselves many and various. Chiefly, however, this newspaper seizes upon the change in the ideas of the people as responsible for present serious difficulties, and it relates:

> "In the past, the relations between land-owners and tenants were those of masters and servants. Farmers had been simple of mind and honest from olden times. They did not complain much, but obeyed their masters, the land-owners, implicitly. But as they saw the conditions of disputes of the industrial laborers, they have come to realize that they were not altogether expected to obey the land-owners. They began to insist upon their rights and to see that their positions were elevated."

Another cause, and it is a matter of perturbation in other countries than Japan, is the flocking of the people to the cities, and the abandonment of the fields for the lure of lights, company and amusement. This daily recalls that Japan's economic prosperity during the war helped to create the so-called "narikin" or "war-born rich," and we read:

> "The country people began to realize that they should not stay buried in the agricultural fields, but should go to cities to show what they could do in the way of realizing their ambitions in life. Consequently, agricultural villages have lacked labor, which in turn induced quarrels between tenant-farmers and land-owners. If the problem of tenant-farmers' disputes is to be solved, this point should be carefully noted.
>
> "Mr. Tokonami's suggestions that agricultural people should be provided with means of amusements so as to let them stay at home in their farms are good by themselves. Some steps to that end should be taken. Also the education of the children of country districts should be improved. But more important than all that, is to see that the economic questions are solved. To that end, a tenant-farming law may be necessary as an instrument. But the Department of Agriculture and Commerce has not as yet drafted the law, nor is it likely that the draft will be completed within a year or so. To be sure, such a law can not be drafted in a hurry. But in view of the ever-increasing troubles of tenant-farmers, the Government authorities should do their best to see that a solution of the problem is arrived at quickly."

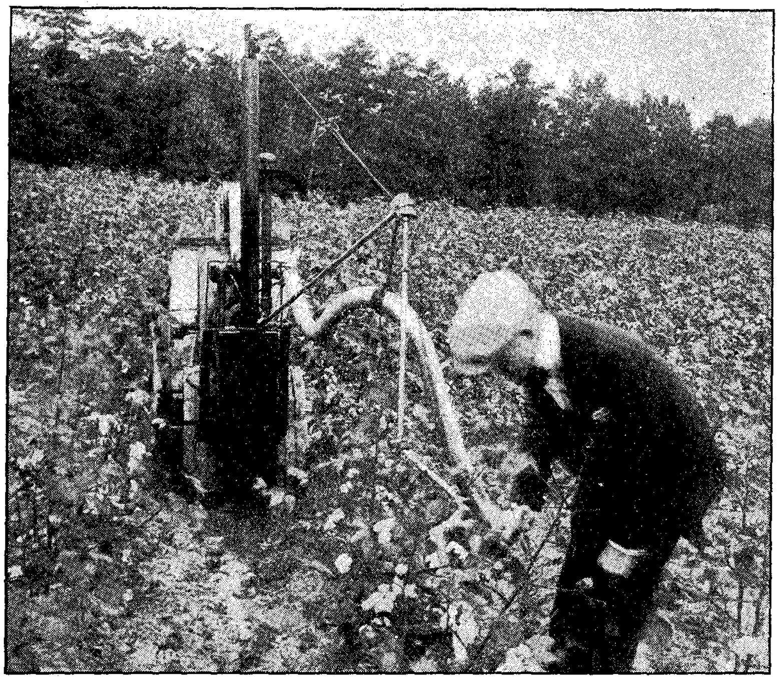
BULGARIAN COMPLAINTS—Sheer selfishness on the part of England and France, who think only of themselves and their own rivalries, is the reason assigned by Bulgarian newspapers for "neglect of Bulgaria and her supreme interests at the late Near East Conference in Paris." The Sofia *Pobeda* avers that England yielded on the question of restoring Turkish sovereignty in Asia Minor and consented to the evacuation of Greek troops in that region in exchange for France's concession on the question of the autonomy of Thrace, which France opposed stubbornly to the last moment. This newspaper complains bitterly that the Near East Conference took no heed of the will of the various nationals inhabiting Thrace, nor of the plain provisions of the Treaty of Neuilly, relative to Bulgaria's free outlet to the Ægean Sea. Says the Sofia *Radical:*

> "The Turko-Greek conflict raised the question of the protection of ethnic minorities. The result was that the conferees became aware of the very simple truth, that no matter what boundary lines are traced in the Near East, there will always be ethnic minorities in these states. Therefore, it is necessary to arrange for their protection by some independent and impartial organization. The Turks demanded for the great masses of their nationals in foreign territory such protection as was promised by the Peace Treaty of Paris to all other minorities. The three Foreign Ministers lately met at Paris, decided to entrust this responsibility to the League of Nations which is already charged with the protection of the minorities in Western Europe.
>
> "Hitherto such protection has only been window-dressing, and it behooves the League of Nations to get down to a basis of real action. There are millions of subject populations in the Balkans and the Near East who have neither the right to instruct their children nor have them say their prayers in their mother tongue."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

THE ELECTRICAL COTTON-PICKER

THIS MACHINE, said to have been suggested to the inventor by the way in which cows lick the cotton out of the boll to get at the seeds, is described in the "Nature and Science" department of *St. Nicholas* (New York), by Miss M. Tevis. Her narrative is a remarkable one, and she begins it with the conventional fairy-tale formula. Once upon a time, she writes, a trespassing cow broke her way into a cotton-field at harvest-time and began feasting on the snowy contents of the opened bolls. She had found out for herself what it took men a long while to discover, that the seeds are nutritious. Doubtless many cows have made the same discovery. But this particular cow happened to be seen by a man with an observant eye and an inventive brain. She goes on:



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THE ELECTRICAL COTTON-PICKER AT WORK.

"Each machine can pick eight rows in one passage through the field, and the man who operates it needs only a little training, such as can be acquired in a few days, in order to pick four hundred pounds or more a day; whereas the hand-picker averages only from seventy to one hundred and fifty pounds a day."

"Just as multitudes of men, before James Watt came along and set his wits to work upon the problem, had sat cozily by the fire watching the lid of the tea-kettle bobbing up and down without dreaming of putting the imprisoned giant, Steam, to work at more important things, so, until Mr. L. C. Stuckenborg, a Memphis inventor, saw it, the sight of trespassing cows licking cotton out of the bolls meant nothing to the chance observers. As it happened, he had long been working on the problem involved in substituting some form of mechanical labor for hand labor in the arduous task of cotton-picking. He was struck by the neatness and dispatch with which the cow extracted the cotton; and in thinking it over, he realized that this was owing to the nature of the cow's tongue, which, as every country boy knows, is quite rough, being covered with projections composed of horny cuticle, so that its surface is very much like that of a rasp.

"But tho this observation gave him the initial idea for his invention, it took some fourteen years of patient experiment and endeavor before he brought it to completion. As it now stands, it consists essentially of two revolving brushes (which pluck the cotton lightly, but cleanly, from the open seed-pod, or boll, as it is called), of a suction system, and of a set of electric motors, together with an electric generator and a switchboard, or 'panel-board.'

"It is the brushes, of course, which play the part of the rough and flexible tongue of the cow. They are enclosed in a small metal frame about as big as your two fists, and they revolve toward each other. When these are placed in contact with the cotton they instantly pull it free, without collecting any part of the boll or leaves of the plant, as a human picker is only too apt to do.

"Connected with the revolving brushes are flexible tubes known as 'picker-tubes,' which carry the cotton by means of suction to the collecting-bags, just as the dust and fluff picked up by a vacuum-cleaner are carried to a collecting-bag."

Just before the cotton drops into the bag, it is cleaned by fanning with a blower. Each machine is mounted on a tractor whose engine provides the electric power to run the eight motors. One of these, which drives the brushes, is suspended about half-way down the suction-tube, while another provides the suction power and also operates the blower. Miss Tevis goes on to give us these further details:

"Each machine can pick eight rows in one passage through the field, and the man who operates it needs only a little training, such as can be acquired in a few days, in order to pick four hundred pounds or more a day; whereas the hand-picker averages only from seventy to one hundred and fifty pounds a day, according to his strength, speed and skill.

"This greater rapidity in harvesting is particularly important in the case of cotton, since it is a crop which ripens gradually, instead of all at one time, like grain. There are three crops of the cotton, in fact, and the process of ripening requires some two months.

"For this reason the 'floating labor,' as we term the great hordes of seasonal laborers who follow the grain crops from south to north, is not available, and the cotton-planter must depend on his hired hands, or on local labor, at best. The great disadvantage of this is that much of the cotton deteriorates in quality because of exposure to wind and dust, sun and rain. Weather-beaten cotton tends to lose its immaculate whiteness and smooth and even fluffiness, becoming soiled and matted together. Hence it brings a lower price than that which is picked as soon as the bolls have opened.

"Hand-picking also tends to mat the fibers into lumps; and because of this, the fibers are often 'gin-cut,' which again lowers the quality, since the longer the fiber, the better it is for spinning purposes, other things being equal.

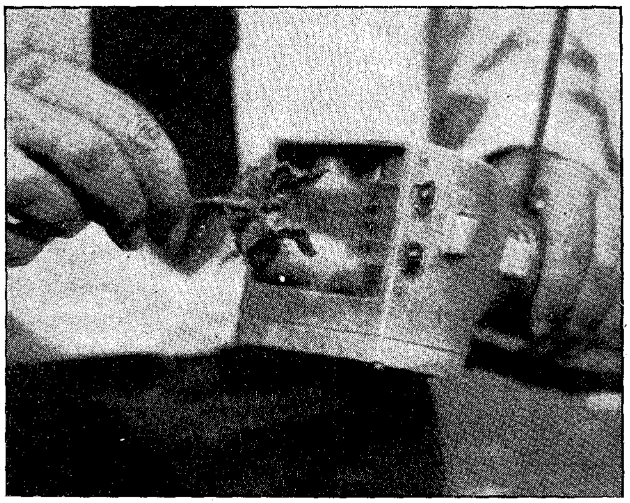
"It is estimated by good authorities that only one-third of the cotton raised at present is harvested in prime condition, the remainder of the crop being more or less injured by delay in picking and by the admixture of dirt, leaves, and other foreign material, which hand-picking involves.

"In view of these improvements, there is small wonder that enthusiasts are already predicting that the electrical picker will revolutionize the industry."

The old saying that "a child can work it" might be used, Miss Tevis remarks, if it were not for the fact that we do not let the children work as was formerly permitted. The picture opposite shows in a striking way the difference between the hand-picked and machine-picked cotton. Another point is that the machine-picked product yields more of the "cotton-lint," or cleaned fiber, than that picked by hand. A successful demonstration of the machine was recently made near Little Rock, Ark.

FAMINE PREDICTED FOR NEXT YEAR

WILL 1923 BE A YEAR of wide-spread famine? Sir William Beveridge has recently made a remarkable prediction of severe crop failure, and British scientists are now pondering over his prophesy. Computations that Sir William has made indicate that there are four different weather cycles that affect crops. All of these combine in a maximum unfavorable phase indicating heavy and harmful deluges during the period from February to September, 1923, the growing season of next year. We quote from Science Service's *Science News Bulletin* (Washington) as follows:



Illustrations by courtesy of "St. Nicholas."

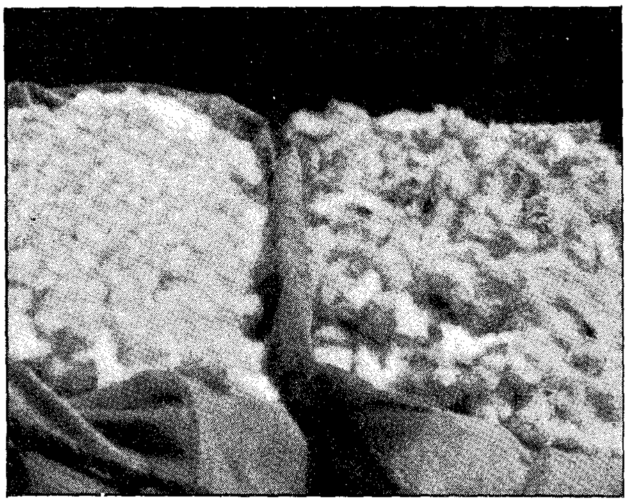
JUST AS THE COW DID IT.

The revolving brushes plucking the cotton from the pod. When the inventor saw a cow licking the cotton out of the bolls to get the seeds, he realized that this was owing to the nature of the cow's tongue, which is rough as a rasp, so he just merely made a machine that would do the same thing. It took him fourteen years.

"The prediction is based on the variation in wheat prices in Europe during the last three hundred years. Sir William using the periodgram method of computation, finds that the maximum price from 1500 to 1869 came at intervals of about 15⅓ years. This abnormality, his statistical analysis shows, is due to four weather cycles, temporarily operating together. One of 4.37 years corresponds to one that has been identified in sunspots. Another of 5.11 years has been found in temperature and rainfall records. Two others, that are less definite, those of 2.74 and 3.71 years, seem to have been identified in meteorological or astronomical data.

"'The year 1923 is destined to repeat something like the experiences of 1315, the year of the worst and most general harvest failure known in European history,' says Sir William Beveridge, 'in the excessively improbable event of my arithmetical analysis being complete and accurate in every particular.'

"The leading scientific weekly magazine of England, *Nature*, believes the prediction well-founded. 'On the face of it, the evidence seems sound, and the reasoning careful and critical,' this magazine says editorially. 'To the crowd, if not to the man of science, the fulfilment of a prophecy always seems to give more adequate support to a theory than any number of agreements with past events, and the year 1923 may be awaited with an interest mingled with anxiety.'



WHICH IS BETTER DONE?

Cotton picked electrically (at the left) and by (hand at the right).

"Officials of the U. S. Weather Bureau declare that they have not yet made investigations into Sir William Beveridge's predictions. Prof. H. L. Moore of Columbia University of New York recently made a statistical analysis by the periodgram method of prices from 1882 to 1918, and found a marked maximum at eight years in the cycles of a number of crops and corresponding cycles in the production of the raw materials of industry."

On the other hand, a sharp attack on the cyclic theory of business depressions, which holds that alternating periods of prosperity and the reverse recur in the industrial world, has been made in a recent address on "Some Economic Hallucinations," by Theodore H. Price, editor of *Commerce and Finance*. According to Mr. Price, advocates of the theory insist that "because we have been successful for a time, we must then be unsuccessful for a while." He declares, as quoted by a reviewer in *The Iron Age* (New York), that people often bring on hard times by vociferously insisting that they are due. The "agonizing deflation" through which we have recently passed he largely attributes to the power of highly placed personages to make their prophecies come true. We read further:

"Mr. Price uses extreme language in stating the theory, and he is to some extent right if we grant that it is adhered to rigidly and that at certain definite times there will be business depression. Such a conviction will unquestionably have a depressing influence and help to end prosperity. Some people certainly have made the theory of cycles mechanical and have followed it too far. In Ohio for many years Farmer Benner issued prophecies based on the cycle theory and won a fame that endured for a considerable time, but finally ended in a crash. Despite the fact that Benner often made a hit in his prophecies, he sometimes failed in part, and in 1907 failed completely, when he not only did not foresee the panic of that year but predicted great prosperity.

"It is true that business history shows periods of prosperity and depression which have come with a measure of regularity, and it certainly can not be maintained that all belief in the recurrence of depression in the industrial world is due to hallucinations.

"Human nature being what it is, every period of prosperity has brought transgression of economic laws, and the broken laws would not be denied their penalty. Great harm has been done, however, by gloomy forebodings. Much can be accomplished by not looking for depression at any time and to ameliorate conditions when prosperity wanes. Much has been accomplished by the Federal Reserve Bank, with its adjustment to credit requirements, and other ways of meeting financial stress and unemployment will be found.

"Mr. Price also calls an hallucination the belief that the world is poorer as a result of the war. He claims that nearly all of the products of human energy are consumed or wear out in seven years, whether we are at peace or war, and hence that we are not poorer on account of the war.

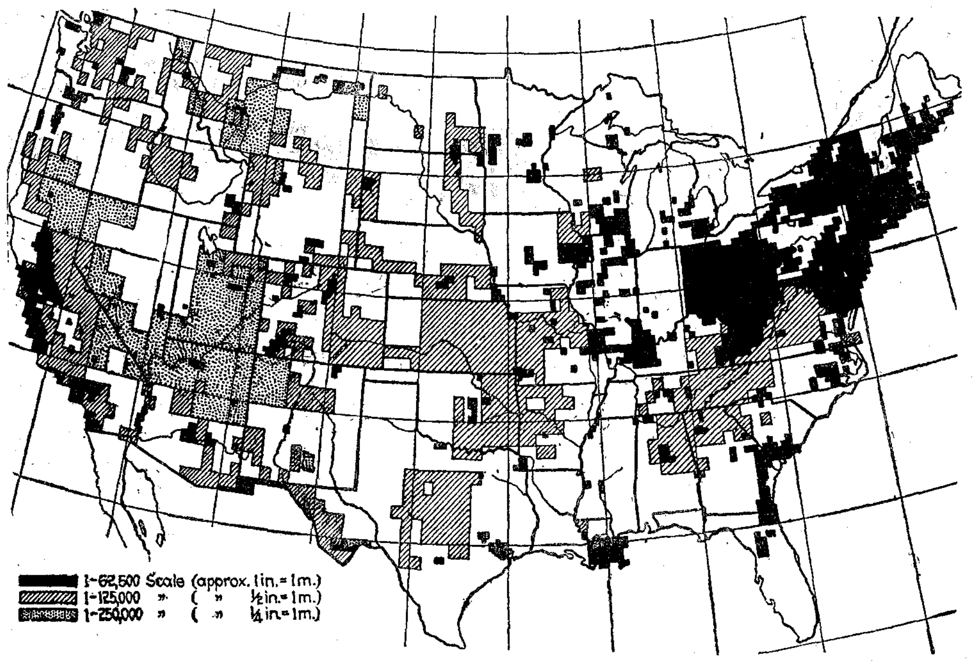
"He overlooks the tremendous energy wasted by war, which if applied to the aims of peace would have accomplished results of great value. There was also tremendous loss in efficiency during the war and for several years after, that has not been recovered and probably will not be in a long time.

"Mr. Price stands on better ground when he opposes the belief that we can not prosper unless we continue for all time to sell more than we buy, collecting the difference between the accounts in cash.

"We must both buy and sell, and so long as the buying and selling are profitable, the balance of trade is not the all-important consideration."

THE UNMAPPED UNITED STATES

READERS WHO BELIEVE that the whole area of the United States has been adequately mapped on a standard scale by the Government, with the possible exception of a few unimportant or inaccessible sections, will be surprized at the statement made by F. E. Bonner, assistant chief engineer of the Forest Service, made in *The Engineering News-Record* (New York), that less than one-tenth of the country is thus mapped. Maps all told cover about 43 per cent. of it, but fully half of this work is so old that it is of little value. Moreover, the existing maps do not always fit together, even when adjacent, for they are on three different scales. The present standard scale is that of one to 62,500, which is nearly an inch to a mile; and it is now proposed to change this to an exact mile-inch relation, which of course is not precisely decimal. Mr. Bonner reports that most, altho not all, users are in favor of the scale. Probably most citizens will say, "Select some scale, no matter what, and map every inch of the country speedily." Mr. Bonner puts the case in this wise:


1-62,500 Scale (approx. 1in.=1m.)
1-125,000 " (" ½in.=1m.)
1-250,000 " (" ¼in.=1m.)

PRESENT RAGGED STATUS OF TOPOGRAPHIC MAPPING OF THE UNITED STATES.

"Suppose a civil engineer building a bridge should find himself confronted with this problem: The bridge, which is to cost about $100,000, has progressed 20 per cent. toward completion when the taxpayers demand that the roadway width should be changed to 16 from 12 feet, originally planned, in order to correct the mistake of not providing for a double-track bridge. Would the engineer dare ignore the demand and proceed with the original design? Quite probably not. Yet the proper decision on a parallel problem has been agitating the Federal Board of Surveys and Maps at Washington.

"The question concerns the scale of the standard topographic maps of the United States. All engineers are familiar with the topographic quadrangles published by the Geological Survey. These maps are printed on a scale of 0.9864 miles to the inch with some on smaller scales. No one seems to know why such a scale system was selected in the first place, and strong sentiment on the Board of Surveys and Maps is inclined toward a change to the inch-to-the-mile scale system.

"The chief objection to the present scale is simply that it is meaningless and a source of much inconvenience. The inch is used as the unit of measurement on the map, and preferably it should represent an integral number of feet or miles.

Among the Government organizations themselves no standard practise prevails at present. Of the principal mapping agencies represented on the Board of Surveys and Maps, five employ mostly decimal scales, while nine use scales on the inch-to-the-mile system.

"From information collected by the Board it appears that the opinion among technical map users—including engineers, surveyors and educators—is strongly in favor of changing the scales to the inch system. An inquiry directed to nearly 1,000 individuals throughout the country representative of the various classes of map users disclosed that 76 per cent. believed the change should be made. This expression of opinion included 83 chief engineers of railroads, of whom 53 voted in favor of the inch-scale. The deans of engineering colleges voted in favor of it 42 to 14, State highway engineers 31 to 15, State foresters 22 to 2, city engineers 61 to 13, county engineers 94 to 15, members of the American Society of Civil Engineers 50 to 61."

A special investigation among men in the lumber industry showed that about 90 per cent. of them think the present scale system a nuisance which should be discarded. Twenty-two States are cooperating in the mapping of areas within their borders, Mr. Bonner tells us. In ten of these the cooperating official has been reported adverse to the change, as against three who favor it. This argument against the change seems discounted, he thinks, by the fact that a large majority of State highway and forestry departments prefer the proposed scale. He continues:

"Strong efforts are now being concentrated in support of legislation by which Congress will authorize a meritorious expansion of the mapping program, which will cost in the aggregate about $40,000,000. This great expenditure can be justified only by the usefulness of the finished maps. The voice of the map users is unmistakably in favor of the proposed change of the scale, and the Government should be responsive to the opinion of those for whom the service is rendered, and who provide the resources to make the accomplishment possible."

GROW TWO KINDS OF APPLES—One variety of apples grown alone, whether one tree or a whole orchard, does not produce as large a yield as when two varieties are planted side by side, according to recent investigations made by the Washington State Experiment Station. This has been proven in various orchards in the Pacific Northwest, we are told in Science Service's *Science News Bulletin* (Washington), and several commercial growers have discovered it when they planted orchards of one variety to meet market demands. We read:

"The cause for the low yield of inferior fruit is the same as inbreeding with animals and marriage of relatives. In such cases we know the offspring to be inferior physically and often mentally, while with apples there is often a total failure of the blossom to set fruit. It has been known for many years that many varieties of cultivated plants are self-sterile, that is, will not produce fruit when the flowers are fertilized with pollen of the same variety. The investigations carried on in many orchards under varying climatic conditions, show that 'self-sterility is more common among varieties of apples than is self-fertility.' In this connection it is interesting and of commercial importance to note that the size, shape, quality and color of the apples are not changed by the blossoms being fertilized with pollen of other varieties. In addition, most of the common commercial varieties in the Pacific Northwest have been found to overlap in their time of blossoming, so that almost any combination of varieties may be planted in the same orchard with satisfactory results. The experiment cited gives the records on eighty different varieties grown in the same locality, so that it seems safe to assume that in other sections the most common varieties may be planted together and have cross-pollination insured."

Courtesy of "The Electric Railway Journal," New York.

MORE HAPPY SCENES LIKE THIS ARE PREVENTED BY THE PECULIARITIES OF RAILWAY FINANCE: A CAR BONFIRE.

DO WE EAT TOO MUCH SALT?

JUST ENOUGH OF ANYTHING is doubtless preferable to too much. It is, however, difficult to agree on the boundary this side of excess. That we habitually go beyond it in the case of common salt is at least the opinion of H. L. Harris, who contributes an article on "The Value of a Salt-Free Diet" to *Good Health* (Battle Creek, Mich.). Mr. Harris backs up his opinion with quotations from many authorities. The death-rate from heart disease and kidney disease has increased enormously, he says, during the last fifteen or twenty years; and this increase has been much larger in the United States than in England. The reason for this may well be, he believes, that England objects to heavily salted foods. Her hams and bacon are preserved with borax, and her butter with boric acid. He first quotes Moras as saying in his "Avoid the Over-Use of Table Salt":

"Salt ages people. Salt favors deposits in blood-vessels and joints. Salt robs the hearts of marrow of the tissue-cells. Salt is an enemy to good digestion and assimilation. Salt is the most prolific cause of stomach, bowel, kidney, nerve, vital and sexual impairments. It aggravates catarrh and rheumatism. In any but the 'normal' amount found in foods, table salt is slightly or decidedly injurious in proportion to the excess taken, tho the system becomes accustomed to it as it does to tea, coffee, tobacco, vinegar, and sweets.

"The average eater consumes at least ten to twenty times more than the system requires in each twenty-four hours. This necessarily keeps the tissues and fluids over-salt, as butter is. Salt 'draws' water and creates thirst; but the 'water' that it draws from your blood and flesh takes some essential living proteid constituents along; whereas the water which you drink, to substitute that which salt abstracts, is 'dead' water.

"Another reason still why salt is bad is that its habit perverts your taste. Use practically no table salt, except a very little in the cooking, and see how instinctively your tongue will 'search' each 'bite' for its own distinctive taste, which it will rediscover and relish after a week's attention to proper eating."

Dr. H. O. Beeson is then quoted as declaring:

"Prescott, in his history of Mexico, says of the Tlascalans that they had been imprisoned on a high mountain plateau for fifty years by the allied tribes about them, during which time they had not been allowed to visit the lowlands to procure salt, and that after fifty years of salt deprivation, he found them strong, courageous and enduring.

"The amount of salt that can be used without producing harm can not be determined by the sense of taste alone. It must conform to the physiological needs and must not exceed the limits of cell integrity.

"What is our consumption of salt per capita per diem? I have been unable to find in medical literature any statement of the average amount used by the American people. Charles Archard states that the average consumption of the French people is 300 grains.

"All physiologists agree that 95 per cent. of the salt ingested is eliminated unchanged within twenty-four hours. Then, of the 300 grains eaten daily by the average American, 285 grains are cast out of the body as foreign material.

"A sufficient amount of salt to be used daily is 15 to 30 grains to meet all the demands of nutrition, and any in excess of this is not only useless but distinctly detrimental."

Another authority, Dr. Leva, argues:

"We know that carnivorous animals, in order to thrive, require no addition of salt whatever to their food, and on the other hand we are acquainted with nations living in a state of nature who live only on animal food (flesh and milk), and either do not know common salt at all or else altogether disdain it. With civilized man the amount of salt supplied depends more on training and habit than on any real need for it, and, as a large number of observations on health and diseased individuals have taught us, may be greatly reduced without harm."

A CAR BONFIRE

NEARLY TWO THOUSAND old elevated railroad cars were scrapped and burned in Boston recently, we learn from an article in *The Electric Railway Journal* (New York.) According to this paper it had been a frequent comment of visitors to Boston that more old-style street cars were in evidence there than in any other city of the country. But the last two years of trustee management, with a fare unit adequate to write off obsolete equipment, has changed all that. The writer goes on:

"From July 1, 1919, to December 31, 1921, 1,850 old cars of the Boston Elevated Railway have been scrapped and consigned to the flames of a gigantic funeral pyre at the Forest Hills yard. Rolling stock of modern type has replaced these old cars.

"Under the strict regulations of the Massachusetts laws and the supervision of the commission, a street railway may not scrap any physical property without writing it off out of earnings. This necessarily involves the use of an actual cash depreciation charge against earnings, and few of the companies have been financially able to charge off the value of obsolete cars. Consequently they have had to keep them. It is only within the last two years that the Boston Elevated has been able to rid itself of the burden of depreciated and inefficient rolling stock.

"Most of these old cars had seen twenty-five years of service, and not a few of them three decades. Some were originally horse-cars, which were spliced together and equipped with motors when electricity displaced the straining steeds of the '80's. Among the cars destroyed were fifty of the first wooden rapid transit cars used on the elevated lines.

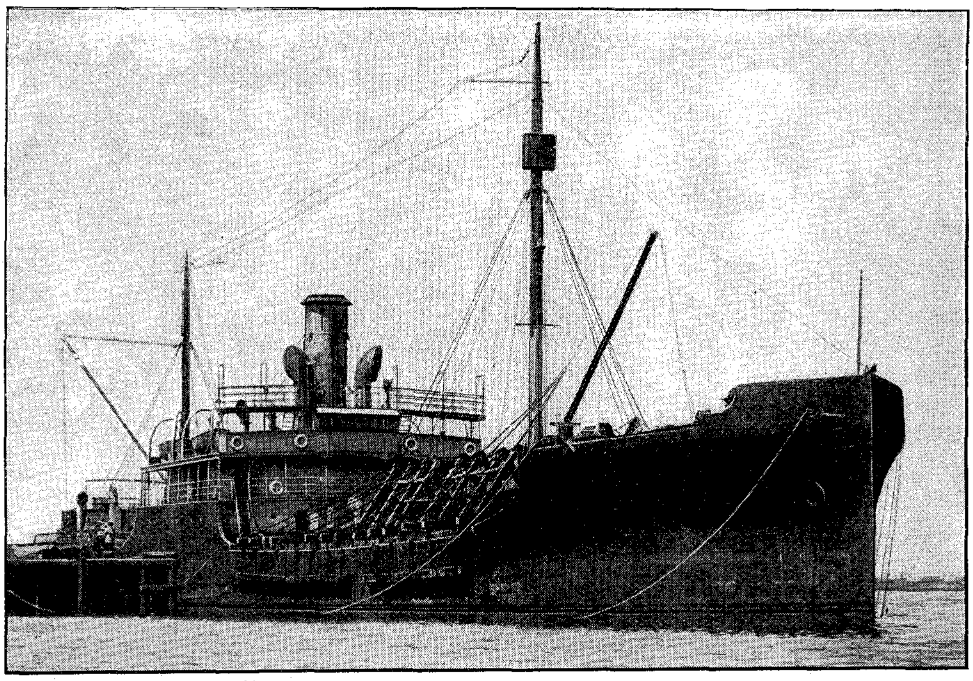
"The surface cars destroyed were single and double-truck box-cars, 25 and 30 feet types respectively, also a number of single and double-truck open cars. In their stead center-entrance multiple-unit cars, operated singly and in trains of two and three units, are now in service. The company also has put a number of standard one-man safety cars in use in the suburbs.

"Before being sent to the Forest Hills yard, the cars to be destroyed are stript of everything of any possible value, all copper and brass trimmings being removed. After the conflagration the ashes are raked for iron and metal scrap, which is stored until a favorable opportunity for sale occurs."

BURYING A DEAD SHIP

REINFORCED CONCRETE AS MATERIAL for building ships was dealt a severe blow recently, says *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago, May), when the Shipping Board towed the concrete tanker *Selma* from the wharfs at Galveston, and literally buried it at considerable expense, to get rid of it and stop wharfage charges. The story runs:

"The vessel, which is reported to have cost nearly $2,000,000, ran into the rock jetties at Tampico, Mexico, about a year ago, and ripped a big hole in the bottom of the hull. The tanker was raised with compress air and towed to Galveston. There, shipbuilders decided that it would not be practicable to repair the damage. The rods which reinforced the concrete were projecting through the hull, and it would have been difficult to get the craft in position upon the drydock for repair. So the *Selma* was allowed to sink upon the mud at a wharf where it lay for nearly a year, at charges of about $1,500 a month.



Courtesy of "Popular Mechanics," Chicago.

BURIED TO SAVE BERTH CHARGES.

The wrecked concrete tanker *Selma*, tied up at a Galveston wharf, after having been raised by compress air. The bracing of the forward deck was to strengthen it to resist the air pressure. The vessel sank upon the mud beside the wharf, and remained there nearly a year.

"The task of getting rid of a steamship, especially one with a big hole in its hull and ready to sink in the nearest deep water, seems simple at first sight. However, the Shipping Board had considerable difficulty in disposing of the *Selma*. It was first offered for sale, and nobody wanted it. Then it was proposed that it be towed out and beached near the Galveston jetties, for use as a fishing pier. The Federal engineering department objected on the ground that the hulk might set in motion currents which would undermine the jetties. The proposal of taking the ship to sea, and allowing it to sink, was abandoned because it was feared that it would sink before it could be towed far enough not to become a menace to navigation.

"The ship drew about 24 feet of water when lifted as high as it was possible, and for that reason the only spots along that section of the coast that it could reach were considered to be navigable waters which must not be obstructed. The Gulf is so shallow around Galveston that the vessel could not be brought within a mile of the beach.

"The problem was solved by dredging a channel from the deep water of the government channel into Galveston and out into the sand flats at one side of it. This channel was cut 30 feet deep for 400 feet, the *Selma* was raised by compress air, run into this channel, and allowed to settle to the bottom. Its decks and upper works are still above water, but the currents will soon refill the channel, and the tanker will be lying in sand with only a few feet of water around it. If the vessel is ever desired for use again, it will be necessary to dig it out."

PAPER PIPING

THE USE OF PAPER on a commercial scale for the manufacture of water-piping and the like by an improved process has been proposed by a French inventor, M. Dalery, we are told by the *Scientific American* (New York). The paper or light pasteboard is wound directly upon the shaft of a machine, using a tank containing an adhesive substance. The last layers are impregnated with tar, then the pipe is given a covering of bitumen as for gas and water-pipes. We read further in more detail:

"Suitable measures are taken to produce a large-diameter portion at the end of each pipe section, into which is fitted the smaller end of the succeeding section, then the joint is made tight by a tar treatment and by winding the joint with a strip of three-inch tarred fabric.

"Tests were made with the new piping in order to set forth the three principal characteristics which are required; that is, tightness, strength against interior pressure and good preservation. As concerns the tightness of the piping, several sections were mounted in the vertical position and the bottom was well stopt up, water being placed in the pipe and allowed to stand for 21 days. At the end of this time there was no trace of leakage to the outside of the pipe, so that this test appears conclusive.

"To ascertain the strength of the pipe when subjected to internal pressure, a section of pipe was stopt up by plugs and was placed in connection with a source of hydraulic pressure by a tube passing through one of the plugs, while a pressure gage was mounted on a tube passing through the other plug. The pipe burst at a pressure of 20 atmospheres, which was a very good result. But the joints did not prove to be very strong, and would only support four atmospheres. This, however, is a detail and is, of course, subject to improvement.

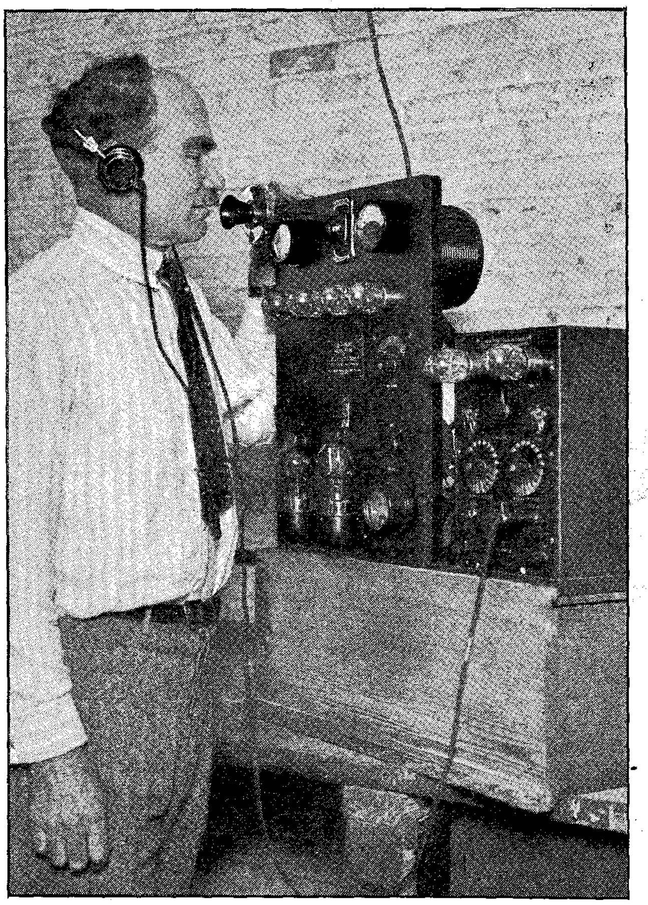
"Tests were next carried out as regards the preservation of the piping, but as the element of time is here concerned, these were, of course, more difficult to execute in a satisfactory manner. The sections were immersed in a water-tank, and at the end of 3½ months a considerable disaggregation was observed, due to the fact that the adhesive compound had dissolved in the water. It would seem, however, that this difficulty could be easily remedied by the choice of a suitable waterproof adhesive substance. Besides, the result was largely due to the entrance of water by capillary action through the end of the pipe, which had not been well protected, and on the other hand, when in normal use the end of the pipe is not subject to this action. Other tests with the pipe laid in the ground showed very good results as to preservation. On the whole, it appears very probable that piping made of paper can be manufactured as a practical article, at least for numerous purposes. Machines must be found to wind the paper in a very tight manner. Such machines already exist, and it will suffice to adapt them to the present use. A method of this kind appears to be very promising, especially in view of the high price of metal.

"For temporary plants it is evident that such piping might render great services at a small cost. The almost unbreakable nature of this article is a point to be considered, together with its light weight, in the question of transportation. Some of its uses which are more obvious might be mentioned, namely, as piping which is not buried in the ground and is therefore not subject to damage for this reason; then it could be used as a protection for metal pipes against cold, and especially as a steam-pipe covering. Electric cables could also be protected in some cases. In short, the method is one that deserves careful consideration and thorough investigation."

RADIO ▾ DEPARTMENT

THE JINN IN THE RADIO BOTTLE

AT THE TIME last winter when the hitherto mild and sporadic interest in radio suddenly burst forth into a popular enthusiasm, the manufacturers of "vacuum tubes" (triodes) were making about 5,000 of these strange little implements monthly. Of a sudden they discovered that this rate of production was leaving them miles behind the demand.



THE INVENTOR OF THE AUDION BULB.

Dr. Lee De Forest is here seen testing out another invention, the portable wireless telephone, whose current comes from any ordinary electric light socket.

With all possible expeditiousness, they began to speed up manufacture. In January, they managed to make 40,000 tubes. By no means enough. Production must again be doubled—and redoubled. It was announced that in April the number of tubes produced would approximate 150,000. In May, the output is to reach 175,000; and the forecast for June calls for 200,000—a forty-fold increase over the production of December of last year.

The reason, as even the novice scarcely needs to be told, is that every one who advances beyond the very first stage of radio listening must have at least one triode in his radio receiving apparatus. The outfit that has only a crystal detector can reach out at best only fifteen or twenty miles, and there is no way in which its messages can be amplified so that a "loud-speaker" can be used.

If you wish to listen to the more distant broadcasting stations, or to make the speech or concert audible to the entire family at once, you must turn to the vacuum tube; not one tube alone, but several, if you are to have a really high-grade radio receiving outfit. One tube to act as detector, and two or three others as amplifiers—and the world is yours. The difference between the crystal-detector receiver and the multiplex triode outfit is the difference between the old one-cylinder automobile and the modern "double-six."

And the thing that does the trick is just a harmless looking little electric light bulb with a small metal plate or cylinder and a little coil of wire or mesh of wire in addition to the usual filament. If you ask how these apparently not very significant additions make such a difference, you are told that the "grid does it." It is further explained that the "grid" in question is a little coil or mesh of wire; that it is so named because it was originally made like a tiny grid; and that it operates by permitting a certain number of electrons to fly through its perforations from the lighted filament to the metal plate on the other side of the grid.

Sometimes the grid permits such a flow of electrons, and sometimes it intercepts them, or even draws electrons in the reverse direction from the plate. Everything depends upon the balance of electric currents; and the electrical engineers themselves are not quite agreed as to some of the phenomena; but they all acknowledge that the "grid does it," and that modern radio, as we know it, would not exist without the "triode," as they name this grid-bearing vacuum tube. The triode is the only really efficient detector in the radio-receiving apparatus, and the only available amplifier, to make long-distance telephony possible; and also—mystifying as that may seem—the essential worker in producing and modulating the oscillating current that generates the radio waves at the broadcasting station. If ever there was a true tale of magic, it is the story of the little grid, that was added to the two-electrode vacuum tubes to make it a triode.

And so it seems fitting that when the story is related of the way in which the wonder-working grid came to be put into the electric light bulb, as Mr. James H. Collins relates it in *Popular Radio* (New York), it should be under the title of "The Genius Who Put the Jinn in the Radio Bottle." And here is the story as Mr. Collins tells it:

"You remember the bottle drawn up in his net by the poor fisherman in the 'Arabian Nights.' It held a jinn, or demon, sealed up and cast into the sea by King Solomon. The jinn began to speak to the fisherman, and finally persuaded him to open the bottle and let him out.

"There is a speaking jinn in the glass bottle that makes radio telephony possible—the vacuum tube or audion or triode. And thereby hangs a tale.

"One summer night, more than twenty years ago, a scientific fisherman was casting his net of investigation into the then little-explored sea of wireless phenomena. And he caught a jinn. Or rather, the jinn spoke to the scientist, not from a bottle, but from a Welsbach gas burner. He was a free jinn, probably having escaped King Solomon. For the first time since he was created with the universe, he spoke to Man, that cosmic infant, and asked to be sealed in a bottle.

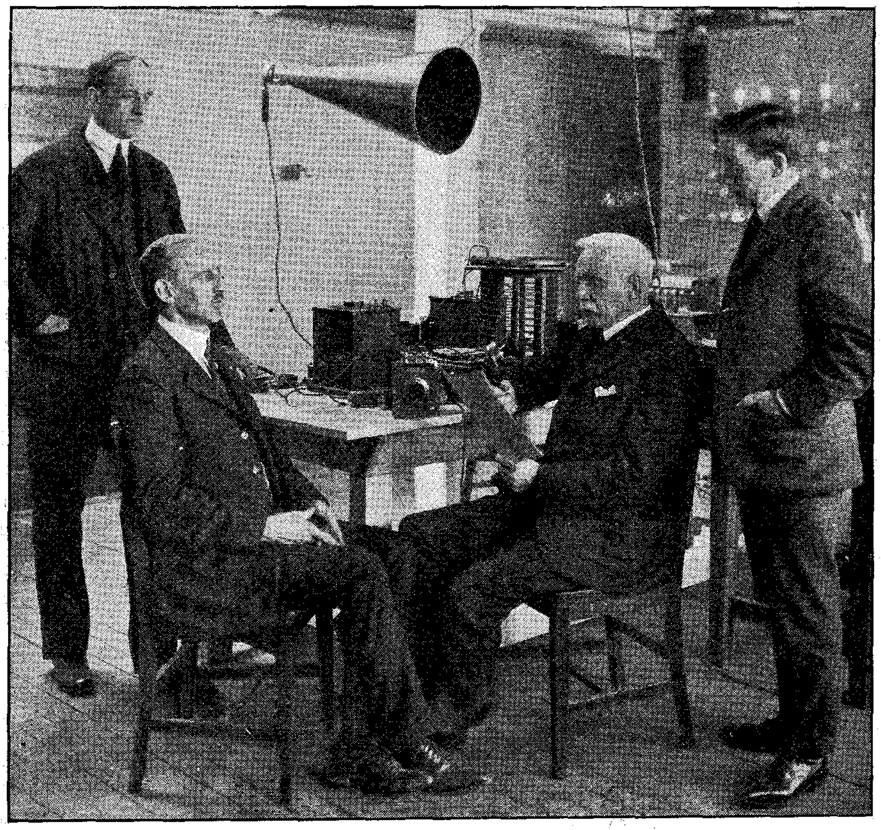
"And the man sealed him up and set him at work.

"The man was Dr. Lee de Forest, and the place a room in Chicago where he was conducting some night experiments in wireless. De Forest is a parson's son, and a parson's grandson. Born in 1873, at Council Bluffs, Iowa, raised in Talladega, Alabama, where his father was president of Talladega College, educated at the Sheffield Scientific School, Yale University, after serving with the Yale battery during the Spanish-American War, he went to Chicago and got a job in the Western Electric

Company's experimental telephone laboratory. There he became interested in wireless telegraphy, and in 1900 quit his job to make independent experiments.

"On that summer night he had a new type of electrolytic detector rigged up. His receiving apparatus was placed on a table beneath a Welsbach gas light. In a closet about ten feet away he had a spark coil with which oscillations were made to test his receiving apparatus. The spark coil was operated by a switch closed with a string running across the floor from the table to the closet. Presently De Forest noticed that every time he pulled the string and closed the switch, the light from the gas mantle increased very perceptibly, dropping back to normal when the spark coil was thrown off.

"This unexpected behavior of the gas light, which was no part of his apparatus, diverted his attention, and set him thinking. Had he discovered a new form of detector of Hertzian waves of extraordinary sensitiveness? Something in the oscillations from the spark coil affected the gas flame every time the switch was closed—until he closed the door of the closet. Then the phenomena stopt. He had found a detector, not of electrical waves, but of sound waves.



TUFTS COLLEGE "WIRELESS" FACULTY BROADCASTING LECTURES.

At the plant of the American Radio and Research Corporation at Tufts Hill, Mass. Left to right: Dr. Arthur Irving Andrews, Prof. Edward H. Rockwell, Gardner Chace Anthony, dean of Tufts College Engineering School, Prof. Albert Hatton Gilmer.

"A year or more passed before De Forest had opportunity to investigate this phenomenon further. The jinn had spoken, but only in the dumb sign language. De Forest went into the gas flame to bring him out and make him talk in a telephone receiver, if possible. He placed two needles of steel, and later platinum, in the incandescent flame, with a gap between, and connected them to a dry battery and telephone receiver. Contrary to his expectations, there was no appreciable current between the two needles in the flame. But when he tried the same experiment with a Bunsen burner he found a point in the outside envelope of the flame where current did pass, making a soft fluttering whisper in the telephone receiver. When one electrode was connected to an antenna and the other grounded in the earth, he heard for the first time signals which clearly represented the sound of the transmitting spark.

"Because a gas flame had obvious inconveniences, he then sought some other means of obtaining the necessary heated gas and heated electrodes. Experiments with the electric arc showed that it was a detector of the same type, but exceedingly irregular and noisy in the telephone receiver—in fact, the impatient jinn now spoke domineeringly, in deafening tones.

"Then he turned to the incandescent lamp and found the same detector phenomenon in the more attenuated heated gas surrounding its filament. By a brilliant series of experiments, first with one filament or electrode, then two, and finally the famous 'third electrode' or 'grid,' he developed and patented the 'audion' in 1907.

"Since then the device has been developed in unforseen directions, and applied to so many different purposes that the jinn in the bottle has been found a true magician."

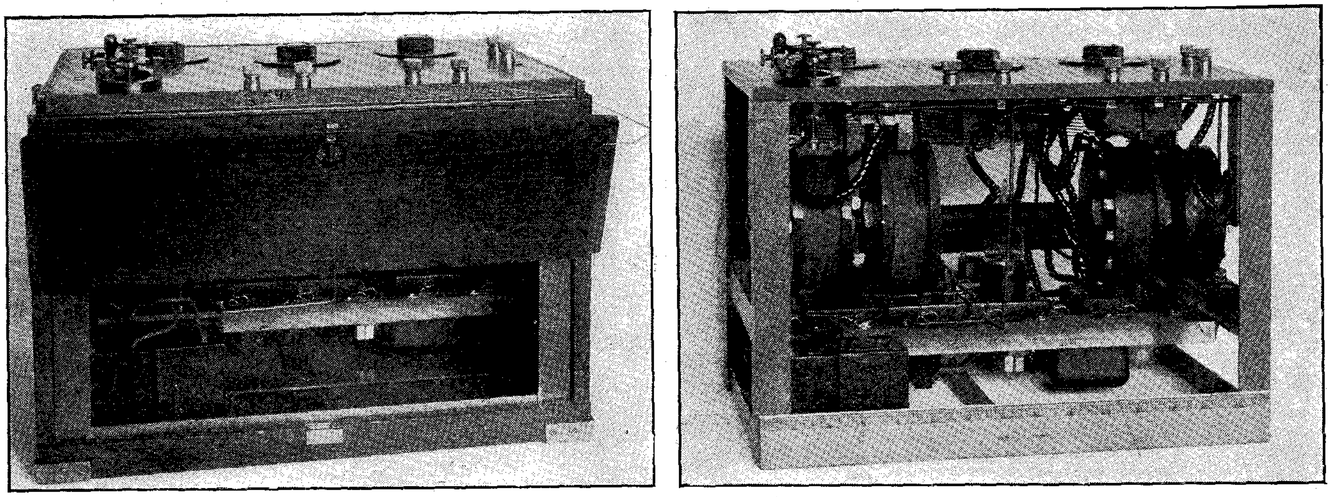
COLLEGE LECTURES BY RADIO

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS have been quick to realize the value of broadcasting from their particular standpoint. We read of (or, if our artificial ears are sharp enough, listen to) messages from various colleges of the Middle West, including the Universities of Wisconsin, Iowa, and Nebraska; and it is announced that the Washington Square Division of the New York University plans a broadcasting station from which lecture courses on virtually all the subjects offered at the university will be sent out. "Classes in Spanish, French, Latin, or any foreign language, lectures on economics, law, mathematics, psychology, etc., will soon be running in competition with other attractions that the air has to offer," if the expectations of a writer in the New York *World* are verified.

Dean Lough of the extramural division of the University is quoted as saying that, in addition to this use of radio, the facilities of the new art are to be invoked through the installation of "loud-speakers" in various university class-rooms, so that lectures may be conducted simultaneously before different audiences by one professor. The equipment to be used is the same that transmitted President Harding's speech on Armistice Day. "We expect to conduct classes at Washington Square College and have the voice transmitted to the Wall Street division, University Heights or the Medical College," Dean Lough is quoted as saying.

Meantime report comes from Boston of the actual inauguration of a course of lectures by radiophone to be given by members of the faculty of Tufts College, the opening lecture being given by Dean Charles Ernest Fay, Wade professor of modern languages and dean of the graduate school. After stating that the opening lecture of this course, by Dean Fay, will tell of the aims of the enterprise, *The Christian Science Monitor* (Boston) gives a detailed list of subjects to be covered, ranging from economics to engineering and from athletics to the drama; and adds this explication of the general purpose of the enterprise:

> "In the initial statement it is made clear that the lectures will be of a popular nature and not beyond the understanding of the thousands of young men and boys, between the ages of 15 and 25, who are especially interested in wireless.
>
> "Those in charge of the new course at Tufts say that by the use of the sound amplifier it will be possible for many persons to hear the same lecture from one receiving apparatus. But the most notable advantage of the Tufts Wireless College plan seems to be personal relation between the professor and his students. Under the present system it is impossible for any student to ask a question of the lecturer and receive a reply, but it is not beyond the range of possibility that the professors will set aside one or more lectures to the answering of questions that have been submitted by mail.



Courtesy of "Radio News."

IT INSURES THE SECRECY OF TELEPHONE CONVERSATIONS: THE "SUPER-PHONE."

"In discussing the new method of teaching, a number of the Tufts faculty admitted that it was frankly an experiment. 'Whether we shall meet any demand on the part of the public by giving these lectures remains to be seen,' he said. 'A very large part of the radio broadcasting now is being done purely as a public service. Tufts College seeks to serve the public in every possible way and several members of the College faculty have volunteered to undertake this work without remuneration. The possibilities are manifold, and it is only a matter of a short time, in my opinion, when information of all kinds will be transmitted by radio.' "

THE SUPERPHONE

NEW METHODS IN APPLIED SCIENCE seldom supplant older methods, however effectively they may supplement them. The horse has not been supplanted by the automobile; nor is there the slightest probability that the wire telegraph and telephone will be supplanted by wireless. Already, however, radio communication opens up new fields, as in broadcasting, that the older method could not enter; and now it appears that "wired-wireless," or "line-radio" is likely to prove a valuable coadjutor of the ordinary telephone. Mr. R. D. Duncan, Jr., chief engineer of the research laboratory of the Signal Corps, United States Army, has invented an apparatus which is dubbed the "super-phone," with the aid of which the principle that Major-General Squier discovered may be utilized in a way to improve the general telephone service; in particular, making it possible that several conversations may be carried on over the same wire simultaneously, each conversation in strict privacy, with no possibility that any one will "listen in." The portable apparatus, weighing only about forty pounds, with which this is accomplished, is described by Mr. S. R. Winters in *Radio News* (New York):

"The 'superphone' is a complete transmitting and receiving outfit, and as an attachment to an existing telephone line, the operator is not bothered with the details of its mechanism. The physical circuit between two subscribers is established by simply connecting the accessory unit to the common telephone system. By the mere pressing of an electric button a switch, which is closed automatically, throws the normal telephone into the circuit of the 'superphone.' A communication may then be transmitted in secrecy. The conversation having been completed, the receiver is placed on the hook and normal conditions are restored. The shifting from the transmission to the receiving of messages is negotiated with ease and rapidity, somewhat contrary to the procedure involved in the use of the common radiotelephone. Hence the label on the new invention, 'Line-Radio Duplex Transmitter and Receiver.' The compact outfit readily lends itself to use in both radiotelephony and radiotelegraphy.

"The high-frequency generator employed includes three electron vacuum tubes, supplemented with amplifying and rectifying units. The vacuum tubes are standard equipment of the Signal Corps. Opportunities are afforded for operating the 'superphone' from both filaments and plates from 110 volts of direct current. The source of plate voltage is encased in a wooden box when rugged service in the field is anticipated.

"High-frequency alternating currents, the supporting vehicle for 'line radio' or 'wired wireless,' is employed in the operation of this telephone or telegraph attachment. These currents are modulated at the transmitting end by speaking into a microphone. The communication is finally conveyed to an ordinary telephone receiver. Multiplex-telephony is possible where more than one of the 'superphones' is accessible, thus offering opportunity for the transmission of a great number of conversations simultaneously over a single line without interference, one with another. When these portable outfits are employed in open overhead telephone or telegraph lines, the transmission of audible communications may be negotiated for a distance of 100 miles.

"The power consumed in the operation of the apparatus is negligible. Conversations can be flung for a considerable distance with the consumption of only one-tenth of a watt of current, which is one-five-hundredth of the electricity required in lighting a common electric lamp. Speech thus conveyed is said to be more distinct than ordinary conversations over the telephone.

"Perhaps it is permissible for one to contemplate the uses of this invention. The Secretary of State, in present or future cabinets, when transmitting an important document of State to the President, may employ this vehicle of communication, where privacy is insured for the contents of the message. Brokerages in New York City may negotiate their transactions in stocks and bonds, where the element of speculation demands privacy of communication, by use of the 'superphone.' Banking establishments, removed from their branch institutions, can conduct business in secrecy by the application of this invention. Military strategists, with the element of future wars never entirely removed, may possibly safeguard their battle-field operations from the enemy by drafting the services of the latest offspring of 'wired wireless' or 'line radio.'"

MUST HAVE LICENSE EVEN FOR BUZZER SET—"Some confusion seems to exist," says Mr. Jack Binns, in the New York *Tribune*, "as to whether a radio fan can have a transmitting set, consisting of a buzzer, without obtaining a license from the Federal authorities. It is due to argument that the feeble oscillations produced by a buzzer spark will not cover very great distances and therefore will not interfere with regular radio stations. It is against the law to use such a set without a license."

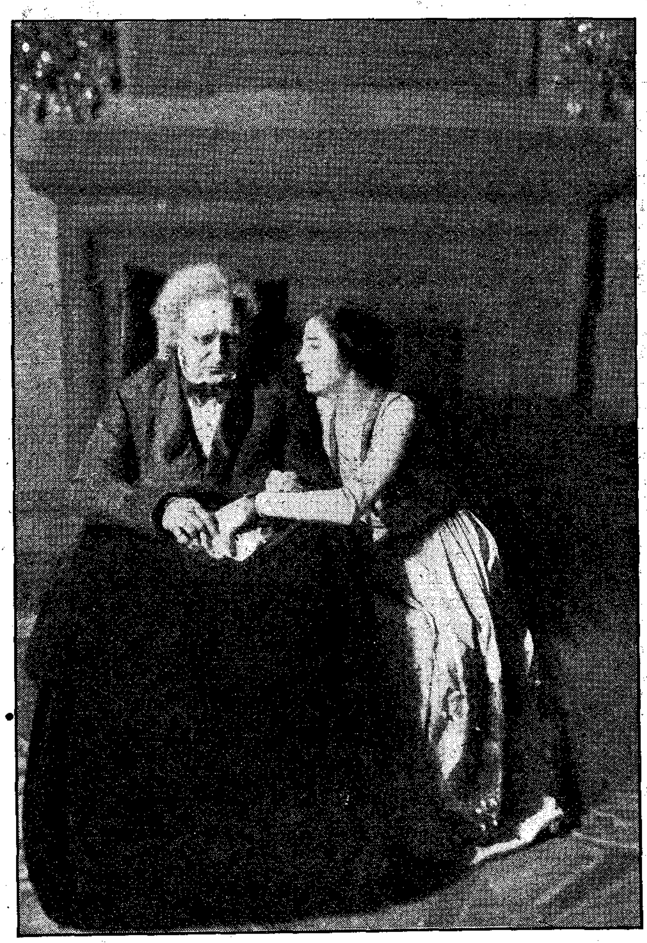
Every novice should understand that in order to secure a transmitting license, it will be necessary to learn the telegraph (Continental) code. The applicant must be able to send messages, and to receive ten words per minute. It is within the possibilities that this regulation will be officially changed in the not distant future, in view of the rapid strides of radiotelephony. But at present such is the law.

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

DRAMATIZED LITERARY THIEVERY

COULD ONE BY THE NAME OF JENKINS ever be a great poet? The frivolous Mr. Broun, who writes irresponsibly about plays, doesn't think one could. So when a play tells us that one Jenkins wrote immortal poems which one Blayds spent a lifetime in passing off as his own and acquiring the reputation of a great national figure, Mr. Broun sees something to be said for the successful faker. "The Truth About Blayds," one of the season's successes, is treated more seriously than that by the run of critics. In the New York *World* the play is described as "a family argument, brighter than the usual one, centered upon whether the family of *Blayds* shall adhere to what is honorably the honorable course, or, yielding to its mercenary propensities, accept the dishonorable. Money talks, and the idealistic capitulation is abrupt, ending the play." The situation which precipitates the argument is here briefly put:



CONFRONTED BY HIS PAST.

Blayds, at the end of a long life and many honors, thinks of the boy on whose genius he has fattened, and confesses to his daughter.

"In case this piece runs all summer at the Booth, O. P. Heggie is assured a season of ease not duplicated by a star on Broadway. He occupies the stage twenty minutes in the first act, a ninety-year-old English poet, propt up with a half dozen pillows, and riding in a wheel-chair. After being congratulated on his ninetieth birthday anniversary, drinking one glass of port wine, spinning a couple of yarns, and being kissed by his grandchildren, he is wheeled off again and does not reappear.

"In the second act he has died, and in the midst of the heirs' feverish eagerness to allot his fortune, his spinster daughter, whose devotion to him has caused her to sacrifice love and marriage, announces a matter that shocks and stupefies the Blayds and the Blayds-Conways. The poet has admitted to her on his deathbed that in his youth he stole from a dying comrade-poet all the works of literature that he has published as his own in later life.

"So that the fortune is, in fact, an illegitimate one."

Some of the upright critics deplore Mr. Milne's honeyed conservation of dishonesty, discovers Mr. Percy Hammond in his reconsidered account of the play in the New York *Tribune*. This is the season of strict scrutiny of the theater's moralities and the present playwright's ironies naturally go over some heads. Mr. Hammond proceeds:

"It is believed in the sterner studios that his indulgent attitude toward falsehood is unseemly, and that instead of permitting it to triumph in the end he should stretch it on the sour cross of expiation. Here is Mr. Milne, they say, one of the nicest of the playwrights, condoning one of the meanest of the crimes. He inverts all the nobler axioms, and by so doing makes probity, in literature at least, a foolish institution. 'The Lie is mighty and will prevail,' he seems to sing, however ironically. All you have to do to render yourself and yours rejoiceful is to steal your deceased friend's eternal lays and publish them under your own name. Why, Mr. Milne asks, take the long journey to the classic spas of Aganippe and Hippocrene when you have a sick pal who is a good poet? Is it not well to wait until he dies and then embezzle for your own use his heavenly rhymes and stanzas? Yes, is the reply, as the curtain falls on 'The Truth About Blayds,' with every one happy and comfortable, as Mr. Pinero used to recommend in more virtuous dramas.

"The advantage of *Oliver Blayds's* adroit pilferings are many and praiseworthy as enumerated and inferred by Mr. Milne at the Booth. In the first place *Blayds* was only twenty when his roommate died, leaving a treasure of unpublished rhymes and cantos. *Blayds* himself was a hesitant pilgrim on the hard way to Helicon, but he knew that he never would get there without assistance. What, then, could be more imaginative and poetic than the temptation that beguiled him? The seven-leagued boots and the helmet of invisibility were at hand, ready for donning. So he put them bravely on and took the short road to riches and distinction. His name, signed to his friend Jenkins's anthems and madrigals, became celebrated and he grew intimate with Tennyson, Swinburne and other reputable bards. He met the queen. They still tell in the memoirs of the times how *Blayds's* boots squeaked on that occasion, and that he said 'damn' in the imperial presence. Even Whistler was fond of him, and Robert Browning was a crony. For seventy years, until he reached the age of ninety, he lived his glorious lie. What sport it must have been to publish the dead Jenkins's 'Ode to Truth,' attribute it to *Blayds*, and receive for it the prodigious royalties common to odes. The only rift in his lute was a volume of verse printed in 1863, which he wrote himself, and which was lambasted by the critics. But the crowning reward of his spurious career came at its conclusion. Old *Blayds*, the counterfeit—prosperous, well-beloved, renowned and ninety, shrived himself luxuriously (to his daughter), like a true sybarite of sin, and died immediately thereafter with a clean conscience. A shrewd and crafty dealer to the very end, his confession cost him nothing but a tomb in the Abbey."

There is more fault found with the play than just its morality. A lot of time is taken up in the second act by the daughter's lament over her fruitless life. She had given up marriage to play the devoted to her famous father who turns out only infamous. Mr. Broun in *The World* is moved to write in this vein.

"It is perhaps not entirely unreasonable that she should be allowed to mourn about a husband whom she never had, because, after all, there was a man whom she loved and might have married. We felt, however, that it was too much when her musings went on to include a mythical daughter, not as a mere plaintive possibility but as a tangible tot of most endearing memory.

"Children are too much of a gamble to make it permissible for a person to go on so emotionally about one that never was. We should have liked very much to have been permitted to step into the play at that particular moment as one of the characters. 'Madame,' our line would have been, 'you might have found that child a perfect nuisance. There is no sense in your carrying on this way about "your little girl" unless you know what she would have been like. Pleasant and agreeable children are all right, but the others are terrible. No matter how egotistic you may be, you ought to be willing to admit that your chance of happiness through a little girl was no better than even money. Please stop crying and wipe your nose.'

"None of the characters on the stage said anything of the sort. As a matter of fact, it hardly seemed as if *Isabel* was talking to them. As we remember the scene, Miss Alexandra Carlisle advanced to the footlights and directed her emotions point-blank at the audience.

"In the last act the decrepit woman of thirty-eight went and married the man she loved after all. It took a lot of coaxing, and that scene is no model of dramatic effectiveness either. Mr. Milne, who knew all along that his heroine would marry (or rather, announce her intention, which amounts to the same thing in a play), had no right to ask us to take her outburst so seriously."

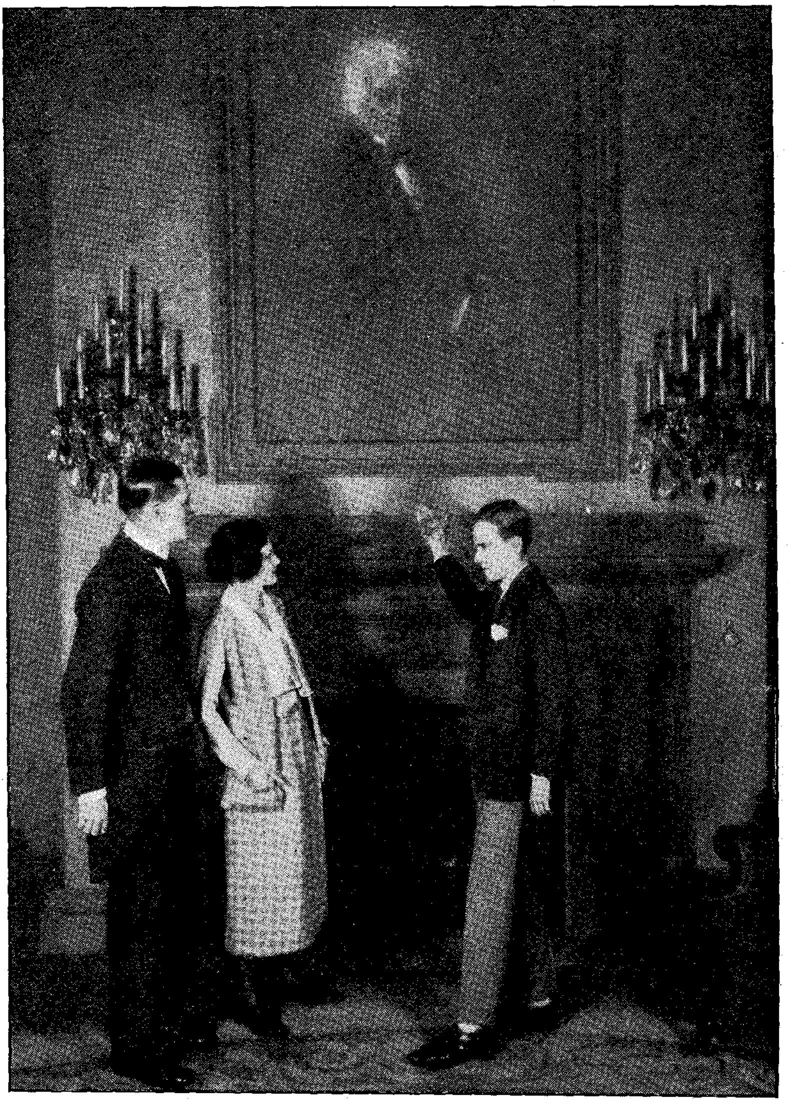
With the daughter's scene thus disposed of we return to Mr. Hammond's analysis of the selfish reasonings of other members of the family.

"The pompous and sycophantic brother-in-law presents more convincingly the case for silence. His principal contention is that since Jenkins is dead, what difference does it make to Jenkins? Besides, the chances are that, signed by such a prosy patronym, Jenkins's works would never have attained renown. Jenkins should find a sufficient reward in the fact that his contributions to art beautify the earth; and being a true poet, he should, like the rose, care not whose name is affixt to them. It is pointed out that after all *Blayds* deserves considerable consideration. He got the poems published. Then there is the immoral influence of an exposure, the emphasis of a success founded upon imposture, and its perturbing results when the British book-lover learns that his favorite author could not write. So it is decided to tear up the letter to the London *Times*, and let sleeping *Blayds* lie. Thus it ends —Jenkins is happy, whatever he is; *Blayds*, having squared himself after seventy years, is likewise. The conscientious *Miss Blayds* finds comfort in the arms of her old lover, a knowing book reviewer; and *Blayds's* officious son-in-law is ecstatic as he begins *Blayds's* biography in two volumes and an index. The grandson, young *Blayds-Conway*, is enabled to pursue his career in politics, as he should be, since it was he who suggested brightly that old *Blayds's* story was a senile deathbed hallucination. All are content, excepting, perhaps, Westminster Abbey. *Blayds's* interment in that populous mausoleum was prevented by *Miss Blayds* when she learned that her father was undeserving of so holy a sarcophagus. After it is over you may feel that it was not just to bereave the Abbey of *Blayds's* ashes. As his son-in-law complained: 'It was the Abbey's right' to honor itself by entertaining his remains in the poets' corner.

"The questionable ethics of 'The Truth About Blayds' suggests another peril of the censorship. Mr. A. H. Woods, for instance, being a fanatic in veracity, might see in its meaning a menace to virtue, and cry for its suppression. Censors are noted for strange adventures in integrity. The drama is being warned to soft pedal on the rough stuff for a while lest it get the hair shirt of supervision. So it might be well for Mr. Brady and Mr. Pollock to give Mr. Milne a tip to renovate his work with a miserable ending—*Blayds* in hell and his family en route."

AMERICA AND FRANCE SPANKED BY MENCKEN

THE YOUNG INTELLECTUAL is coming home again after a year or two of Paris, and his confidences are not reassuring as to himself, tho his aim, of course, is to depress you about Paris. Simply catch him after he has tried a year or two there, recommends his high priest, Mr. H. L. Mencken. "Set before him an honest bottle of bootleg gin, then listen to his depressing confidences." What Mr. Mencken's tenure or experiences in France have been can only be inferred from the acid of his reprobation. His despair must be immense, for if he bade the Young Intellectual make his adventure of Paris in hope of finding it improved over his day, he welcomes the wanderer home with worse dubieties about his own land. Nowhere, in fact, suits Mr. Mencken, not even the closed and classical past, and in the same article where we now quote him, he tears to tatters the gracious draperies of ancient Greece. It seems to puzzle him that France has a lure for people of supposed genius. "When a Young Intellectual flees from American Kultur he almost always goes to Paris—at least at the start," explains this *causeur* of the Baltimore *Sun.* "So does his brother of England. The Italians, Belgians, Dutch, Scandinavians, Spaniards and Swiss all envy the French. So even do the Germans. The Prussians imitate them heavily. The South Americans regard them almost as gods." Here seem to be



THE LEGEND STRONGER THAN TRUTH

Under the portrait of the old impostor the family argue the necessity of keeping up the fiction. The grandson argues that the old man's confession was an hallucination.

enumerated about all the people who count in the scheme of modern culture. Only Mr. Mencken appears to have found out the French, and if what he says is all true, the evidences of his perspicacity would seem to entitle him to the high position to which the Young Intellectuals of this land have elevated him. His belief is that "it must be plain on calm examination that the average Frenchman is anything but a noble fellow, and that his country has defects which almost match the defects of the United States." Mr. Mencken is American by birth, but America irritates him even more than France. Before we set forth what he thinks of France, we give his flashlight on America:

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SHE GAVE THE PUBLIC 100 PER CENT.

of what she was and what she could do. So Geraldine Farrar told her farewell audience.

> "One thinks first of Hawthorne, Poe, Whitman, the Jubilee Songs, St. Thomas's Church, 'Huckleberry Finn,' 'Jurgen,' crab creole, the Boston Symphony Orchestra (as it was), the Johns Hopkins University (as it was), Dreiser at his best, a few sonnets by Lizette Woodworth Reese, a few essays by William Graham Sumner, fried chicken *à la* Maryland, Fifth Avenue on an April afternoon, Mount Vernon, the Bronx cocktail, Michelob beer, the colossal exclamation point of the Washington Monument in Washington—and then one thinks of Bryan, Harding, Dr. Frank Crane, Harold Bell Wright, the Rotary Club, the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association, the baseball extras, the meals on Pullman dining-cars, Billy Sunday, the Lord's Day Alliance, Volstead, the Y. M. C. A., union suits, non-alcoholic vermouth, the average university president, the Ku Klux Klan, the general run of evangelical ecclesiastics.
>
> "It is a sour meditation, surely. No wonder so many of the Young Intellectuals, hastily touching their friends, depart precipitately for Paris, Munich and the Italian hilltowns! No wonder it is hard to find a civilized American who is not full of secret regret that the Kaiser did not conquer the country—and secret hopes that the Japs will do it before he has to go to hell! Here is the richest nation ever seen on earth—and perhaps the most barbarous. Here is an accumulation of beauty that is almost without compare—and a mine of ugliness that is apparently inexhaustible. Here are all the material means to the noblest, freest, most expansive life possible to man since the Renaissance—and here is life made so narrow, so sordid, so ignoble and so unimaginative that it is comfortable, save in brilliant interludes, only to blockheads and bounders."

Turning then to the defects of the Frenchman, which we are told "almost match the defects of the United States," we find this specimen of Mr. Mencken's generalizations:

> "Let us glance, very briefly, at the two qualities with which he is accredited in practically all discussions of him—the qualities which are supposed to set him off from all other modern men—to wit, his great gallantry and his high talent for the fine arts. Does he actually possess either? He does not. The Frenchman, in point of fact, is almost completely devoid of gallantry; what is constantly mistaken for it is his popinjay strutting. He is a romantic but wholly incompetent soldier, panicky in defeat and hysterical in victory. During the late war, despite the enormous advantages that he enjoyed, he was kept at the business only by the laborious efforts of the English, and since the peace the same English have had to restrain his savagery. Enumerate all of the qualities that belong to a first-rate soldier—daring, pertinacity, patience, hard endurance, clear-headedness, chivalry, generosity, resourcefulness—and you will find that the Frenchman has but one of them—daring. Accept him as the *beau ideal* of the military character, and you confess at once that his peers are to be found among the gunmen of West Virginia.
>
> "As for his love of the arts, it is surely not believed in by any sane American who has gone to Paris and kept sober."

MISS FARRAR'S OPERATIC FAREWELL

GERALDINE FARRAR went out of the Metropolitan in a blaze of glory. Her farewells extended over a couple of weeks as she appeared in each of her favorite rôles, and her devotees were not wanting in enthusiasm at each of them. Appearing in *Zaza* on the last afternoon of the opera season, her ovation was a fitting eclipse of all previous ones. Newspaper comment has been generally laudatory, mingled with regret than an artiste like her should quit her public at the climax of her operatic powers. The *Tribune's* critic, almost alone, speaks in measured terms. "If her departure has been more spectacular than that of equally great and greater artists, the evidence is that she desired it should be so, while the others disclosed no such desire." Mr. Krehbiel looks upon no finality as calamitous. If her departure is final, he says, "other artists have gone from us without creating an irreparable loss." Not to be wholly censorious, he admits that "she leaves behind her a record of which all lovers of opera may well be proud, but also one which has its deplorable features." Then by way of record:

> "Those who appreciate most intelligently and keenly what her good instincts and fine talents prompted her to do in such operas as 'Königskinder' and 'Madama Butterfly' will regret that other promptings led her to do what she did long ago in 'Romeo et Juliette,' 'Faust,' 'Thaïs,' and more recently in 'Zaza.' Some of them, while inclined to forgive, will find it hard to forget her utterances in Berlin when Germany provoked the war which has all but left the civilized world in ruins."

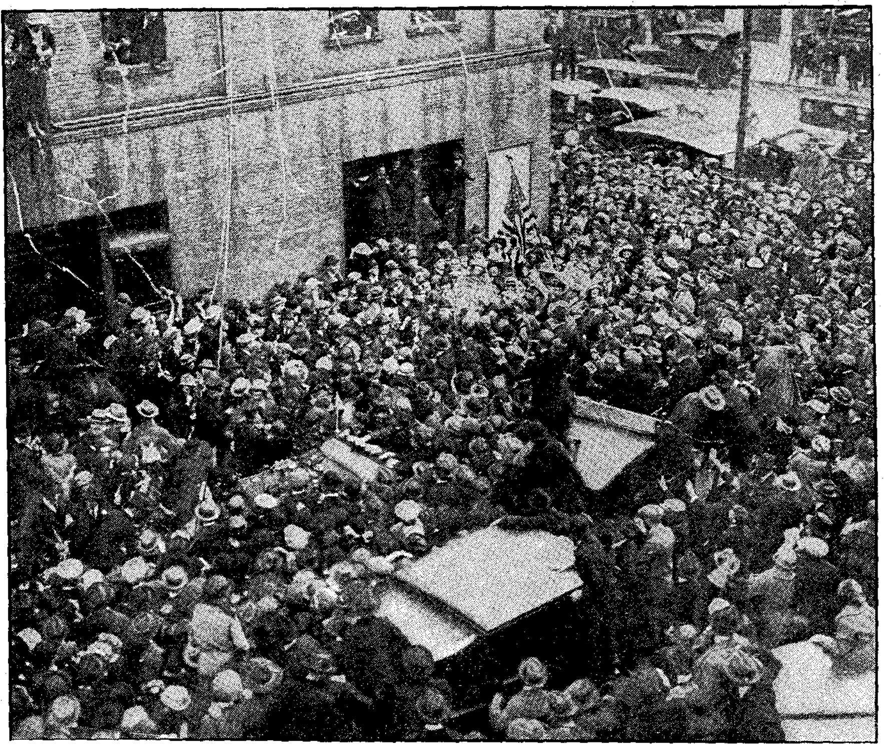
The Times, also, gives place to measured regrets in Mr. Aldrich's review of the operatic season just closed. He speaks of Miss Farrar's departure as sure to be "lamented and regretted by a large number of her admirers," and then adds:

> "There are others who will regret it less; who, tho they have been gratified by her more musical singing in the season just closed, can not shut their ears and their eyes to a general deterioration in her art. They remember, and with pleasure, a number of her beautiful impersonations in the past. It seems like a chapter that ought not to be closed just in the way it is to be. And to this many will add a sense of loss that the place of an American artist is to be taken by a stranger."

The Herald editorially speaks of her departure "amid a shower of roses and cheers and tears," "from the scene she has long ornamented" as a "fine human tribute to a delightful human being," adding:

"Miss Farrar explained a good part of her popularity the other day when she told a Metropolitan audience that she had always sought to give the public 100 per cent. of what she was and what she could do. That is one of the secrets of Miss Farrar's success. She gave the best of herself to her work. The rewards she has reaped are the rewards of years of patient, untiring study and devotion to her art.

"In bidding farewell to Miss Farrar as an operatic star, New York expresses the hope that there lies before her still greater artistic achievement. And it sends with her its heartfelt wishes for success in whatever field she may choose to utilize her distinguished talents and to display her winning personality."



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LEAVING HER OPERATIC HOME.

With a fervor that recalls our mercurial fathers of Jenny Lind days, the crowd hailed Geraldine as she left the Metropolitan after the last curtain. Find her beneath the flag.

In the *Herald* also is a reminiscent article by Mr. Henderson, reviewing the salient points of Miss Farrar's career:

"Miss Farrar made her début at the Metropolitan Opera House under the management of Heinrich Conried on November 26, 1906, at the age of 24, singing *Juliette* in Gounod's opera 'Romeo et Juliette.' Her début was a subject for much animated discussion. She came at a time when the public acquaintance with the highest type of singing was far greater than it is now, when taste was much more fastidious and knowledge much more general. In these days Miss Farrar's *Juliette*, as it was sung in 1906, would be regarded as a marvel of beautiful vocal art. We have not had all these years of educational opera for nothing.

"But in 1906 it was deemed inadequate, and there was much talk about the difference between succeeding as *Juliette* in Berlin and here. Some of Miss Farrar's stage business was condemned as being too realistic and it earned for her the undying hostility of some opera-goers. But it is safe to say that if a new *Juliette* were to emerge to-morrow and repeat that business there would be no more than a gentle flutter of amusement. The bedroom drama had not swept the veils of reticence from the stage when Miss Farrar's chamber scene startled the venerable guardians of the public morals in 1906.

"On December 7 Miss Farrar sang her first *Marguerite*, not her of Gounod, but the heroine of Boito's 'Mefistoféle.' The devil on that occasion was a perfect gentleman, M. Plancon, and Rousseliere, Mr. Conried's very expensive tenor, was the *Faust*. The production was costly and hopelessly unprofitable. Mr. Conried banished it from his stage until he could secure a more impressive fiend.

"On February 6, 1907, Miss Farrar gave one of the most artistic impersonations she ever disclosed to this public, an impersonation of which few present-day opera-goers have even heard. She sang *Elizabeth* in 'Tannhäuser' with Mme. Fremstad as *Venus*, Mr. Burrian as the erring minstrel and Mr. Van Rooy as *Wolfram*. No better performance of a Wagner drama has been given on the Metropolitan stage since Jean de Reszke retired.

"Miss Farrar's *Elizabeth* was not only one of her best achievements but it was one of the most beautiful and touching impersonations of that character ever given by any artist on any stage. The present reviewer is almost ready to express the opinion that it was the finest creation of Miss Farrar's entire career. Certainly she never surpassed it. And yet this exquisite embodiment of Wagner's ideal woman was permitted to pass into disuse and almost out of the memory of the living.

"On February 11, 1907, the first performance of 'Madama Butterfly' at the Metropolitan took place. The cast embraced Miss Farrar as *Cio-Cio-San*, Mr. Caruso as *Pinkerton*, and Mr. Scotti as *Sharpless*. Others have since been heard as the little Japanese bride, but the rôle became indissolubly associated in the public mind with Miss Farrar.

"Her first *Mimi* in 'La Bohème' was sung on March 15 of the same year. This rôle, which seemed so well suited to her powers, did not continue long in her active list, and when she sang one act of it in the present season at the performance in aid of the Caruso fund, she had not been heard in it for eleven years. On November 20, 1907, she sang again her *Marguerite* in Boito's 'Mefistofële,' but this time with Mr. Chaliapine, who made his début here.

"Miss Farrar's share in the Mozart festivals at Salzburg had been famous in Europe, but she was not heard in a Mozart opera here till February 12, 1908, when she sang *Zerlina* in 'Don Giovanni.' On February 28 she essayed the rôle of *Violetta* in 'La Traviata,' but with no success. On March 6 she sang the title rôle of Ambroise Thomas's 'Mignon,' but this opera never kept a strong hold on the public fancy. On December 3, 1908, Mr. Conried put on what was regarded as a star cast of 'Carmen.' The title rôle was sung by Miss Maria Gay, *Don Jose* by Mr. Caruso, *Escamillo* by the eminent barytone, Jean Note, who died only a few days ago, and Miss Farrar was the *Micaela*. Probably very few can remember her in that part.

" 'Le Nozze di Figaro' was brought forward on January 13, 1909, with Mme. Eames as the *Countess*, Mme. Sembrich as *Susanna* and Miss Farrar as *Cherubino*. This impersonation of Miss Farrar's has disappeared from the stage, together with the opera.

"Miss Farrar's first *Manon* was given on February 3, 1909. She has sung the part often since that, but has never had a monopoly of it. At the New Theatre (now Century) she sang *Charlotte* in Massenet's 'Werther' on November 16, 1909. Her first appearance as *Tosca* took place on November 22 in the same year. She was not regarded as a successful impersonator of the Roman singer, but in the course of time she built up an excellent version of her own, one in which careful treatment of the music was made to signify more than physical activity.

"It was on December 28, 1910, that the American soprano revealed to this public one of the most beautiful portraits in her gallery, namely, the *Goose Girl* in Humperdinck's 'Königskinder.' Those who have admired Miss Farrar's art will cherish their recollections of that assumption. Perhaps less memorable by reason of the elusive character of the opera was her impressionistic delineation of the wife of Blue Beard, *Ariane*, in Dukas's 'Ariane et Barbe Bleu.'

"These are some of the contributions of Miss Farrar's earlier years in the Metropolitan Opera House. But while it is not necessary to prolong the catalog, it would be a pity to omit mention of her *Louise*, especially in Charpentier's fantastic sequel to the first opera, his 'Julien.'"

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

THE COMING DOCTRINAL STORM

A TREMENDOUS HUBBUB in religious circles is threatened by the so-called Fundamentalists, whose cardinal doctrines, we are told, are the inerrancy of the Bible and the second coming of Christ, and, according to some newspaper articles, a doctrinal storm is to be expected when the Fundamentalists and the more liberal of the Baptist body come together in the convention of that denomination in Indianapolis, in June. Steps to forestall possible schism were taken recently by an informal conference in New York of Baptist liberals and "Fundamentalists," who agreed that it "is within the right of all Baptists to give expression to their own views," and urged "upon all of our brethren that we avoid the censorious spirit."

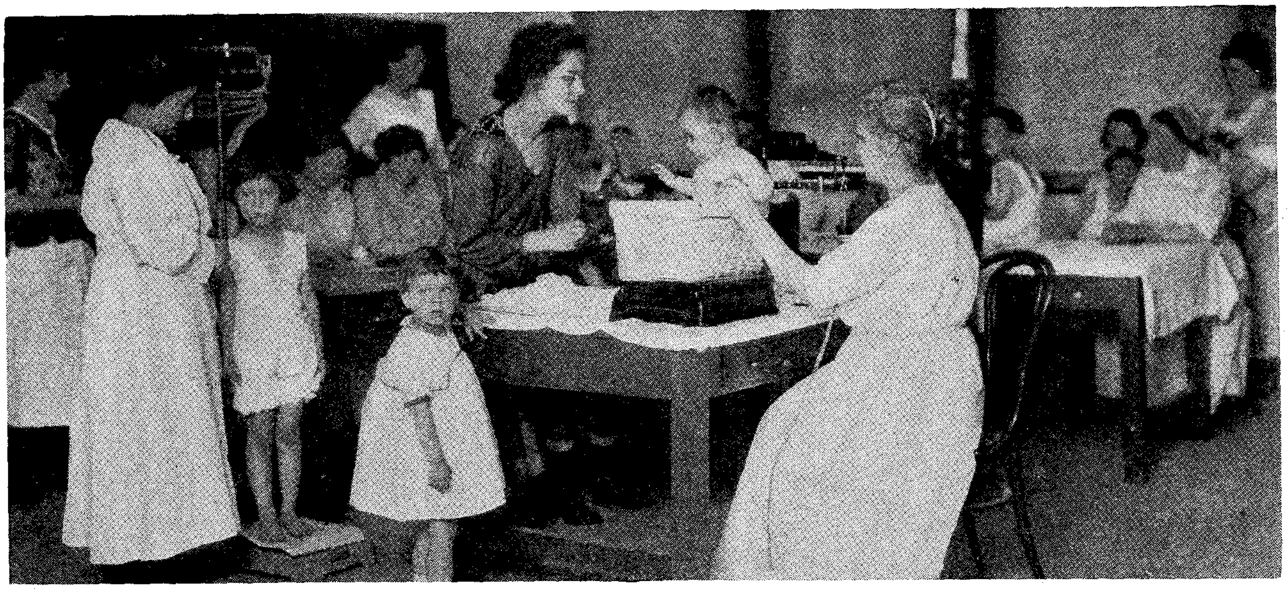
The tocsin of alarm was first sounded by *The Christian Register* (Unitarian), whose editor, Dr. Albert C. Dieffenbach, confessing himself terrified by the "religious Ku Klux," warns us against the frenzy he believes will seize on the world should the doctrine become widely accepted. The central dogma of the movement, says the Unitarian editor, is the second coming of Christ. "Believe that or die. It is a long, involved system of doctrine on the subject that they have fabricated out of a benighted literalism, and its awfulness, its bloody sweep over the world, surpasses the most gruesome pictures in the Book of Revelation. The other three 'fundamentals' are the supernatural birth of Christ, the vicarious atonement of Christ, and the bodily resurrection of Christ." To support his fear that the "second coming" as preached by the Fundamentalists will stir the world into religious fanaticism, Dr. Dieffenbach quotes from press reports a declaration by Dr. I. M. Haldeman, a prominent New York Baptist minister and a reputed leader of the Fundamentalists:

> "Christ is coming with the eye of one who is aroused and indignant, in whose being beats the pulse of a hot anger. . . . He comes forth as one who no longer seeks either friendship or love. . . . His garments are dipped in blood, the blood of others. He descends that he may shed the blood of men. . . . He will enunciate his claim by terror and might. He will write it in the blood of his foes. He comes like the treader of the winepress, and the grapes are the bodies of men. He will tread and trample in his fury till the blood of men shall fill the earth. . . . He will tread and trample them beneath his accusing feet, till their upspurting blood shall make them crimson. He comes to his glory, not as the Saviour meek and lowly, not through the suffrage of willing hearts and the plaudits of a welcoming world, but as a king, an autocrat, a despot, through the gushing blood of a trampled world. And those who follow this emergent, wrathful King of Heaven . . . are represented as armies. They come forth as a body of fighters. They come to assist the Warrior to make war on the earth. In this way the Kingdom is to come, not by the preaching of the Gospel and the all-persuasive power of the Spirit of God."

"There will be no peace in the world until the second coming of Christ," declares Dr. J. C. Massee, another leader of the Fundamentalist movement, who recently went from the Baptist Temple in Brooklyn to Tremont Temple in Boston, reputed to be the largest Baptist church in the world. In a one-minute sermonette appearing in the Boston *Post* Dr. Massee is said to give in a nutshell exactly what the Fundamentalists believe: "I know no Christ but the Christ of the Bible. Of his holy person seven essential facts are set forth therein. These are: His supernatural birth, his sinless life, his vicarious death, his bodily resurrection, his glorious ascension, his present indwelling of and lordship over the believer, and his triumphant return. All these I believe and preach, for this Christ still saves sinners like you and me." The purpose of the Fundamentalists, says *The Universalist Leader*, which is also seriously perturbed by the movement, is "to reestablish medieval orthodoxy. They hold to the literal inerrancy of the Scriptures, a special creation, total human depravity, the virgin birth, the atonement by blood, the ultimate damnation of most of mankind, and all the other dreary dogmas of the Dark Ages. Chief emphasis is laid upon the second coming, which they declare is right at the doors." The movement works without reference to sect or denomination, according to this paper, which says: "All the so-called Evangelicals are infected with it, and some of them are facing imminent disruption. The Baptists appear to be in the most danger. For some years the Fundamentalist group in that church has held a congress in advance of their annual convention to devise means of getting control of the denominational machinery. There is more than a possibility that they will succeed this year. The Disciples Church is almost equally disturbed. In Chicago the Congregationalists are lined up squarely on the issue, and only great tact on the part of their leaders has prevented an open rupture." *The Christian Century* (Undenominational) also senses coming disaster, remarking that, besides the wrench in the Baptist denomination, "the Congregational and Presbyterian communions are considerably perturbed and the Disciples even more bitterly torn than they, while Methodists and Episcopalians are, up to this date, keeping the controversy in the bounds of fairly good order. . . . The whole Fundamentalist set of doctrines must be met with a challenge that is backed up by a willingness to debate the issues on their merits. . . . It is hoped that before the (Baptist) denomination is tied up in a creedal sack by the Fundamentalists at Indianapolis next June, the men of modern scholarly mind will decide to contest such a destiny in the only way that seems open to them."

The Methodist Church can also be distinctly discerned in this rapidly developing situation, says the *Western Christian Advocate*, of that denomination, without taking sides in the argument. The Fundamentalists "must be considered as those who accept the Bible as the ultimate authority and contend for a literal interpretation of the same. This group is strongly colored by the second coming doctrine. They are greatly agitated over the conviction that the Church is swinging away from the fundamentals of Christianity." Another conflict is gathering in Methodist circles, we are told, around the "doctrinal test" for membership, and, says the *Advocate:* "We predict that by the time the next General Conference arrives it will furnish one of the most outstanding debates of the Conference and create a regrettable division."

However, the Fundamentalist danger is not so great, think some religious journals, as others would have us believe. *The Reformed Church Messenger* "can not believe that even the premillennarian Fundamentalists are such enemies to mankind as *The Christian Register* horrendously portrays," and it refuses, with *The Continent*, to "erupt brickbats and roar out great thundering words of condemnation." The latter, a Presbyterian paper, holds that "faith in a premillennarian return of our Lord to this earth is a perfectly plausible interpretation of teachings not so plainly set forth in the Bible as to preclude diverse opinions, and nobody shall ever be denounced in these columns for believing whatever seems to him most true in respect to this or any other doctrine that may command the allegiance of a sincere Christ-following and Bible-loving soul. When premillennial-



Courtesy of "The Outook," New York.

THE HEALTHIEST SPECIMENS OF CHILDHOOD ARE NOT NECESSARILY GROWN ON THE FARM.

Examination of Kansas children shows that malnutrition and defects of sight and hearing exist even where there is plenty of food, sun and fresh air, and that eternal vigilance is the price of health in the country as well as in the city.

ists on their part begin to denounce as recreant and heretical and disloyal and un-Christian those in the Church whose judgment of the Scripture on this point differs from theirs, then *The Continent* takes most decided exception." The cause of the trouble, as *The Presbyterian* sees it, is the development of a company of teachers and preachers in various bodies who "belittle, deny and oppose nearly, if not all, the fundamental facts of historic Christianity." This tendency has increased until "it has become infidelity of a type exceeding that held by Tom Paine and Bob Ingersoll. The influence has become so destructive that there is a general awakening against it and a growing determination to segregate these opposing factions. . . . Regeneration, reformation, and a renewal of testimony to the faith once delivered to the saints is the only safety now, as in the past ages." The time is ripe for a realignment of the Protestant forces, urges *The Lutheran*, declaring that "many sects have held fast to little points on the circumference of the Christian faith and have lost their hold on the great center of Gospel truth. . . . There is need of much earnest searching of Scripture to learn afresh what is clearly revealed. There is need of casting overboard half-truths based on a few pet passages of Scripture to the exclusion of what other passages have to say. . . . The evangelicals must not be indifferent to history and scholarship, but must become masters in this field. They must establish their claim as defenders of the Gospel on more solid ground than sentiment and fervor, and show that they are not averse to growth and progress in sacred knowledge. . . . Here is a case where there can be no real peace until the issue is clearly faced and met."

Delighted itself at the discussion and fearing not the least that harm will result from it, *The Watchman-Examiner* (Baptist) says:

"We had been drifting along paying little attention to doctrinal questions. In high places of leadership among us were men who denied the miraculous birth of Christ, the vicarious atonement of Christ, the resurrection of Christ, and the second coming of Christ. It became somebody's duty to call attention to this frightful state of affairs. It was done, and now everybody is acknowledging that our denomination is strongly conservative and will not stand for a radicalism that denies everything that is fundamental to Christianity.

"We give it as our deliberate opinion that the new emphasis which has been given during the past two years to the 'fundamentals' has been the greatest blessing that has come to our denomination in the past quarter of a century."

UNHEALTHINESS OF THE FARM

THE FARM AS A HEALTH RESORT is not all that it is claimed to be, as a Red Cross nurse recently discovered after she began "selling" the gospel of health in a Kansas rural community. There was plenty to eat, it is true; there was plenty of fresh air and outdoor exercise. But with all the free advantages of nature and a smiling sun there was a large percentage of defective vision, defective teeth, defective hearing, adenoids and diseased tonsils among the children. Unaware of this deplorable result of neglect, folks sniffed when the Red Cross chapter with its left-over war funds decided to establish a public nursing station and the nurse in charge began taking toll. "There's nothing the matter with Kansas," the people said, and they seemed to look on the health evangelist as a disturber of the peace. So there was something of a ruction, writes Charles Moreau Harger in *The Outlook* (New York), when an examination of every child in the public schools—more than 3,000 of them—was begun. Farmers' wives told the nurse she was making a nuisance of herself, and, worst of all, two or three physicians objected to the examination. They said that they frequented the homes of their patients, knew every child in them by its first name, and would know if anything were wrong. However, the nurse had the power to compel inspection, and, with the country physician and a dentist in the party, they weighed, probed, and peeped at every child in 123 country and town schools, and sent in reports to the parents of what they found in their wholesale diagnoses. Where the normal conditions seemed on the surface to be ideal for child health, says the writer,

"The examiners made records of 3,632 children, and they found that 2,317 were defective—over 63 per cent. Of the defectives 836 were underweight, with other defects, and 1,237 were suffering from malnutrition. That is, one-third of the children of this community were undernourished. When the larger towns were eliminated, one with many Mexican children, the percentage of malnutrition showed a decrease, but the rural districts alone had over one-fifth of their children thus affected. Only 878 children (24 per cent.) were normal and without physical defect.

"The survey startled the county, and things began to happen. One result was an indignant protest from some parents who declared that they would see their own physician about it—which was exactly what the nurse wanted. She had the figures to show that this was badly needed, for there were reported 216 cases (7 per cent.) of defective vision; 23 cases (1 per cent.) of defective hearing; 125 cases (4 per cent.) of adenoids; 819 cases (28 per cent.) of defective tonsils; 1,071 cases (37 per cent.) of defective teeth. What could be better than that the home physician and dentist should get busy?

"The indignant parents found, when they made their professional calls, that the report card was correct, and many were sensible enough to have such care as was needed. For those who did not a follow-up system was used, and endeavor was made to secure the correction of every defect.

"That it paid was demonstrated when the latest re-examination was made and it was found that these defects had been corrected; Eyes, 99; adenoids, 109; tonsils, 215; teeth, 440. More care has been given to the children of the county in the past year than ever in its history—which was precisely the object of the movement."

The fault for the apparent negligence lay in the point of view, found the nurse. The farm is considered to be a health resort, and the doctor is called in only when there is serious illness. So-called minor defects go unattended until they develop into serious ailments, and often are neglected altogether. As the nurse explained it:

"Too little attention is paid by the average farmer to the surroundings of the house, the disposition of sewage, the proper location of a well. It is easy to throw refuse out of the back door—and I have seen homes where this was done. Hog and cattle herds are too near the house. Bathtubs are coming in, but they are too scarce. Every farmer these days can have a modern bathroom and running water in the house, but thousands of wives carry the water from an outside well.

"System is necessary in the formative years of the child. The farm wife seldom has kitchen help; such assistance is almost impossible to obtain on the farm. The babies get loving care, but not scientific care unless there is wise advice. That is why we have held mothers' meetings in the country schoolhouses, and it is wonderful how many young mothers come and freely admit their ignorance of the basic principles of baby-raising. It's their best crop, and yet gets less attention than others."

This story of what one county has done is not set down as a unique example, says Mr. Harger. "The same task is being carried on in many other counties, not only of Kansas, but of other States. It has, however, been so systematized here and is so broad in its plans as to serve as a working model."

BLUE-PENCILING THE DECALOG

"BOILING DOWN THE DECALOG," or, as some put it, "blue-penciling the Ten Commandments," as recommended by the Joint Commission on the Book of Common Prayer, may precipitate a hot debate in the triennial convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Portland, Ore., next September, but, at any rate, the proposed changes, we are told, have the support of prominent and reputable churchmen. Another of the 250 changes suggested by the commission is the elimination of the word "obey" from the bride's promise in the Episcopal marriage service, and the deletion of that phrase of the bridegroom's, "with all my worldly goods I thee endow." These proposed revisions are generally regarded as of rather startling nature, and the outcome at the triennial convention will be watched, we are told, with intense interest. The abbreviation of the obligatory part of the Decalog to be used in the services is to shorten the services, in line, perhaps, with the opinion of the eastern university president who once said that "very few souls are saved after the first twenty minutes." Be that as it may, it is significant that there should be proposed any changes at all, says the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, since "the liturgy of a system of religion would naturally be the place where its most intense conservatism would concentrate." It is "evidence that the leaven of vitality works in the forms of this religious organization," and that "thoughtful churchmen recognize the necessity of bringing the forms of religion into contact with the conditions of every-day life."

The full form of the Decalog will still appear in the prayer-book, but the obligatory part will be in larger type, the option of the priest to prevail as to using the rest. The proposed revision leaves the First Commandment unchanged. In the Second it is proposed to omit everything after the words, "Thou shalt not bow down to them nor worship them." The Third is abbreviated to read: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord Thy God in vain." The Fourth, in its entirety, will read: "Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day." The Fifth reads merely: "Honor thy father and thy mother." The Sixth, Seventh, Eighth and Ninth are unchanged. The Tenth is shortened so as to read: "Thou shalt not covet."

It may be unprogressive and perhaps reactionary to express mild doubts as to the necessity or advisability of this procedure, observes the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, "but it must be admitted, even by the most ardent advocate of brevity, that the Commandments as they are given in the St. James version of the Bible do not occupy so much space that a reading of them, or even committing them to memory, constitutes a long or grievous task." And

"Whether cutting down the number of words in the Commandments would tend to bring them more into popular favor is doubtful. It seems safe to suggest that if a man won't read them and keep them in their present form he will hardly be influenced by reducing them by fifty words or so.

"Perhaps the ends of righteousness and true religion would be as well subserved by turning the energy involved in the movement for abbreviation into a whole-hearted and diligent effort to get people to pay a little more attention to the Commandments as they now stand."

Supposing the argument for brevity to be that children can remember shorter forms better, the Brooklyn *Eagle* argues that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and in so far as what stimulates that fear is left out of the Decalog, elisions are a real disadvantage. And sentimentally to the devout mind there must be a certain repellency about the notion of cutting the commands of the Almighty for the convenience of us moderns, or for the preservation of the sacrosanctity of modern taste."

Much levity is loosed, of course, on the proposed changes in the marriage ceremony. The word "obey" is a joke anyway, agree many editors, and often the bridegroom's worldly goods are not a subject of solicitude to the bride or any one else. Referring to the changes seriously, the Syracuse *Herald* remarks that "in a marriage partnership of the right kind equality of rights, authority and influence should be the watchword." Those who are truly mated, says the New York *Evening World*, "do not need these ancient formulas to protect them. And those who are not truly mated will not be made a happy couple by promising what they have no intention of performing." Characterizing the deleted phrases as "relics of a feudal state," the New York *Globe* thinks that "their abolition records a remarkable progress—most of it achieved during the century just passed. With this progress has undeniably gone a loosening of the marriage bond, but the new rights of women can not be blamed for this result. Indeed, any reform which puts husband and wife actually on an equality probably tends to strengthen all real and honest marriages. Freedom and self-respect have never yet done harm to woman or man either." However, it is beyond the New Haven *Journal Courier* to account for the reasoning back of the commission's action in deleting phrases which have "never fallen under wide discussion or dignified criticism." On the contrary, continues this paper,

"It may be said almost that the length of time these features of the ritual have been in use attached to them a sacredness which it seems a pity to disturb, while the effect of eliminating them serves no better purpose than to call attention to other possibly archaic but certainly not offensive or disturbing features. There are a sufficient number of occasions where changes have to be made to satisfy the critical judgment of men without inviting the consideration of changes, as in this case, which gratify no real progressive spirit."

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CURRENT - POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department cannot be returned.

AMONG the May magazines one finds some good verse, but the *Century* quite legitimately claims precedence for carrying the name of Thomas Hardy. His buoyancy and freshness are a challenge to those who have not his years to account for. And the message of his lines was never more apropos than for to-day, perhaps. But then young and old are ever troubling each others heels.

AN ANCIENT TO ANCIENTS

By Thomas Hardy

Where once we danced, where once we sang,
Gentlemen,
The floors are sunken, cobwebs hang,
And cracks creep; worms have fed upon
The doors. Yea, brighter times were then
Than now, with harps and tabrets gone,
Gentlemen.

Where once we rowed, where once we sailed,
Gentlemen,
And damsels took the tiller, veiled
Against too strong a stare (God wot
Their fancy . . . then or any when!),
Upon that shore we are clean forgot,
Gentlemen.

We have lost somewhat afar and near,
Gentlemen,
The thinning of our ranks each year
Affords a hint we are nigh undone,
That we shall not be ever again
The marked of many, loved of one,
Gentlemen.

In dance the polka met our wish,
Gentlemen,
The paced quadrille, the spry schottische,
"Sir Roger"; and in opera spheres
The "Girl," the famed "Bohemian,"
And "Trovatore," held the ears,
Gentlemen.

This season's paintings do not please,
Gentlemen,
Like Etty, Mulready, Maclise;
Throbbing romance has waned and wanned;
No wizard wields the witching pen
Of Bulwer, Scott, Dumas, and Sand,
Gentlemen.

The bower we shrined to Tennyson,
Gentlemen,
Is roof-wrecked; there damps drip upon
Sagged seats, the creeper-nails are rust;
The spider is sole denizen;
Even she who read those rhymes is dust,
Gentlemen.

We who met sunrise sanguine-souled,
Gentlemen,
Are getting weary. We are old;
These younger press; we feel our rout
Is imminent to Haides' den,
That evening shades are stretching out,
Gentlemen.

And yet, though ours be faltering frames,
Gentlemen,
So were some others' history names,
Who trod their track, light-stepped and fast
As these youth, and not alien
From enterprise, to their long last,
Gentlemen.

Sophocles, Plato, Socrates,
Gentlemen,
Pythagoras, Thucydides,
Herodotus, and Homer, yea,
Clement, Augustine, Origen,
Burnt brightlier towards their setting-day,
Gentlemen.

And you, red-lipped and smooth-browed, list,
Gentlemen:
Much is there waits you we have missed;
Much lore we leave you worth the knowing;
Much, much has lain outside our ken.
Nay, rush not: time serves; we are going,
Gentlemen.

McClure's in its new incarnation goes back to its elder character and in its verse, like the specimen here presented, is true also to its old form:

THE NEWCOMER

By Anita Fitch

Like some small child, with poor bewildered feet,
My Soul may pass into eternity. . . .
Shall those I love be waiting in the dark
With shining lanterns and old thoughts of me?

Like mother lips
Of long agoes,
And village moons
And garden blows,
Would seem their lights!
Sweeter than dream
Of Seraphim
My folks would seem.

To evoke a picture like this is to have old family traditions to draw from, and to assert one's claim to membership in the higher races. It comes gratefully to the diminishing Nordic strains of our day's literary output. *Scribner's* prints this:

THE GRANDFATHER

By John Jay Chapman

There's a kind of morning prayer
In the air
That recalls the song and praise
Of other days,
And the lilacs all in bloom,
And the sunny breakfast-room—
Open windows to the ground
All around;
Lawns a-glitter with the dew,
Scents from many a field and flower
In that early, quiet hour
Greeted you.
For, in coming down the stairs
You could smell delicious airs,—
The whole country-place seemed theirs;
Were they creeping in to prayers,
Or passing through,
Or visiting the vases freshly set
On the mantel, in the corner cabinet?
Was it lilies, was it pinks or mignonette?
What they were I'll hardly say—
Roses, roses anyway!
I smell them yet.
Just a morn like this, and then
Came the maids (there were no men)
One or two
Decent maids; then jolly children not a few.
And with shuffling of the chairs
They prepared the place for prayers,
Romping through;
And scarcely grew more tame
When the silent moment came.
For they knew
When Grandpapa appeared
He was little to be feared
By the crew.
And their mothers were in bed.
(For surely for such notions
As family devotions
There's little to be said.)
So the ancient prayers were read
By that brilliant-eyed old man,
Full of reverence, full of grace,
To the children of his clan
In the quaint old country-place
That had nursed the elder race
With its bloom.
And he kneeled where they had kneeled,
And the odors of the field
Filled the room.

Harper's goes to an Englishman for its most effective poem, and this is one of those little things that the late lamented Austin Dobson used to do so well.

THE PHILOSOPHERS

By Robert Graves

Thought has a bias,
Direction a bend,
Space its inhibitions,
Time a dead end.

Is whiteness white?
Oh, then, call it black:
Farthest from the truth
Is yet halfway back.

Effect ordains Cause,
Head swallowing its tail;
Does whale engulf sprat,
Or sprat assume whale?

Contentions weary,
It giddies us to think,
Then kiss, girl, kiss!
Or drink, fellow, drink!

Instead of the verses fitted to the bottom of the page we find a more generous allotment of space in our current magazines and some, even, like the *North American Review*, herewith, let a man have his say twice:

UNFURL THE FLAGS OF APRIL!

By Joseph Auslander

Frail larch shadows glimmer liquidly
Edged with the tremor of bewildered rain;
The pines are stenciled lank and vaporously
In oscillating mist; roots writhe and strain
To one more cool wet grasp of earth: O Spring,
In hollows where the stealthy tumult hums
A vehemence of rich remembering,
Unfurl the flags of April! Beat your drums!

In every corner of the woods and valleys
Trembles the little talk of violets;
Gust after gust leaps out, flaps loose, then rallies;
The reed tastes fire, the white dove tenderly frets;
I walk on the brink of beauty shivering:
Unfurl your flags and beat your drums, O Spring!

SOMEWHERE, I KNOW

By Joseph Auslander

Somewhere, I know, the sky at this bright hour
Is brighter than the long flash of the seas
Flung in a mellow curve against the breeze;
Somewhere, I know, one frail and wistful flower
Breathes to my heart more of the magic power
And pain of loveliness than all the trees
That shower ripe light on a thousand Hesperides
Leaving the stars ecstatic with the shower.

Somewhere, I know, there is an island's link
Of splendor beat and braided to the moon
Like blossom to blossom in an eternal June;
Somewhere, I know, there shines for me the brink
Of ultimate beauty, and may I thither climb
On the pale ladder of one immortal rhyme!

THE miracle of the sensitized plate that catches the light in a fleeting part of a second and produces a picture, is no greater than the miracle of manufacturing that has brought the camera within the reach of everyone.

Production in quantities—*vast* quantities—alone has made it possible to produce the camera at the price at which it is sold today.

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PERSONAL • GLIMPSES

SERGEANT YORK'S OWN STORY

As YORK FOUGHT, there was a prayer on his lips, we are told in "Sergeant York and His People," by Sam K. Cowan (Funk and Wagnalls). He "prayed to God to spare him and to have mercy on those he was compelled to kill." In his own happy phrase, York's rifle killed "a-plenty," for he hailed from Pall Mall, a tiny village in the mountains of Tennessee, where every boy learns to shoot. It is the land of the "Long Hunters." As Mr. Cowan informs us, a carving on a tree near Pall Mall reads: "D. Boon CILLED a BAR ON Tree in The YEAR 1760."

"Our contemporary ancestors," these mountain people have been called, for their way of life has changed little since the first settlers entered the Appalachian country in pre-Revolutionary times. Says Mr. Cowan:

> The mountaineer of to-day is the transplanted colonist of the eighteenth century; he is the backwoodsman of the days of Andrew Jackson; his life has the hospitality, the genuineness and simplicity of the pioneer. It has been said of the residents of the Cumberland Mountains that they are the purest Anglo-Saxons to be found to-day, and not even England can produce so clear a strain.

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SERGEANT YORK AND HIS PRESENT COMMANDER.

"She can have me for the takin' when I git back," said York, starting for the war.

"Sergeant York and His People" is not a war book. It is a Mountain book. It traces "the molding of a man," as Mr. Cowan puts it, and one notes with curious interest the very striking part that religion played in the molding—religion and another sentiment as strong. When York was drafted,

> He sent a note to Gracie, telling her his "little blue card" had come, and he asked her to meet him at the church—which always stands open by the roadside. As they walked toward her home they arranged to meet the next morning at the rock under the birch trees, when she would leave to "carry" the cows to the pasture. It was there she promised to marry him—when he returned from the war.
>
> Men at the store saw Alvin come down from the mountain and he could not escape some banterings over the success or failure of his early morning tryst.
>
> "Jest left it to her," he is said to have frankly confessed; "she can have me for the takin' when I git back."
>
> He and his mother were alone in their home for several hours. When he left he stopt at the Brooks' porch, where relatives and neighbors had assembled. As he walked away he turned, unexpectedly, up the path toward the rock on the mountainside. It is now known he went there to kneel alone in prayer.
>
> When he came down to the store, to the men waiting for him, he spoke with an assured faith he had not shown before.
>
> "I know, now, that I'll be back," he told them.

But, while this is not a war book, it nevertheless tells the story of York's superb feat of daring and marksmanship at "York's Hill," as the people of France have named the scene of his exploit in the Argonne Forest. And, naturally, Mr. Cowan tells the story of events leading up to it.

In a small, red, cloth-covered memorandum book, intended for no eyes but his own, Sergeant York wrote the title, "A History of Places Where I Have Been." It became instead a history of Alvin C. York, mountaineer, soldier, and consummate hero, during the World War. The little volume, now broken-backed and worn, was always with him—in camp, aboard the transport, and at the front. Tho careless of grammar, now and then, and sometimes even of spelling, it has the interest that attaches always to a hero's own words.

He reached Camp Gordon, near Atlanta, Ga., on the night of November 16, 1917, and his diary relates:

> "I was placed in the 21st training battalion. Then I was called the first morning of my army life to police up in the yard all the old cigarette butts, and I thought that was pretty hard as I didn't smoke. But I did it just the same."

Later on, he wrote:

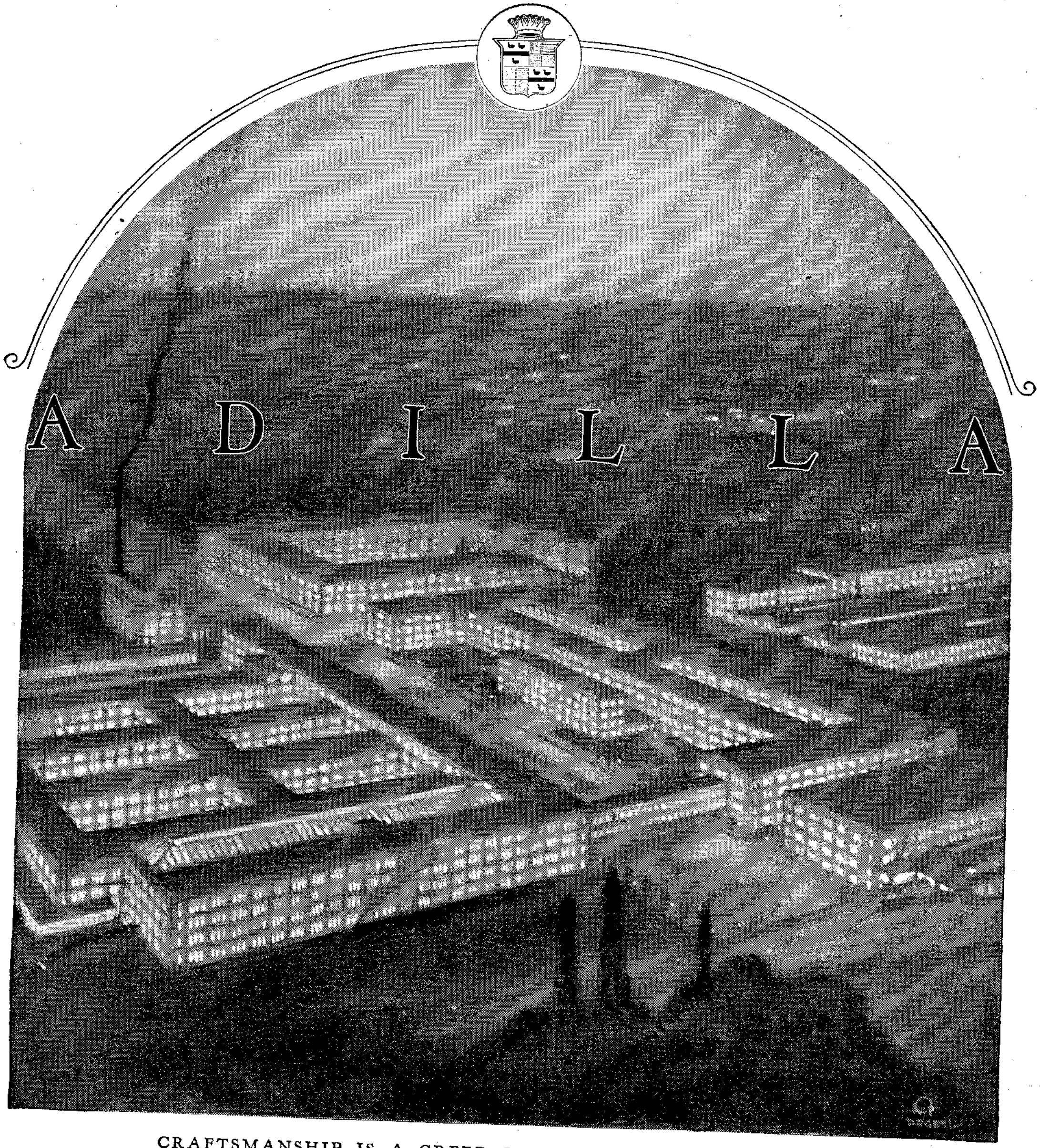
> "I stayed there and done squads right and squads left until the first of February, 1918, and then I was sent to Company G, 328 Inf. 82nd Div."

This, so Mr. Cowan explains, was the famous All-America Division, in which every State in the Union was represented as well as all the Allied countries. How happy York's life at Camp Gordon was may be judged from his notes:

> "Well, they gave me a gun and, oh my! that old gun was just full of grease, and I had to clean that old gun for inspection. So I had a hard time to get that old gun clean, and oh, those were trying hours for a boy like me trying to live for God and do his blessed will. . . . Then the Lord would help me to bear my hard tasks.
>
> "So there I was. I was the homesickest boy you ever seen."

This same little red book contains Sergeant York's own story

CADILLAC



CRAFTSMANSHIP IS A CREED HERE, AND ACCURACY A LAW

Even to observers of the finest automotive plants in Europe and America, the new Cadillac manufactories are a source of wonder and of admiration.

The fact that the site embraces more than 49 acres, and that the buildings provide a floor area of more than 2,500,000 square feet, is in itself sufficiently impressive.

But even the great structural magnitude of the Cadillac plant is surpassed by the orderly production and the exquisitely precise machine-equipment within. Craftsmanship is a creed here, and accuracy a law.

Thousands of the instruments of manufacture, expertly contrived and almost unbelievably exact, were designed especially to meet the requirements of Cadillac.

Every process of construction is pursued with microscopic carefulness. More close, fine measurements are observed on the Cadillac, it is believed, than on any other car.

In appearance, the motif of the vast new Cadillac works is immensity; but its spirit and its greater source of wonderment are minute precision in every smallest dimension and operation on the Cadillac car.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY • DETROIT MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

STANDARD OF THE WORLD

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of the exploit Marshal Foch called "the greatest thing accomplished by any private soldier of all the armies of Europe." Wrote the American:

"On the 7th day of October we lay in some little holes on the roadside all day. That night we went out and stayed a little while and came back to our holes, the shells bursting all around us. I saw men just blown up by the big German shells which were bursting all round us.

"So the order came for us to take Hill 223 and 240 the 8th.

"So the morning of the 8th just before daylight, we started for the hill at Chatel Chehery. Before we got there it got light and the Germans sent over a heavy barrage and also gas and we put on our gas-masks and just pressed right on through those shells and got to the top of Hill 223 to where we were to start over at 6:10 A.M.

"They were to give us a barrage. The time came and no barrage, and we had to go without one. So we started over the top at 6:10 A.M. and the Germans were putting their machine guns to working all over the hill in front of us and on our left and right. I was in support and I could see my pals getting picked off until it almost looked like there was none left.

"So 17 of us boys went around on the left flank to see if we couldn't put those guns out of action.

"So when we went around and fell in behind those guns we first saw two Germans with Red Cross bands on their arms.

"Some one of the boys shot at them and they ran back to our right.

"So we all ran after them, and when we jumped across a little stream of water that was there, there was about 15 or 20 Germans jumped up and threw up their hands and said, 'Comrade.' The one in charge of us boys told us not to shoot, they were going to give up anyway.

"By this time the Germans from on the hill was shooting at me. Well I was giving them the best I had.

"The Germans had got their machine guns turned around.

"They killed 6 and wounded 3. That just left 8 and then we got into it right. So we had a hard battle for a little while."

This modest reference to "a hard battle for a little while" covers the affair of one man fighting single-handed against a hundred Germans in machine-gun nests. The story continues:

"I got hold of a German major and he told me if I wouldn't kill any more of them he would make them quit firing.

"So I told him all right. If he would do it now.

"So he blew a little whistle and they quit shooting and came down and gave up. I had about 80 or 90 Germans there.

"They disarmed and we had another line of Germans to go through to get out. So I called for my men and one answered me from behind a big oak tree and the other men were on my right in the brush.

"So I said, 'Let's get these Germans out of here.' One of my men said, 'It's impossible.' So I said, 'No, let's get them out of here.'

"When my men said that this German major said, 'How many have you got?'

"And I said, 'I got a plenty,' and pointed my pistol at him all the time.

"In this battle I was using a rifle or a 45 Colt automatic pistol.

"So I lined the Germans up in a line of twos and I got between the ones in front and I had the German major before me. So I marched them right straight into those other machine guns, and I got them. When I got back to my Major's P. C. I had 132 prisoners.

"So you can see here in this case of mine where God helped me out. I had been living for God and working in church work sometime before I came to the army. I am a witness to the fact that God did help me out of that hard battle for the bushes were shot off all around me and I never got a scratch.

"So you can see that God will be with you if you will only trust Him, and I say He did save me."

Alvin York's supreme reward of heroism is the York Foundation. After a farm had been given him,

He asked that no other gifts be made, but instead the money be contributed to a fund to build simple, primary schools throughout the mountain districts where there were no state or county tax appropriations available for the purpose. Of the fund, not a dollar was to be for his personal use, nor for any effort he might put forth in its behalf.

So again the form of Sergeant York rose out of the valley, above the mountains, and the sunlight of the nation's approval, fell upon it. Men of prominence volunteered to aid him in his efforts for the children of the mountains, and the result was the incorporation of the York Foundation, a non-profit-sharing organization, that is to build schoolhouses and operate schools. Among the trustees are an ex-Secretary of the United States Treasury, bishops of the churches, a state governor, a congressman, bankers, lawyers and business men. The fund is already a substantial one, steadily growing, and success is assured.

In connection with each school is to be land to be tilled by the students as a farm, and besides providing instruction in agriculture, the farm is to aid in the support of the school, and no child of the community is to miss the opportunity to attend through inability to pay the tuition charge. As each unit becomes self-supporting, another school is to be established in a new district.

In this new endeavor Alvin wished to do what he could to shield the boys now at play among the red brush upon the mountainsides from being compelled to say, after they had grown to young manhood, what he himself had been forced to confess: "I'm just an ignorant mountain boy."

THE BREWERS' "YEAR BOOK" FAR FROM DRY

MR. BRYAN lately suggested a law to restrain editors from writing on Prohibition while drunk, as various recent journalistic discussions of the subject showed "unmistakable evidences of tanglefoot," but no protests are heard from Mr. Bryan when the Kansas City *Star* reviews the brewers' "Year Book." Says the *Star:*

That literary gem, the "Year Book of the United States Brewers' Association," which cheers but not inebriates, is again upon our desk. We feared for a while it was lost to us, for the literary market has been off for the "Year Book" recently, but here it is back again, a little reminiscent in mood, but still hopeful and inspiring.

We always liked the "Year Book." Its literary taste is excellent. It can always be counted on to lead off with a quotation from Emerson or John Stuart Mill or De Tocqueville. It does not quote Mill's well-known remark, "I always take my glass of half-and-half before going to bed." That would be too obvious, too much like talking shop, and the "Year Book" abhors commercialism. It prefers Mill in his loftier and more philosophical moments, as when he said, "There is a circle around every human being which no government ought to be permitted to overstep." The "Year Book" does our intelligence the compliment to assume that we will recognize that when Mill wrote that he was referring to the Volstead law. And that quotation which the "Year Book" gives up from De Montesquieu, "I shall ever repeat it that mankind are governed not by extremes, but by principles of moderation." The "Year Book" does not coarsely point out that by moderation De Montesquieu meant 4 per cent. beer and light wines. It knows we know that.

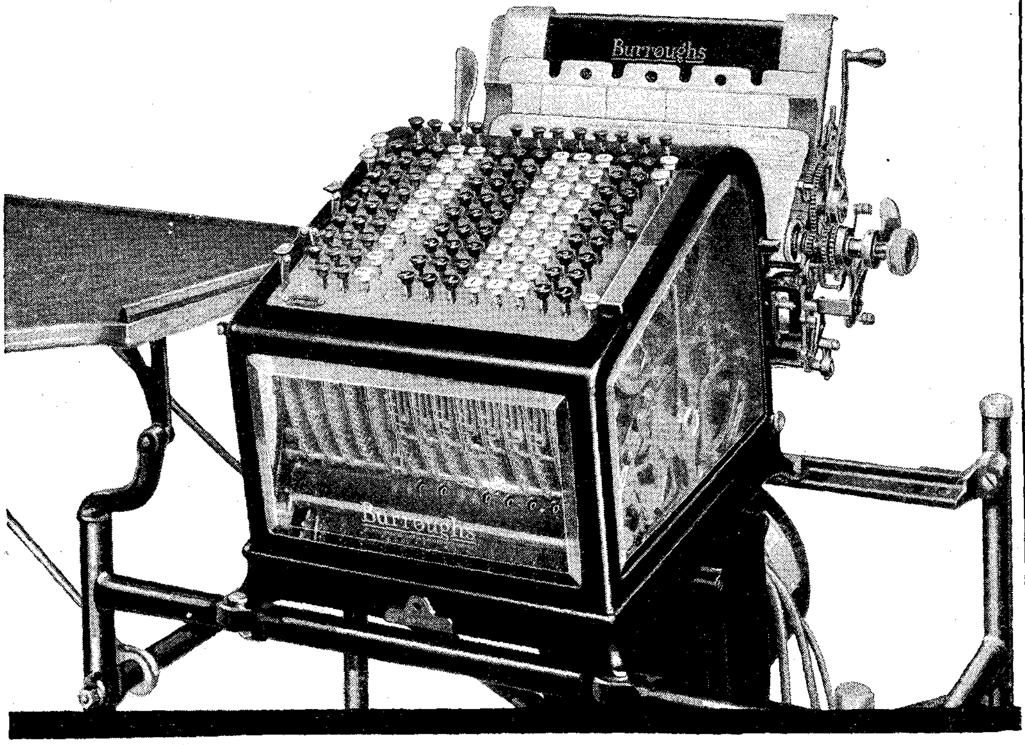
After this literary repast the "Year Book" does, it is true, devote a few words—about 150 pages—to a philosophical discussion of Prohibition; call it business if you will, for after all a "Year Book" must live. It says that now that Prohibition is here it experiences a great relief, for now the slate is clean and the country can make a fresh start in the way of writing sane and reasonable regulatory laws for booze. This reminds us a little of Jeff Davis's proclamation after the fall of Richmond. He said that the necessity of defending Richmond having been removed the Confederacy could at last devote all its attention to licking the North, or words to that effect. With Prohibition in effect, it's a great strain off the "Year Book's" mind. It has nothing to do now but bring booze back.

However, the "Year Book" gives us due warning that the brewers will frown upon those hasty enthusiasts who would merely sweep away Prohibition and stop there. As the *Star* observes, the "Year Book" goes on to say,

Sweeping Prohibition away is only the first step, and must be followed by sane and reasonable regulation of the liquor traffic. Whatever else the "Year Book" stands for it stands first for sanity and reason. It would itself, with its own hand, dash a glass of beer from an American citizen's lips if it thought he was taking that drink without due regard for sanity and reason, without a proper understanding of the regulatory powers inherent in the Constitution as modified by the fourth amendment, or without having read Mill on Liberty and De Tocqueville on the Spirit of Laws.

That is the position the "Year Book" takes. It stands with Madison and Jefferson and Washington in opposition to the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead law, but like Carlyle and Herbert Spencer and the Federalist it wants drinking done thoughtfully. Thus comes the "Year Book" back again, chaste, elevated and severe. It no longer has to fight Prohibition and can give its whole attention to bringing booze back. It is free at last to say what it thinks. It has personal liberty for itself and nothing to do now but get it for the rest of us. No wonder it feels like a boy out of school.

This Machine Makes Ledger Posting Over 75% Automatic—



Burroughs holds its commanding position of leadership in the sale of ledger posting and statement machines because it gives the business man more automatic features in return for his investment

Each of these features eliminates a certain amount of human labor—saving time and therefore money.

Each eliminates one more chance for human error—preventing a direct loss of money due to the error, or an indirect loss through the time spent in finding and correcting it.

And the more bookkeeping becomes automatic, the more easily and cheaply can you secure your daily figure information.

Burroughs manufactures Adding, Bookkeeping, Calculating and Billing Machines in many styles and sizes to meet the varied figure requirements of business. Priced as low as $150—small down payments—easy terms.

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prints the correct date where you want it with each posting.

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prints ciphers and punctuation—a remarkable saving considering the fact that about 25 per cent of all commercial figuring is ciphers.

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extends the new balance with each posting—giving positive proof of correct posting every day.

Automatically
adds debits and subtracts credits.

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selects proper columns for all entries without attention on the part of the operator.

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designates totals, sub-totals, subtractions, credit balances, overdrafts and closed accounts—symbols that appear on carbons as well as originals.

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full keyboard, descriptive keys, electric drive and many other features that save time and attention on the part of the operator. The combination of these and the automatic features enables the Burroughs Automatic Bookkeeping Machine to more than pay for itself in time-saving alone.

Let a Burroughs man show you one of the many styles of Burroughs machines that will handle your particular job in the easiest and most economical way.

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Please send to me, without obligation:

1. More information about Burroughs Automatic Bookkeeping Machine.
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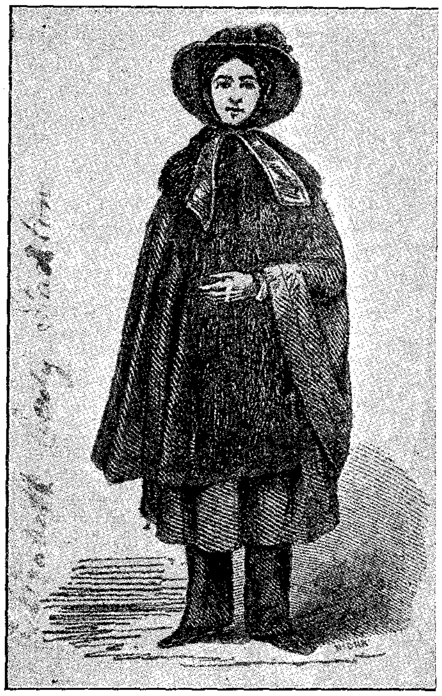
THE FIRST OF THE FLAPPERS

JUST WHEN LADY ASTOR was ridiculing the flapper, there emerged from the printer's a two-volume book which describes not only the first of the flappers but the first of the Lady Astors, and it is hard to say which of them was the more pitilessly ridiculed in her day. The book, "Elizabeth Cady Stanton as Revealed in her Letters, Diary, and Reminiscences" (Harper's), takes us back to the period when "shorts," meaning short skirts with trousers underneath, startled the world. The "Bloomer costume," this innovation was then called, and Mrs. Stanton writes thus of its principal sponsor:



From "Elizabeth Cady Stanton," by Theodore Stanton and Harriott Stanton Blatch; copyrighted, 1922, by Harper & Brothers.

THE ORIGINAL FLAPPER—1851 MODEL.

This is the costume that shocked our grandfathers. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton wearing "shorts," as the rig was then called.

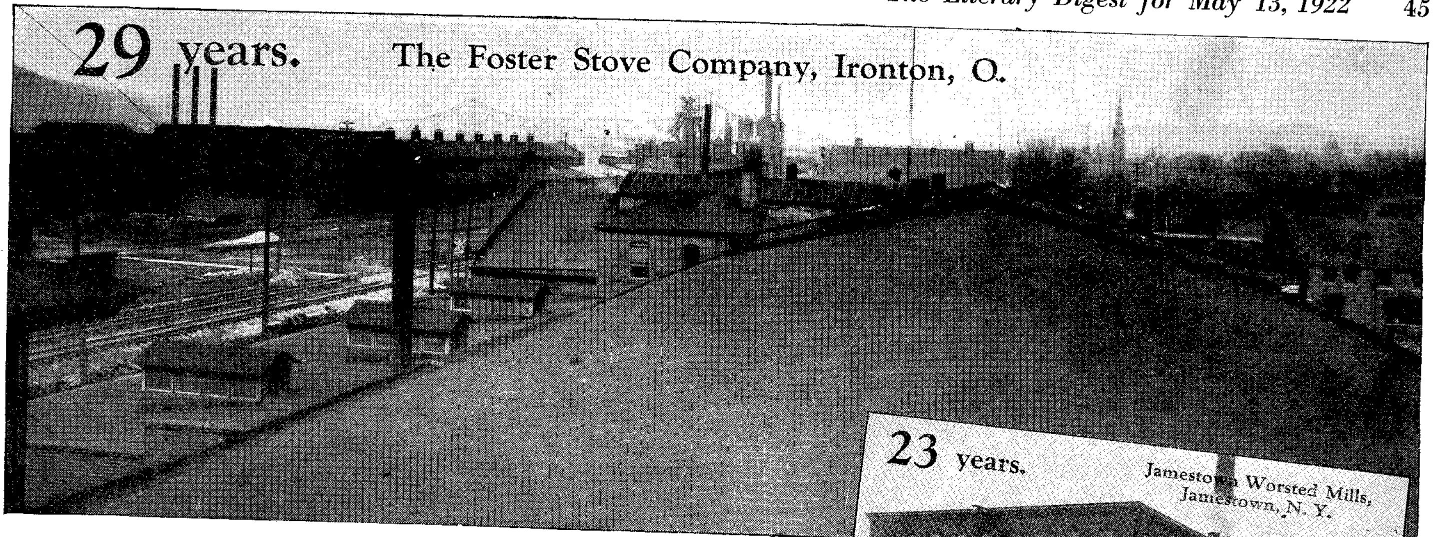
> There was one bright woman among the many in our Seneca Falls literary circle to whom I would give more than a passing notice — Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, who represented three novel phases of woman's life. She was assistant postmistress; an editor of a reform paper advocating temperance and woman's rights; and an advocate of the new costume which bore her name.
>
> In 1849 her husband was appointed postmaster, and she became his deputy, was duly sworn in, and, during the administration of Taylor and Fillmore, served in that capacity. When she assumed her duties the improvement in the appearance and conduct of the office was generally acknowledged. A neat little room adjoining the public office became a kind of ladies' exchange, where those coming from different parts of the town could meet to talk over the news of the day, and read the papers and magazines that came to Mrs. Bloomer as editor of the *Lily*. Those who enjoyed the brief reign of a woman in the post-office can readily testify to the void felt by the ladies of the village when Mrs. Bloomer's term expired and a man once more reigned in her stead. However, she still edited the *Lily*, and her office remained a fashionable center for several years.
>
> Altho she wore the bloomer dress, its originator was Elizabeth Smith Miller, the only daughter of Gerrit Smith. In the winter of 1851 Mrs. Miller came to visit me in Seneca Falls, drest somewhat in the Turkish style—short skirt, full trousers of fine black broadcloth; a Spanish cloak of the same material reaching to the knee; beaver hat and feathers and dark furs; altogether a most becoming costume and exceedingly convenient for walking in all kinds of weather. To see my cousin, with a lamp in one hand and a baby in the other, walk upstairs with ease and grace, while, with flowing robes, I pulled myself up with difficulty, lamp and baby out of the question, readily convinced me that there was sore need of reform in woman's dress, and I promptly donned a similar costume. What incredible freedom I enjoyed for two years! Like a captive set free from his ball and chain, I was always ready for a brisk walk through sleet and snow and rain, to climb a mountain, jump over a fence, work in the garden, in fact, for any necessary locomotion.
>
> Mrs. Bloomer having the *Lily* in which to discuss the merits of the new dress, the press generally took up the question, and much valuable information was elicited on the physiological results of woman's fashionable attire; the crippling effect of tight waists and long skirts, the heavy weight on the hips, and high heels, all combined to throw the spine out of plumb and lay the foundation for all manner of nervous diseases. But, while all agreed that some change was absolutely necessary for the health of women, the press stoutly ridiculed those who were ready to make the experiment.
>
> A few sensible women, in different parts of the country, adopted the costume, and farmers' wives especially proved its convenience. It was also worn by skaters, gymnasts, tourists, and in sanitariums. But, while the few realized its advantages, the many laughed it to scorn, and heaped such ridicule on its wearers that they soon found that the physical freedom enjoyed did not compensate for the persistent persecution and petty annoyances suffered at every turn. To be rudely gazed at in public and private, to be the conscious subjects of criticism, and to be followed by crowds of boys in the streets, were all, to the very last degree, exasperating. A favorite doggerel that our tormentors chanted, when we appeared in public places, ran thus:
>
> Heigh! ho! in rain and snow,
> The bloomer now is all the go.
> Twenty tailors take the stitches,
> Twenty women wear the breeches.
> Heigh! ho! in rain or snow,
> The bloomer now is all the go.
>
> The singers were generally invisible behind some fence or attic window. Those who wore the dress can recall countless amusing and annoying experiences. The patience of most of us was exhausted in about two years; but our leader, Mrs. Miller, bravely adhered to the costume for nearly seven years, under the most trying circumstances. While her father was in Congress, she wore it at many fashionable dinners and receptions in Washington. She was bravely sustained, however, by her husband, Colonel Miller, who never flinched in escorting his wife and her coadjutors, however inartistic their costumes might be. Mrs. Miller was also encouraged by the intense feeling of her father on the question of woman's dress. To him the whole revolution in woman's position turned on her dress. The long skirt was the symbol of her degradation.

Some very distinguished women of that day went in for "shorts," and Mrs. Stanton goes on to say,

> The names of those who wore the bloomer costume, besides those already mentioned, were Paulina Wright Davis, Lucy Stone, Susan B. Anthony, Sarah and Angelina Grimke, Mrs. William Burleigh, Celia Burleigh, Amelia Willard, Dr. Harriet N. Austin, Charlotte Beebe Wilbour, Helen Jarvis, Lydia Jenkins, and many patients in sanitariums, whose names I can not recall. Looking back to this experiment, I am not surprized at the hostility of individual men to the dress, as it made it very uncomfortable for them to go anywhere with those who wore it. People would stare, many make rude remarks, boys follow in crowds, with jeers and laughter, so that gentlemen in attendance would feel it their duty to show fight, unless they had sufficient self-control to pursue the even tenor of their way, as the ladies themselves did, without taking the slightest notice of the commotion created. Colonel Miller went through the ordeal with coolness and dogged determination, to the vexation of his acquaintances, who thought one of the duties of a husband was to prescribe his wife's costume.
>
> Tho we did not realize the success we hoped for by making the dress popular, yet the effort was not lost. We were well aware that the dress was not artistic, and tho we made many changes, our own good taste was never satisfied. After giving up the experiment, we found that the costume in which Diana the Huntress is represented, and that worn on the stage by Ellen Tree in the play of "Ion," would have been more artistic and as convenient. But we, who had made the experiment, were too happy to move about unnoticed and unknown, to risk again the happiness of ourselves and our friends by any further experiments. I have never wondered since that the Chinese women allow their daughters' feet to be encased in iron shoes, or that the Hindoo widows walk calmly to the funeral pyre; for great are the penalties of those who dare resist the behests of the tyrant Custom.

It was a favorite joke of Mrs. Stanton's to address Mrs. Miller as "Julius," and one should bear this in mind while reading the following letter to the inventor of bloomers:

> SENECA FALLS, AUGUST 5, 1851.
>
> DEAR JULIUS,—Now I have something to tell poor Julius that will cheer his sad heart. Well, you heard of the proposed festival at Glen Haven. I went to it and had a most pleasant



29 years. The Foster Stove Company, Ironton, O.

A Roofing Record of Interest to You

The oldest roofs in the country, covered with ready-roofing, are all Ruberoid roofs.

This unique distinction which Ruberoid Roll-roofing enjoys is due to two facts. First, Ruberoid was the first ready-roofing on the market and thus was granted unusual opportunity to establish records for longevity. Second, its quality is so high that it was able to take full advantage of the opportunity.

There are many Ruberoid roofs, still in splendid condition, which were laid when Ruberoid was first sold, nearly thirty years ago. Other ready-roofings *may* last that long. Ruberoid has!

An uncounted number of Ruberoid roofs have withstood fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five years of service, without indicating the limit of their endurance.

We have abundant evidence in substantiation of this, which should be studied by everyone interested in roofing economy and efficiency. A small amount—all that space permits—is shown on this page. We will gladly place the whole story before you on request.

Ruberoid Roll-roofing is furnished in two styles—Smooth-surfaced (grey) and Mineralized (covered with green or red slate). Either gives unexcelled service on the roofs of factories, warehouses, mills, foundries and other industrial buildings.

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Shingles **Roll-Roofings** **Built-up Roofs** **Insulating Papers**

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23 years. Jamestown Worsted Mills, Jamestown, N. Y.

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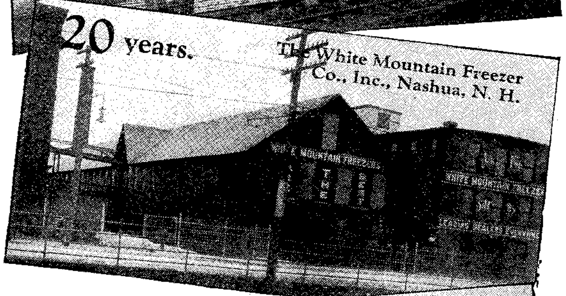
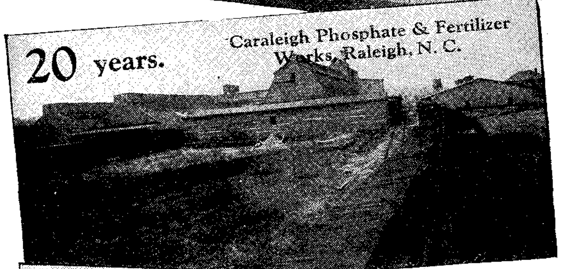


20 years. The White Mountain Freezer Co., Inc., Nashua, N. H.



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time. I took Amelia, who was in "shorts," and Theodore. There I saw ten ladies in costume—three from Syracuse, four in our party, and the rest residents of Glen Haven. Theodosia Gilbert's get-up pleased me very much. She was dressed in a short green tunic not reaching to the knee, and white linen drilling trousers made *à la masculine*. They all wore white trousers with dresses of various colors. In a word, the "shorts" were the theme of conversation, tracts and addresses. Oh, that you had been there! We dined in the open air and had a great many agreeable people at table, so that the conversation was quite brilliant and interesting. At dessert, William Burleigh spoke in high praise of the "shorts" and with great disgust of the "longs." "The long dress is now an offense to my eyes," he said: "and I can not help exclaiming to myself whenever I see a woman trailing bedraggled petticoats through the dust, 'Oh, the dirty creature!' " Warm applause from the delighted listeners. But Mr. Burleigh had with him a Miss B., whom he treated with too great attention. I like fun and frolic, romps and jokes, but sentimental pawings are excessively disgusting to me. Returning to Glen Haven, we reached Skeneateles at seven, and lo and behold, all the town had come out to see us! We had left our carriage and coachman there, and the news had spread through the village that four ladies in "shorts" were to come down in the evening boat; so there the multitude stood—men women, and children. Ossian Dodge with his guitar in a green baize bag and I with my baby in a blue merino cloak took the lead, the three other ladies and two or three odd-looking gentlemen in long hair following. What a spectacle for men and angels as we solemnly proceeded from the boat to our carriages. What would the venerable judge have said could he have witnessed the scene!! I expected to be insulted, but not one word was said. The people had evidently been impelled by an honest curiosity to see—nothing more. But I was glad enough to find myself shut up in a carriage in brisk motion with my blessed baby safe in my lap. Julius, how long will the heathen rage? I have received another awful shot about the short dress, and seven vials of wrath have been poured on my devoted head. I think they were bottled by one of my New York sisters. They have a metropolitan odor. We are very much like the poor fox in the fable, who having cut off his tail and not being able to restore it, found that nothing remained for him to do but to persuade the other foxes to do likewise that he might not be a by-word among his kind. As we have performed this surgical operation on our entire wardrobe, nothing remains for us to do but to induce as many as possible to follow our example. We can have no peace in traveling until we cut off the great national petticoat. God grant that we may be more successful than the fox.

A serious-minded set of women were the flappers of that day—"strong-minded," too, and eager to fight for "women's rights" even tho the fight might involve addressing a State Legislature. In Mrs. Stanton we have a precursor of Lady Astor. When a woman could make herself heard in the Capitol at Albany, it was only a question of time when women would take their place in political life in a far more effectual way. However, it required courage to break the ice:

Women had been willing so long to hold a subordinate position, both in private and public affairs, that a gradually growing feeling of rebellion among them quite exasperated the men, and their manifestations of hostility in public meetings were often as ridiculous as humiliating.

True, those gentlemen were all quite willing that women should join their societies and churches to do the drudgery; to work up the enthusiasm in fairs and revivals, conventions, and flag presentations; to pay a dollar apiece into their treasury for the honor of being members of their various organizations; to beg money for the church; to circulate petitions from door to door; to visit saloons; to pray with or defy rumsellers; to teach school at half price, and sit round the outskirts of a hall, in teachers' state conventions, like so many wallflowers; but they would not allow them to sit on the platform, address the assembly, or vote for men and measures.

From the year 1850 conventions were held in various States, and their respective legislatures were continually besieged. Appeals, calls for meetings, and petitions were circulated without number. In 1854 I prepared my first speech for the New York legislature. That was a great event in my life. My father felt so nervous when he saw by the Albany *Evening Journal*, that I was to speak at the Capitol, he asked me to stop at Johnstown on my way to Albany. Late one evening, when he was alone in his office, I entered and took my seat on the opposite side of his table, to read my speech to him. On no occasion, before or since, was I ever more embarrassed—an audience of one, and that the one of all others whose approbation I most desired, whose disapproval I most feared. I knew he condemned the whole movement, and was deeply grieved at the active part I had taken. Hence I was fully aware that I was about to address a wholly unsympathetic audience. However, I began, with a dogged determination to give all the power I could to my manuscript, and not to be discouraged or turned from my purpose by any tender appeals or adverse criticisms. I described the widow in the first hours of her grief, subject to the intrusions of the coarse minions of the law, taking inventory of the household goods, of the old armchair in which her loved one had breathed his last, of the old clock in the corner that told the hour he passed away. I threw all the pathos I could into my voice and language at this point, and, to my intense satisfaction, I saw tears filling my father's eyes. I can not express the exultation I felt, thinking that now he would see, with my eyes, the injustice women suffered under the laws he understood so well.

Feeling that I had touched his heart, I went on with renewed confidence, and, when I had finished, I saw he was thoroughly magnetized. With beating heart I waited for him to break the silence. He was evidently deeply pondering over all he had heard, and did not speak for a long time. I believed I had opened to him a new world of thought. He had listened long to the complaints of women, but from the lips of his own daughter they had come with deeper pathos and power. At last, turning abruptly, he said: "Surely you have had a happy, comfortable life, with all your wants and needs supplied; and yet that speech fills me with self-reproach; for one might naturally ask, how can a young woman, tenderly brought up, who has had no bitter personal experience, feel so keenly the wrongs of her sex? Where did you learn this lesson?" "I learned it here," I replied, "in your office, when a child, listening to the complaints women made to you. They who have sympathy and imagination to make the sorrows of others their own can readily learn all the hard lessons of life from the experience of others." "Well, well!" he said, "you have made your points clear and strong; but I think I can find you even more cruel laws than those you have quoted." He suggested some improvements in my speech, looked up other laws, and it was one o'clock in the morning before we kissed each other good-night. How he felt on the question after that I do not know, as he never said anything in favor of or against it. He gladly gave me any help I needed, from time to time, in looking up the laws, and was very desirous that whatever I gave to the public should be carefully prepared.

The first woman's convention, which met in Albany at this time, was followed by "a kind of protracted meeting" that lasted two weeks, and there were several legislative hearings, to say nothing of meetings in Association Hall. Further:

Being the capital of the State, discussion was aroused at every fireside, while the comments of the press were humorous and varied. Every little country paper had something witty or silly to say about the uprising of the "strong-minded."

Here is a specimen of the way such editors talked at that time. The Albany *Register*, in an article on "Woman's Rights in the Legislature," dated March 7, 1854, says:

"While the feminine propagandists of women's rights confined themselves to the exhibition of short petticoats and long-legged boots, and to the holding of conventions and speechmaking in concert rooms, the people were disposed to be amused by them, as they are by the wit of the clown in the circus, or the performances of Punch and Judy on fair days, or the minstrelsy of gentlemen with blackened faces, on banjos, the tambourine, and bones. But the joke is becoming stale. People are getting cloyed with these performances, and are looking for some healthier and more intellectual amusement. The ludicrous is wearing away, and disgust is taking the place of pleasurable sensations, arising from the novelty of this new phase of hypocrisy and infidel fanaticism.

"People are beginning to inquire how far public sentiment should sanction or tolerate these unsexed women, who would step out from the true sphere of the mother, the wife, and the daughter, and, taking upon themselves the duties and the business of men, stalk into the public gaze, and, by engaging in the politics, the rough controversies and trafficking of the world, upheave existing institutions, and overturn all the social relations of life."

The frivolous objections some women made to our appeals were as exasperating as they were ridiculous. To reply to them politely, at all times, required a divine patience. On one occasion, after addressing the legislature, some of the ladies, in congratulating me, inquired in a deprecating tone, "What do you do with your children." "Ladies," I said, "it takes me no longer to speak than you to listen; what have you done with your children the two hours you have been sitting here?"

The A No. 1 Tire Man of the Town

It takes about 80,000 tire dealers to serve the vast car-owning population of this country. What is your idea of what a tire dealer ought to be?.

In 1920 the makers of United States Tires brought a note of com*monsense* into the tire business with a message which said—

> *"Go to a legitimate dealer and get a legitimate tire"*

From then on—over a period of two years—the American public was given the frankest picture ever published of the good and bad in tire retailing.

It was surprising how many car-owners were as anxious to *find* a legitimate tire dealer as we were to tell about him.

* * *

Today, go into any typical American city and you'll locate one or more tire dealers whose *business rank* is that of the best dry goods or clothing or hardware store.

This wasn't true a few years ago.

Now, when you think of the 12,000,000 automobiles that will soon be running in this country, you can see how legitimate tire merchants are *needed*.

Legitimate tires—such as U. S. Royal Cords. The *clean selling idea*—expressed by the Royal Cord policy.

Responsibility.

Where else can you get it—or how?

* * *

The A No. 1 tire man of your locality is not going to stop growing. He is an active factor in the *new kind* of competition, brought into the tire business by the makers of U. S. Tires.

A competition for more and more public *confidence*.

A competition for greater and greater public *service*.

The makers of United States Tires urge upon everybody—manufacturer and dealer alike—a new kind of competition.

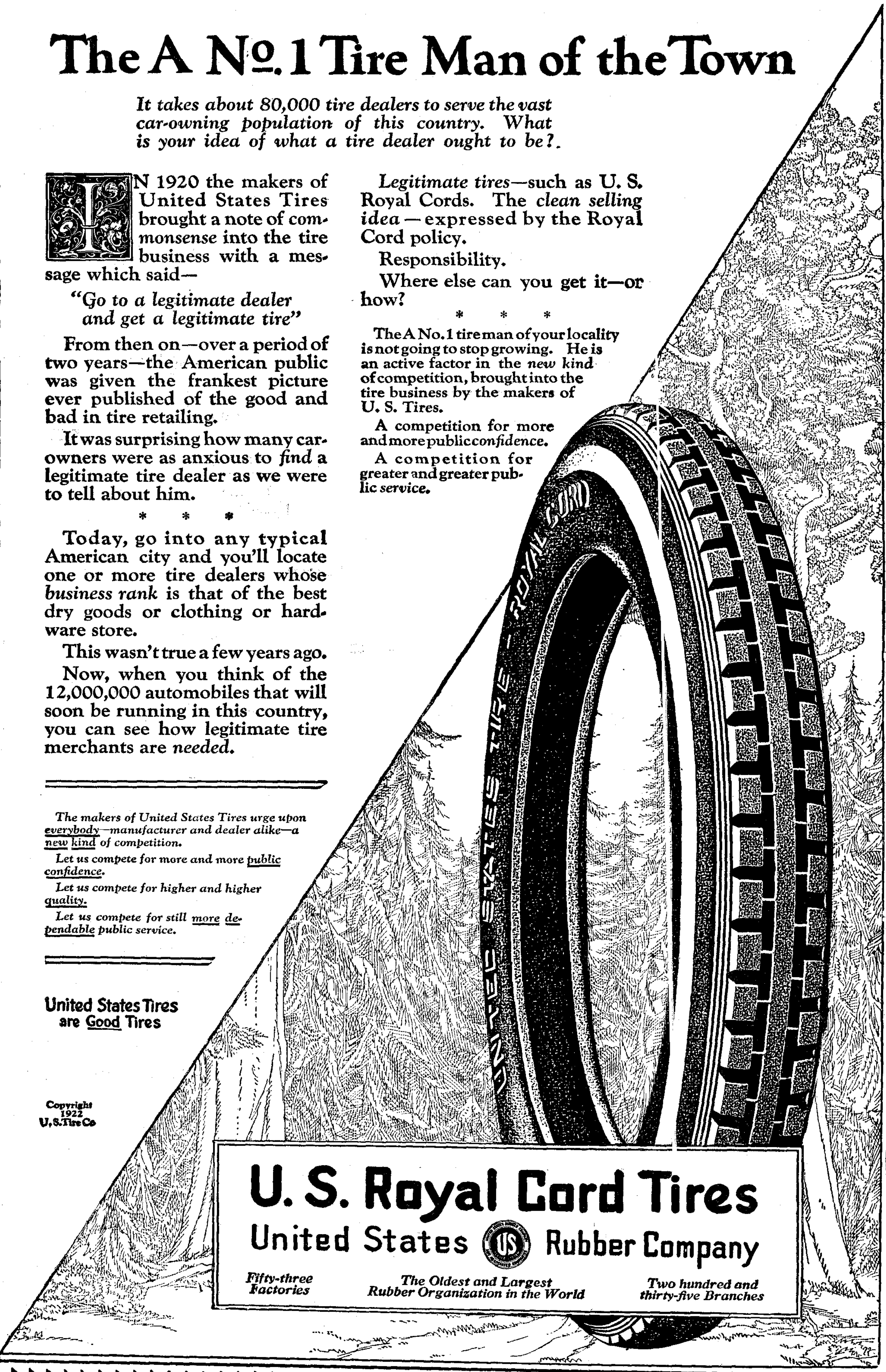
Let us compete for more and more public confidence.

Let us compete for higher and higher quality.

Let us compete for still more dependable public service.

United States Tires are Good Tires

Copyright 1922 U.S. Tire Co


UNITED STATES TIRE — ROYAL CORD

U. S. Royal Cord Tires

United States Rubber Company

Fifty-three Factories

The Oldest and Largest Rubber Organization in the World

Two hundred and thirty-five Branches

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COMES OUT A RIBBON LIES FLAT ON THE BRUSH
CANNOT ROLL OFF THE BRUSH
DELICIOUS ANTISEPTIC ECONOMICAL
COLGATE

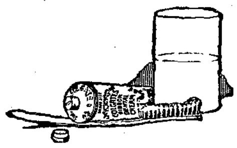
Large size tubes at your favorite store 25c

**Safe—
Efficient**

Just one set of teeth, to last the rest of your life. Is it sensible to experiment with them by using gritty, druggy dentifrices that claim to do things only strong chemicals can do?

The reason why more dentists recommend Colgate's than any other dentifrice is that Colgate's *cleans* teeth the right way, *safely* and *thoroughly*—and makes no absurd claims to do the miraculous.

COLGATE & CO. *Est. 1806* NEW YORK



Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

MORE OF CHAUNCEY—BY REQUEST

THE strange sight of a famous actor with a loaded rifle leveled at a six-foot stranger in Kansas City, demanding an apology for saying his play was rotten, must have enlivened the evening in that part of Missouri. It is related in Chauncey M. Depew's "My Memories of Eighty Years" (Scribner's), which overflows with amusing anecdotes, and which we turn to again at the request of a reader who asks for more. One of Mr. Depew's theatrical acquaintances was Richard Mansfield, famous for his hair-trigger temper. Mr. Depew relates:

One of the colored porters in the Wagner Palace Car service, who was always with me on my tours of inspection over the railroad, told me an amusing story of Mr. Mansfield's devotion to his art. He was acting as porter on Mansfield's car, when he was making a tour of the country. This porter was an exceedingly intelligent man. He appreciated Mansfield's achievements and played up to his humor in using him as a foil while always acting. When they were in a station, William never left his car, but remained on guard for the protection of its valuable contents.

After a play at Kansas City, Mansfield came into the car very late and said: "William, where is my manager?"

"Gone to bed, sir, and so have the other members of the company," answered William.

Then in his most impressive way, Mansfield said: "William, they fear me. By the way, were you down at the depot to-night when the audience from the suburbs were returning to take their trains home?"

"Yes, sir," answered William, tho he had not been out of the car.

"Did you hear any remarks about my play?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you give me an instance?"

"Certainly," replied William; "one gentleman remarked he had been to the theater all his life, but that your acting to-night was the most rotten thing he had ever heard or seen."

"William," shouted Mansfield, "get my Winchester and find that man."

So Mansfield and William went out among the crowds, and when William saw a big, aggressive-looking fellow, whom he thought would stand up and fight, he said: "There he is!"

Mansfield immediately walked up to the man, covered him with his rifle, and shouted: "Hold up your hands, you wretch and take back immediately the insulting remark you made about my play and acting, and apologize."

The man said: "Why Mr. Mansfield, somebody has been lying to you about me. Your performance to-night was the best thing I ever saw in my life."

"Thank you," said Mansfield, shouldering his rifle, and added in the most tragic tones: "William, lead the way back to the car."

Of all his actor friends, Mr. Depew says that none was more delightful either on the stage or in private life than Joseph Jefferson:

He early appealed to me because of his

Rip Van Winkle. I was always devoted to Washington Irving and to the Hudson River. All the traditions which have given a romantic touch to different points on that river came from Irving's pen. In the days of my youth the influence of Irving upon those who were fortunate enough to have been born upon the banks of the Hudson was very great in every way.

As I met Jefferson quite differently, I recall two of his many charming stories. He said he thought at one time that it would be a fine idea to play Rip Van Winkle at the village of Catskill, around which place was located the story of his hero. His manager selected the supernumeraries from among the farmer boys of the neighborhood. At the point of the play where Rip wakes up and finds the lively ghosts of the Hendrick Hudson crew playing bowls in the mountains, he says to each one of them, who all look and are drest alike: "Are you his brother?"

"No," answered the young farmer who impersonated one of the ghosts, "Mr. Jefferson, I never saw one of these people before." As ghosts are silent, this interruption nearly broke up the performance.

During the Spanish-American War I came on the same train with Mr. Jefferson from Washington. The interest all over the country at that time was the remarkable victory of Admiral Dewey over the Spanish fleet in the harbor of Manila. People wondered how Dewey could sink every Spanish ship and never be hit once himself. Jefferson said in his quaint way: "Everybody, including the Secretary of the Navy and several admirals, asked me how that could have happened. I told them the problem might be one which naval officers could not solve, but it was very simple for an actor. The failure of the Spanish Admiral was entirely due to his not having rehearsed. Success is impossible without frequent rehearsals."

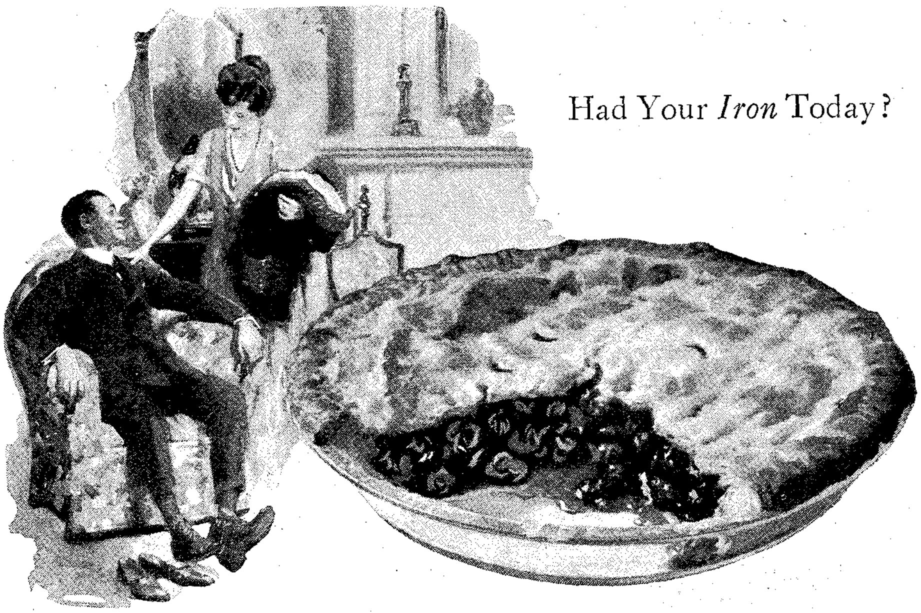
There was a dinner given in New York to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of Washington Irving's birth. I was one of the speakers. In an adjoining room was a company of young and very successful brokers, whose triumphs in the market were the envy of speculative America. While I was speaking they came into the room. When I had finished, the host at the brokers' dinner called me out and said: "We were much interested in your speech. This Irving you talked about must be a remarkable man. What is the dinner about?"

I answered him that it was in celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Washington Irving.

"Well," he said, pointing to an old gentleman who had sat beside me on the speakers' platform, "it is astonishing how vigorous he looks at that advanced age."

During Thackeray's visit to America, Mr. Depew knew him well, and he tells us,

> They had a good story of him at the Century Club, which is our Athenaeum, that when taken there after a lecture, by his friends, they gave him the usual Centurion supper of those days—saddlerock oysters. The saddlerock of that time was nearly as large as a dinner-plate. Thackeray said to his host, "What do you do with this animal?"
>
> The host answered. "We Americans swallow them whole."
>
> Thackeray, always equal to the demand of American hospitality, closed his eyes and swallowed the oyster, and the oyster went down. When he had recovered, he remarked: "I feel as if I had swallowed a live baby."


Had Your *Iron* Today?

Not Merely Delicious

This Raisin Pie Supplies Quick-Acting Energy to Tired, Hard-Working Men

HE'LL thank you for its luscious flavor, but more for the *refreshment* in this incomparably good dessert after his long business day. A man's food is of paramount importance.

Raisins furnish 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound. They are 75 per cent. *natural fruit-sugar*, and *this kind* of sugar is in practically predigested form.

So it doesn't tax him, and he is conscious of its nutriment almost immediately. With such refreshment he feels fit—and ready for anything you want to do that evening.

Raisins are rich in food-iron also—good for the blood.

Wise women cater to these needs of men.

Pie is man's ideal dessert and Sun-Maid Raisins from California's sun-bathed valleys make a pie de luxe.

Tender, meaty, thin-skinned fruit-meats. The juice forms a luscious sauce. Add these features to your pie crust and then taste the result.

Here's a recipe if you want one. Try it if you haven't a favorite of your own.

See what *he* says when he tastes pie like this.

Raisin Pie

2 cups Sun-Maid Raisins
1½ cups boiling water
½ cup sugar
2 tablespoonfuls cornstarch
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
1 tablespoonful grated lemon rind
Juice of 1 orange
1 tablespoonful grated orange rind
1 cup chopped walnuts

Cook raisins in boiling water for 5 minutes, pour into it sugar and cornstarch which have been mixed. Cook until thick, remove from fire and add other ingredients. Bake between two crusts. Walnuts may be omitted if desired. All measurements for this recipe are level.

SUN-MAID RAISINS

SUN-MAID SEEDLESS RAISINS
5¢

For Spring Fever

Luscious little raisins full of energy and iron—sold in 5c packages everywhere.

Renew the energy that Spring Fever saps.

Try them. At all stores.

Sun-Maids are selected raisins produced from California's finest table grapes.

The Seeded Sun-Maids, called Muscats, are sterilized and wrapped in wax paper, all ready for your use.

Always ask for Sun-Maid brand and get the finest raisins grown. Raisins are 30 per cent cheaper than formerly—see that you get plenty in your food.

Send coupon for free book containing 100 tested recipes for delicious raisin foods.

Sun-Maid Raisin Growers
Membership 13,000
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CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT

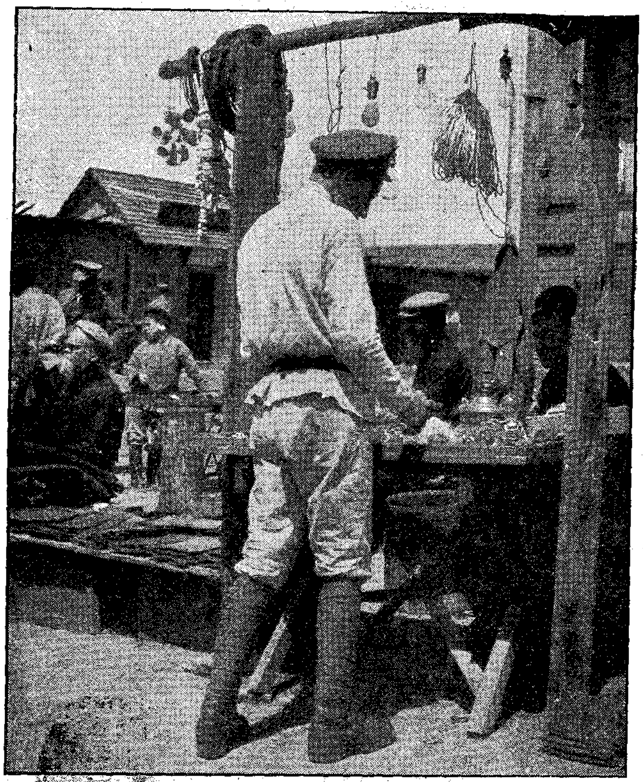
SUN-MAID RAISIN GROWERS,
Dept. A-1305, Fresno, California.

Please send me copy of your free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes."

NAME ....
STREET ....
CITY .... STATE ....

NO DISARMAMENT FOR THE WORLD'S YOUNGEST REPUBLIC

GENERAL SEMENOFF, described in the press as a butcher, a bandit, and an undesirable alien, has come to us with a picturesque record, of which perhaps the most eventful chapter concerns his operations against the Far Eastern Republic. Yet the Far Eastern Republic is still there. Russia has officially recognized it. And, tho Russian, it is a real republic. Mr. Junius B. Wood, in an article contributed to the *Army and Navy Journal*, tells us:


Illustrations from "Asia," the American magazine on the Orient.

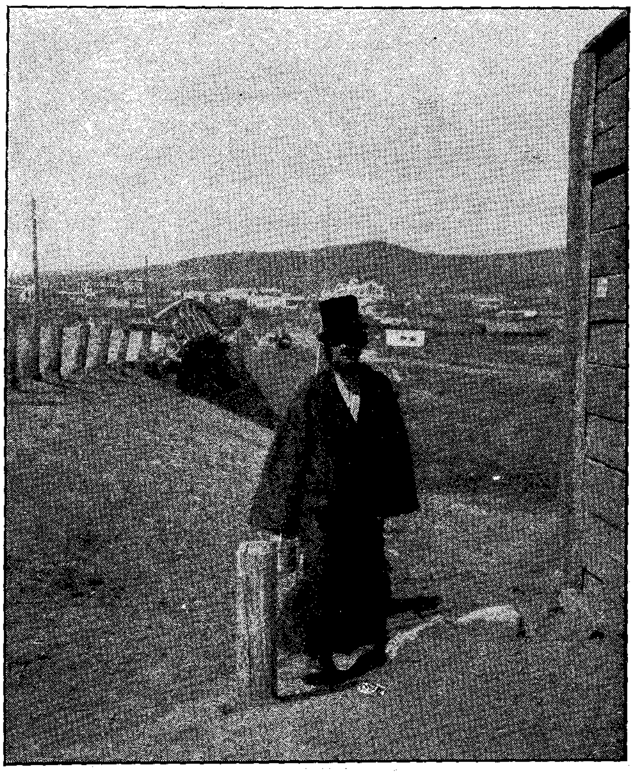
ONE OF CHITA'S FIGHTING MEN.

The soldier prices electric light bulbs the Chinese merchants have brought to Siberia.

> Soldiering is the best paying steady job in the Far Eastern Republic at present, and about one-third of the adult male population is following it as a means of livelihood. It provides an existence, something which has been extremely uncertain in recent years, and in addition there is a well-defined necessity for an army, which makes military service a patriotic duty. The army is neither well-equipped, comfortably clothed nor sufficiently fed, but it has shown its willingness and ability to fight, which makes it an important factor in the life of the world's youngest republic.
>
> The Far Eastern Republic has an area of about 445,000 square miles, a population of 1,800,000, and an army mustering between 50,000 and 60,000. This is supplemented as the political exigencies or local conditions demand by bands of so-called "Partizans"—a Siberian version of the American Minute Men of '76—who take the family rifle and join the ranks until the emergency has passed. The Republic's military force is extremely flexible, and guerrilla warfare is a conspicuous part of its activities.
>
> In shape the Republic is like a dumbbell, stretching from the Japan Sea to Lake Baikal and sandwiched between the Russian Socialistic Federative Soviet Republic (Soviet Russia), on the north, and Manchuria and Inner Mongolia, on the south. Tho the larger part of Siberia, including Kamchatka, is thus nominally under the control of Moscow, the smaller southern portion, which is governed from Chita, comprises the richest and most populous portion of the continent.
>
> It is a picturesque sight when a regiment of the nondescript army of the Far Eastern Republic marches through the sandy streets of Chita behind the waving red flags. The headquarters military band, which parades all day and whose members play most of the night in the local theaters or summer gardens to eke out a living, blares forth "The Girl I Left Behind Me" or some stirring American march, and the spectacle of the grim, young faces, the soft crunch of the ragged shoes and magic of the music gives a thrill to the most hardened of spectators.
>
> Discipline is not meticulous, but it is strict. Martial law is inforced through the republic, and soldiers do the policing. Any person on the streets after midnight is sure to be stopt by a sentry and sent to the headquarters, where he will remain until daylight unless he can give a satisfactory account of himself. Such a precaution is necessary with the present vast floating population of the country. Vodka is forbidden and, tho contraband, is smuggled past the guards: intoxication in the army is rare and severely punished.
>
> The system of commissars, or peoples' control, prevails in the army as in all the public service. A civilian commissar is attached to each battalion. In camp, each soldier has an equal voice in running the affairs of his military unit and is supposed to prefer his complaints to the commissar. However, the commanding officer is the deciding judge and the commissar usually works closely with him, to all practical purposes relieving the officer of much of the camp routine. While on the march or in action, the authority of the commanding officer is absolute.

Reviewing an article by Mr. Robert Littell in the *New Republic*, the New York *Globe* observes:

> To summarize Mr. Littell's figures, the Far Eastern Republic is about a third as large as the United States, has 270,000,000 acres of timber, or enough to cover completely almost three States the size of California; has in eastern Siberia alone 55,000,000 acres of arable land, of which only 3,500,000 acres are cultivated; is rich in gold, silver, lead, zinc, precious stones, iron and furs, and has 2,000,000 inhabitants out of the twenty or thirty million, which it might support by agriculture or stock-raising alone. In the island of Sakhalin, half of which belongs to Russia, but has been occupied by the Japanese, there are valuable supplies of coal and oil.
>
> The Far Eastern Republicans are eager for investments of foreign capital and wish to open up trade with the outside world. In the fulfilment of this latter ambition they are limited at present by the arbitrary action of Japan in seizing the railroads and ports of entry on the Pacific.
>
> It would doubtless embarrass our government at the present moment to enter into cordial relations with this young republic. Yet an early recognition would be in line with the liberal Oriental policy of Mr. Hughes and would not afford Japan any reasonable cause for complaint.


FATHER IVAN GOES A-FISHING.

Tho carrying bait, this Siberian priest still wears his high hat.

A contributor to *Asia*, Mr. Orrin Keith, tells us how this youngest of Republics came into being. Says he:

> The Far Eastern Republic is the child of the Russian Revolu-

The vital instant

in a motor comes when compression is complete, piston at top and spark fires. Every ounce of traction delivered to the rear wheels results from the action of the gas at that vital instant. Upon the degree of volatility of the gasoline depends the translation of every molecule into maximum energy at that vital instant.

TEXACO GASOLINE

THE *VOLATILE* GAS

(*Volatility is the readiness with which gasoline gives up its power*)

The high volatility of Texaco Gasoline comes into evidence in many ways; perhaps most unmistakably in the congestion of city traffic, where its delivery of quick impulse in response to the accelerator is sure to be observed and appreciated.

Texaco Motor Oils are heavy-body lubricants, and are distinguished by their clear, pale color. Light, medium, heavy and extra-heavy—they fit all cars and all conditions. You will find them wherever you see the Texaco red star*.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.
Texaco Petroleum Products

*In ten years the consumption of Texaco Lubricating Oils has increased from 300,000 gallons per month to 7,500,000 gallons per month.

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GASOLINE MOTOR OILS

W. L. DOUGLAS

FOR MEN AND WOMEN $7.00 & $8.00 SHOES

ALSO MANY STYLES AT $5.00 & $6.00

YOU CAN ALWAYS SAVE MONEY BY WEARING W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES SOLD DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO YOU AT ONE PROFIT

W. L. DOUGLAS PRODUCT IS GUARANTEED BY MORE THAN FORTY YEARS EXPERIENCE IN MAKING FINE SHOES

They are made of the best and finest leathers, by skilled shoemakers, all working to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy. The quality is unsurpassed. Only by examining them can you appreciate their wonderful value. Shoes of equal quality cannot be bought elsewhere at anywhere near our prices.

Our $7.00 and $8.00 shoes are exceptionally good values. W. L. Douglas shoes are put into all of our 108 stores at factory cost. We do not make one cent of profit until the shoes are sold to you. It is worth dollars for you to remember that when you buy shoes at our stores YOU PAY ONLY ONE PROFIT.

No matter where you live, shoe dealers can supply you with W. L. Douglas shoes. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes with the name and retail price stamped on the sole. Do not take a substitute and pay extra profits. Order direct from the factory and save money.

W. L. Douglas name and portrait is the best known shoe Trade Mark in the world. It stands for the highest standard of quality at the lowest possible cost. The intrinsic value of a Trade Mark lies in giving to the consumer the equivalent of the price paid for the goods.

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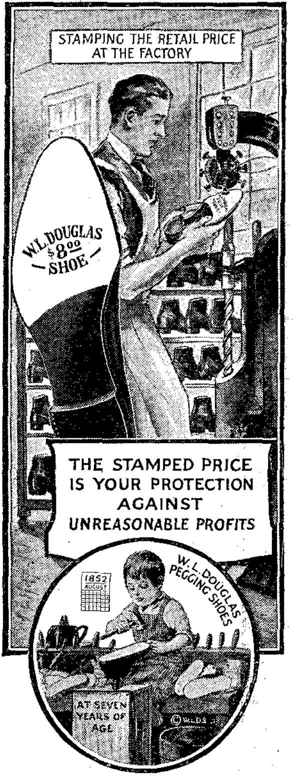
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W. L. DOUGLAS $8.00 SHOE
THE STAMPED PRICE IS YOUR PROTECTION AGAINST UNREASONABLE PROFITS
1852
W. L. DOUGLAS PEGGING SHOES
AT SEVEN YEARS OF AGE

W. L. DOUGLAS $7.00 SHOE
BOYS' SHOES $4.00 & $4.50

MODERN hotels, clubs and offices dispel the oppressive heat of summer by arranging Robbins & Myers Fans to send out cool, refreshing breezes. For many years R&M Fans have been preferred for their silent, untroubled operation. Good dealers everywhere carry a complete line of R&M Fans in every type and size, all powered by the reliable Robbins & Myers Motor. Look for the R&M symbol — the sign of a breeze — on the guard of the fan you buy.

R&M Motors are made for all services; sizes range from 1/40 to 100 horsepower, inclusive

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

tion and Allied intervention. The Bolshevist revolution swept across Siberia, carrying all before it until it met the forces of the Allies. The meeting was not particularly violent, but it played havoc with life and civilization in the Russian Far East. After two years of indecisive struggle, both forces receded, and between them sprang up a young state, peopled chiefly by Siberians and Russians. When the news of the Revolution reached them, in March, 1917, they were in ecstasy. Some thirty or forty thousand Russian escaped prisoners, then in the wilds of Siberia, shared their joy. These men, who hid by day and traveled by night, were working their toilsome way back to Russia. Many of them were "politicals." The great majority were ordinary criminals. To political and criminal alike the end of the Empire with its ubiquitous police system meant freedom. Still other persons whose situation was vastly altered by the Revolution were the revolutionary workers who had become voluntary exiles from their native land. There were thousands of such fugitives in the United States, and many of them crossed the Pacific and landed at Vladivostok.

Among them was a Jewish Communist, Alexander Michaelovitch Krasnostchokoff, known in America under the name of Tobelson. On his arrival in Vladivostok, in July, 1917, Krasnostchokoff, who had been practising law in Chicago, secured a job as secretary of the Domestic Servants Union. His salary was six rubles a month —and that in paper!

The position put him in touch with the laborers, and his ability soon took him to conventions and conferences, of which there were endless numbers in those days. Before long he was looked upon as the most able leader of the workers.

So when a Far Eastern Soviet Government was established with its headquarters at Khabarovsk, Krasnostchokoff naturally enough became its president, and eventually even Vladivostok recognized it. But, we read on:

> This was a fatal success, for it resulted in the landing of Allied troops, the complete overthrow of the Soviet power in the Far East, three years of civil war and Cossack terrorism, and the utter disruption of the life of the country. At last the people grew so desperate that even the power of the Allies ceased to restrain them. Thousands took such weapons as were at hand, even to pitchforks and scythes, and fled into the hills to wage a guerrilla warfare against their oppressors. They looked to the coming of the Red Army as the one means of relief. But destiny had decreed that they should win their own freedom instead of changing from one master to another. And of the destiny Krasnostchokoff was the chosen instrument. When the Japanese advanced into the Amur country, in the fall of 1918, he had made his way up into the Zeya country, north of Blagoveschensk. After various adventures he found himself in jail in Irkutsk, in December of 1919. When Kolchak's soldiers revolted and the revolutionaries seized the city, they rescued their imprisoned comrades. They recognized Krasnostchokoff, altho he bore another name, and hailed him as the leader who should

direct their advance to join hands with the advancing Reds.

But during his two and a half years in Siberia, he had come to the realization that his old opponents were right, that the country was not ready for Communism. In its eagerness to be freed from Cossack tyranny, it must not make the mistake of embracing Bolshevism. But the Bolsheviki were advancing in overwhelming numbers. There was no power in Siberia, reactionary or Allied, which could stop their march to the Pacific. Krasnostchokoff therefore sought permission from the Czechs to send a mission to the headquarters of the Red Army. He accompanied the mission and met the Soviet commanders at Omsk.

The plan for a buffer state was laid before them, and after hours of discussion they approved it. Then Moscow had to be consulted, and there was more argument over the long-distance telephone with Lenine and Trotzky. Finally they, too, approved. The advance of the Red Army was halted, and Krasnostchokoff was permitted to go back and organize a democratic state in which the institution of private property was to be preserved in its entirety.

But by the time Krasnostchokoff reached Irkutsk, the Siberians had installed a Soviet Government. Krasnostchokoff tried in vain to interest them in a buffer state. Finally he gave up and started east to see if he could find a more receptive frame of mind among the people of Transbaikal.

He arrived at Verkhne-Udinsk the day the Siberians drove Semenoff out of that city. Here again he took up the argument for a democratic state, but he found the people suspicious of any moderate measures. They feared the return of reaction and they knew Bolshevism would prevent it. Therefore they wanted Bolshevism.

Even at that time, however, they repudiated Communism. They carried banners on which was inscribed the slogan, "We Want Bolshevism but Not Communism!" For the rest of the world the two terms are synonymous. The Siberian peasant, however, draws a distinction. To him the Bolsheviki are the men who made the Russian Revolution a success. Therefore he honors them. He has pictures of Lenine and Trotzky, because he looks upon them as liberators.

Ask the peasants if they are Communists, and invariably you receive for reply the indescribably final Russian negative, "*Nyet!*" They are not! They tell you that they have to work from dawn till dark for what they get, and that they are unwilling that the surplus should be given to the city worker, whose chief aim in life is to work six hours a day or less. They want money for what they relinquish and they are quite determined to have it.

Through their appreciation of the disadvantages of Communism, the peasants were finally persuaded to separate themselves from the mother country. It took weeks of argument and conference after conference, and there were many discouragements along the way. But, at last, on April 6, 1920, a great conference at Verkhne-Udinsk unanimously adopted a resolution declaring the provinces of Transbaikal, Amur, Primorsk and Saghalien "an independent democratic Far Eastern Republic."

This declaration of independence is an interesting document. It was first drafted in English, because Krasnostchokoff felt more at home in that language when he was discussing political principles than he did in his native Russian. When the

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draft was completed, it was translated into Russian and submitted to the convention. It contains no enunciations of general principles such as find a place in the American Declaration of Independence. It is rather a recital of the events leading to the founding of the new Republic and a request for the sympathy and cooperation of the other peoples of the world.

The new state had but a strip of territory and no funds. Yet it had an army. Thirty thousand armed peasants stood ready to fight its enemies. Of these the nearest and most dangerous was Semenoff who, with Japanese support, occupied Chita and held the railway to the east. On the possession of this railway depended the very life of the new state. So the peasant army, in the ranks of which there were not a few women, for the women of Siberia are of massive build and share toil and danger with their men, advanced along the railway toward Chita.

The Republican troops and the peasant warriors entered Chita in triumph on November 7. All now recognized the authority of the new government and the former capital of Transbaikal Province became the capital of the young Republic. Its sway was undisputed throughout Transbaikal, and Blagoveschensk and the Amur country had given their allegiance as early as May. The new state had therefore acquired a territory that compared favorably in extent with that of the older nations of the world.

A Siberian constitution is well worth looking over. Here is a sketch of its provisions:

The bill of rights of the Constitution is fairly complete. It includes equality before the law, abolishment of all class distinctions and titles, liberty of conscience, separation of church and state, free speech, freedom of the press, the right of assembly, inviolability of homes and correspondence and the right of habeas corpus. Censorship of mails is forbidden as is also all capital or any other bodily punishment. Every citizen is given the right to use his native language in official communications and in his books of account. Foreigners are granted the same rights as citizens, except where such rights are definitely restricted by law.

The chief argument among outsiders in regard to the Constitution is over the question of private property. But the Constitution itself declares: "The institution of private property is preserved. All citizens and private companies are guaranteed the inviolability of their movable and immovable properties and estates with the restrictions provided by the principal laws."

There is no provision for any form of workman's control or participation in the management, but regulations concerning the employment of labor are such as would appeal to the working community. Various forms of social insurance are in force and child labor is forbidden. Hours are restricted. Eight hours is the standard working-day. Wages are fixt by the state. The wages thus fixt must be paid by the state as well as private employers, and since the state is hard prest to find money for its workers, there is no immediate danger that this arrangement will have a deterrent influence upon private enterprise.

The forms of taxation are all taken from the United States and present no novelties. The Constitution recognizes the people as the source of all political authority. They exercise this authority through the National Assembly, which is elected by the suffrage of all citizens of the Republic, including women over eighteen years of age. Its term of office is two years, and during that time its power is supreme, even to amending the Constitution.

The Government, sitting with the Council of Ministers, thus forming a body corresponding roughly to our "President and Cabinet," is the chief instrument of administration. It has the general direction of all internal affairs and foreign policies, subject always to the check of the National Assembly. The latter body has full power to veto any act and nullify any law and, by means of its complete control over the purse-strings, to regulate the conduct of any department or official.

Already the Siberians have wrought wonders. In the face of every conceivable difficulty that nature could oppose to them, in the face of every obstacle that human selfishness could put in their way, they have got the wheel of civilization to turn once more. Hardly more than a year have these people been at work to rebuild and yet, even to-day, Siberia is a livable place.

To that end, so Mr. Keith goes on to say, the rehabilitation of the railroads was a prime requisite:

The railway is the life of Siberia. Along it cluster most of the towns of the country, and there is hardly a household but is dependent upon it in one way or another. From Baikal to the Pacific, the railway is the backbone of the country. And it was broken to bits during the civil war. Its possession was vital to each side. Much of the war was fought from armored trains. Great guns, mounted on flat-cars, tore up the track behind enemy lines. A retreat meant the dynamiting of bridges and the burning of buildings. When the time for reconstruction came, hundreds of bridges on the 2,800 miles of railways had been destroyed. Half of the freight-cars had been burned or smashed. Most of the locomotives were useless. And nearly all the passenger-cars had been stolen! Stolen by escaping troops, who ran them into foreign territory or into the Japanese-controlled zone around Vladivostok. Yet to-day the railway is running from the borders of Soviet Russia on the west to Khabarovsk and the borders of the Japanese zone on the east. Freight moves regularly, and if the passenger schedule is slower than of old and the trains not so luxurious, still it is possible to travel with reasonable comfort from one end of the country to the other.

How was this result achieved without money? Simply because it had to be. The men who did the work were fed by the government, of course, and those most in need of clothing had some given them, but it was eight months before they got their first pay envelop. And that envelop contained just five rubles! About $2.50 a man! Strike? Yes, they became discouraged at times and talked of striking. Then the Minister of Transport, who is a worker himself, would go down and talk to them.

"Shall we strike?" he would ask.

"Yes!" they shouted.

"All right!" he replied. "That kills the railway, and the death of the railway means the death of the Republic. Then Semenoff will come back, and we can all go to work for him. Let's strike."

There was no enthusiastic shout of "No! Never!" or "Hurrah for the Republic!" or any other dramatic reply. The men simply muttered the eternal Russian "*Nichevo!*"—"Nothing to be done!" and went back to their jobs.

With the cessation of military operations and the rebuilding of the railway, Chinese merchants came into the country in droves, bringing with them great quantities of the cheap cotton piece-goods that are a leading product of Oriental mills. The Chinese are also supplying the people with needles, pins, thread, knives, forks, spoons, and the thousand and one other small manufactured articles that are almost indispensable in any Europeanized community.

Much of the trading is done by barter. The peasants exchange milk and eggs, and even meat and bread, for the manufactured goods. There is money, however, and since last May the gold ruble has been the standard. Paper money had been tried and found wanting. It is no longer issued, and now thousands of dollars of notes are to be found as scratch paper on the desk of any government clerk. The gold ruble is worth about fifty cents in American money. Small transactions are settled in silver rubles. The rate of exchange has been fixt at three silver rubles for one gold one.

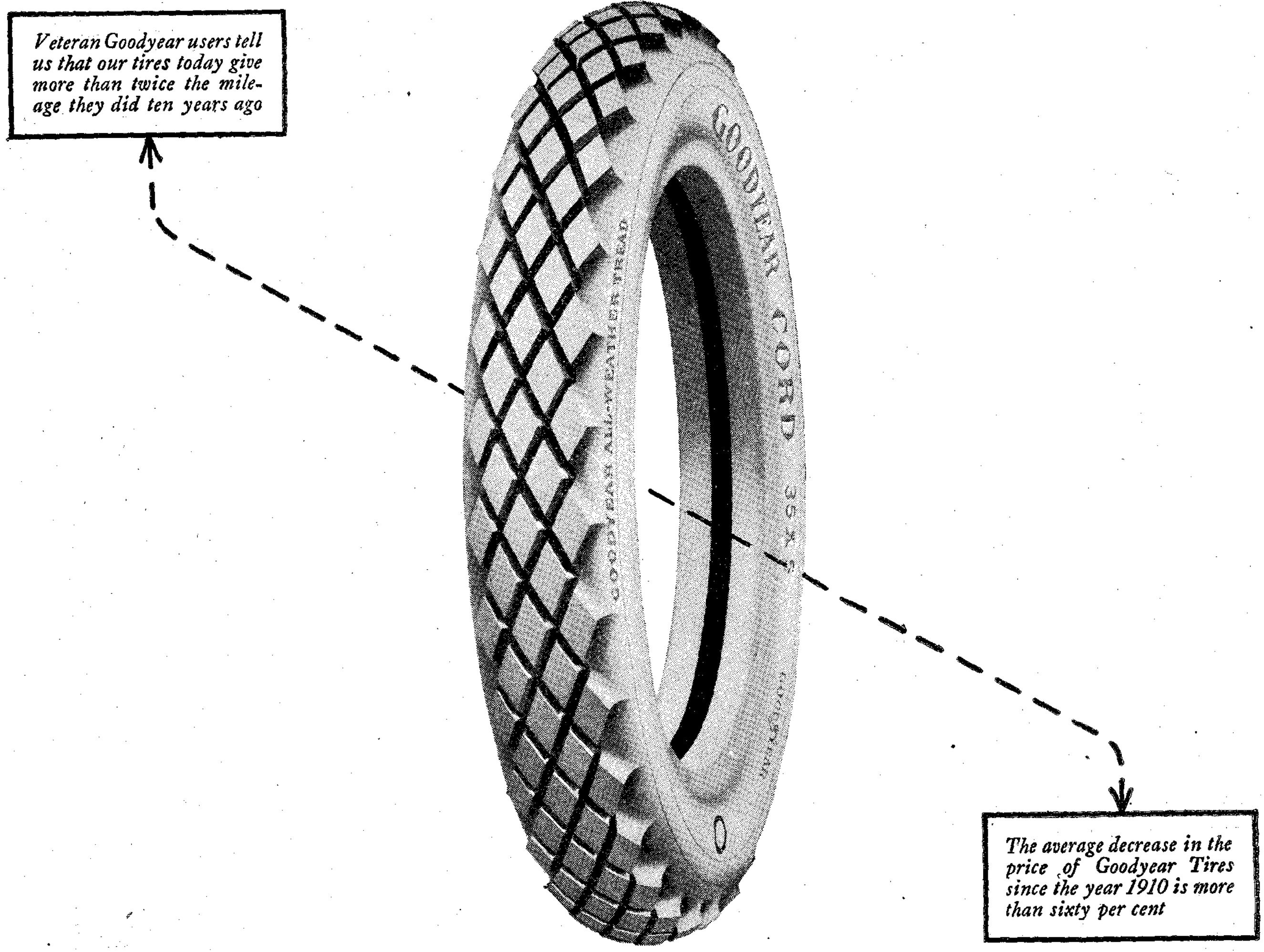
Education in the Far Eastern Republic, like education everywhere, suffers from the lack of money. There are no funds for salaries, no funds for equipment. Of buildings the new government has all it can handle. Some of the higher school buildings are as fine as one finds anywhere. Of teachers, however, there are all too few. And a good half of those available are wholly without the proper training. Last of all, books are needed. The books compiled under the direction of an imperial government and a state church are wholly unfit for the education of the children of a democracy.

In Siberia, the machinery of civilization is running again. The Siberians feel that, except for the Japanese, it might be running less slowly and jerkily. The Japanese, they say, invaded the country; the Japanese supported the Cossack murderers; the Japanese have taken the greatest Siberian city and held it; the Japanese are choking the Siberian railways; the Japanese are backing the reactionary raiders; the Japanese stole the fisheries; the Japanese—well, the tale is endless in the minds of the Siberians. Japan has favored the world with rather full explanations of all of her activities in Siberia. But the Siberians resent the untrue impression of the Far Eastern Republic and its people that they claim Japan has given to the world almost as much as they do the exploits of the Japanese Army in their territory.

When they can be persuaded to forget the Japanese long enough to talk of other countries, they turn at once to America. They are not bitter. On the contrary they appear to be most friendly. They seem to feel that America does not understand the real situation, that she has been misled by false reports and hostile propaganda, and they continue ardently to desire both diplomatic and commercial relations with the United States.

Also writing in *Asia*, Mr. Charles H. Smith tells us—

The chief obstacle to the consolidation of power by the Chita Government and the extension of its sway over all Siberia is the presence of Japanese troops in and about Vladivostok. Since Vladivostok is the only important port of entry as well as the chief commercial distributing-point and the railhead, its control by Japan may be likened to a clutch on a single artery somewhere in the human body that can choke off the circulation of blood over the whole body. You have only to consider what would be the results if an alien Power held the New York terminus of the New York Central Railroad and the harbor.



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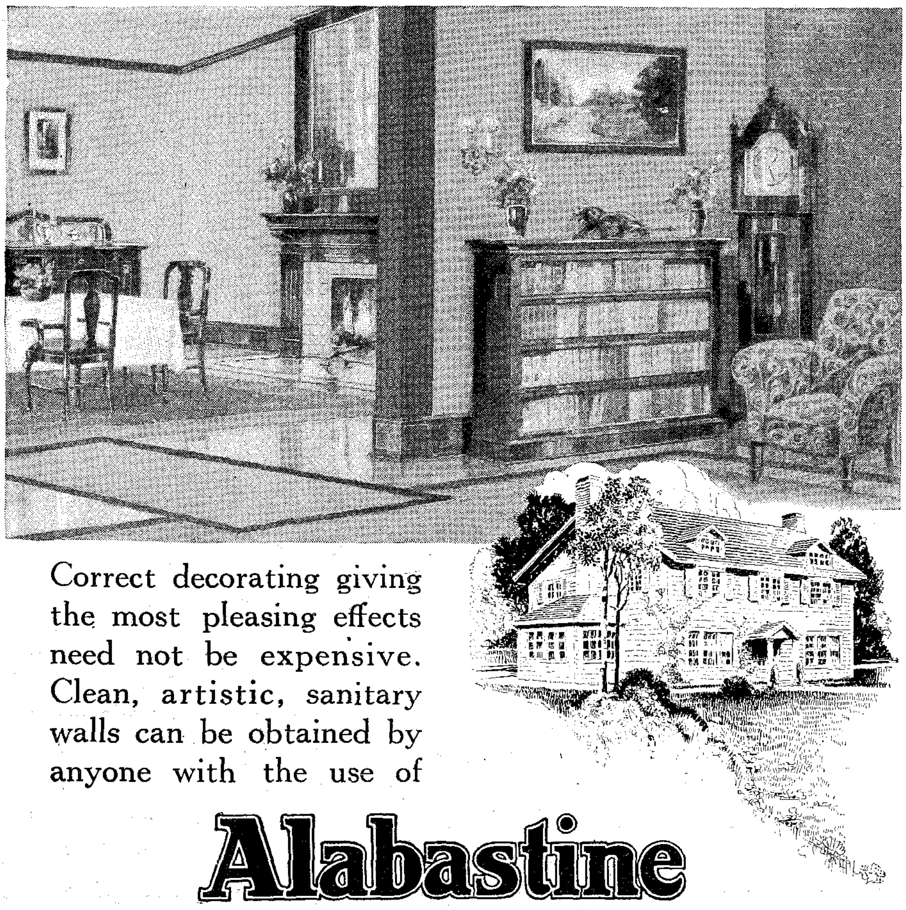

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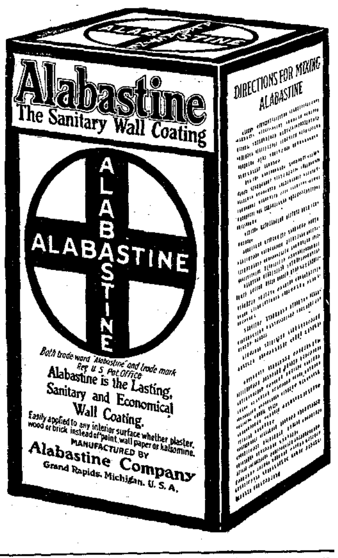
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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

ELEPHANTS, TIGERS, SELADANGS—BUT ESPECIALLY MAYER

THRILLS come thick and fast, in the life story of Charles Mayer, whose "Trapping Wild Animals in Malay Jungles" (Duffield) takes us behind the scenes with a collector of specimens for the circus menagerie and brings us face to face with elephants, tigers, leopards, pythons, wild boar, etc., to say nothing of the seladang, the East Indian wild ox. The capturing and crating of a 32-foot python before sending him off to Liverpool, was a comparatively mild incident in the season's work. A more thrilling adventure was Mayer's experience with an enraged elephant. As he tells us, there comes a period known as "must" when even a habitually well-behaved elephant becomes dangerous:

> Like the Malay he "sees red" and runs amuck. A good elephant-keeper can detect the madness several days before it reaches the dangerous stage, and by securing the animal with hobbles, can prevent trouble. In the cheeks of the elephant are two small holes, called "errors," and from these holes oozes a slight secretion. One of the keeper's duties each day is to examine the holes and run a piece of straw into them. If there is an odor of musk about the straw when he pulls it out, it is an indication that the "must" period is coming. Sometimes the keeper fails to make this test, and the elephant runs amuck, killing people and leaving a trail of wreckage behind him.
>
> On one of my visits to Sydney with a consignment of animals for the Zoological Gardens, I found the entire crew of elephant-keepers busy with the task of trying to control an animal that was in "must." His keeper had failed to make the test, and the elephant had suddenly gone mad. Fortunately he was in his stall at the time. When I arrived, he had wrecked the stall, and the keepers were afraid that he might get loose. Another stall had been arranged, but they could figure out no way of changing him to it. The men were thoroughly frightened and absolutely refused to risk hobbling him. The director of the Gardens offered me £100 if I would do it, and since I had Ali and several of my own men with me, I agreed to try.
>
> With elephant hooks strapped to our wrists, we entered the stall. The elephant stood looking at us, apparently wondering which one he should knock down first. I told Ali to get behind him while I approached from the front.
>
> I went up to him sideways, speaking to him and offering him food. He waited quietly until I was near enough; then, before I could duck, he hit me with his trunk. I felt myself spinning so rapidly that the elephant, my men and the stall were all a blur; and I came up against the wall with a thud. Fortunately, there was a gutter running along the wall, and I dropt into it just as the elephant lunged forward at me. His big head hit the wall and the floor, but couldn't get at me. He would not risk his trunk, because he realized that I would jab him with the hook.
>
> Ali and the other men were at his tail, jabbing him and pulling. When he turned for them, I jumped up and began running my hook into his side. It became a game

of jabbing and dodging and worrying him to first one side and then the other. I took care to thrust my hook always in the same spot, tearing a raw wound in his side, while the other men caught him on the legs and on the trunk. We had to work fast to keep away from the big trunk as it cut through the air, and his feet, when he kicked. Each of us was sent sprawling several times before the fight was over.

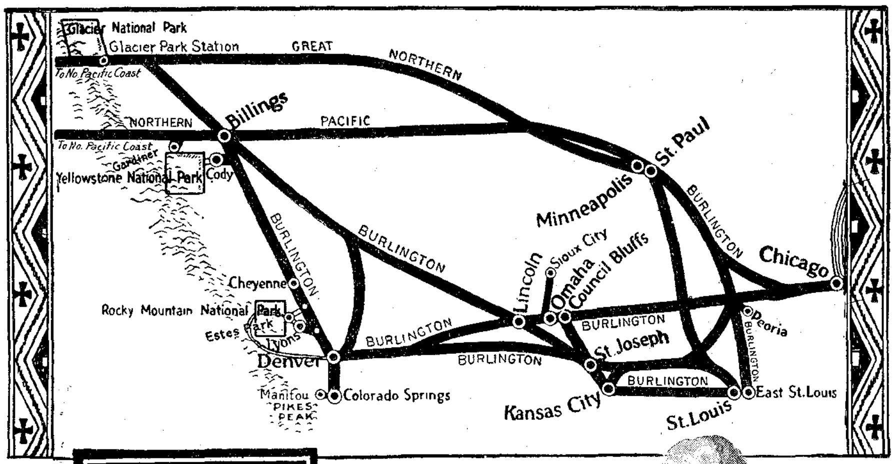
At last I could see that the elephant was paying more attention to the wound I was making than to anything else we were doing; he favored the hurt side and tried to shield it. Then, with a bellow, he knelt down and dropt on his side to cover the wound.

While I kept him down Ali arranged the hobbles; then we petted him and allowed him to stand. He got to his feet doubtfully, as if he weren't sure that we were not playing a trick on him—urging him to stand up so that we could jab him again. The wound I had torn in his side was large enough for two fists, and it must have pained him terribly. He was worn out by the fight and he hobbled off to his new stall, much subdued. Several days later he came out of the "must" period, which rarely lasts for more than a week, and became again the docile elephant that took children on his back for a ride.

I went to see him several times before I returned to Singapore, and, when I entered the stall, he edged away from me, protecting his side. Years later, I went to Sydney and entered his stall. He didn't recognize me until I put my hand on the scar; then he muttered deep down in his throat and lay down. I petted him and fed him sugar, and he seemed to harbor no resentment against me, but he did remember me in connection with a strenuous and unpleasant afternoon.

It was while hunting with Tunzku S'leman, a petty rajah from Kelantan, that Mayer went in pursuit of a man-eating tiger. Late one afternoon a native came running into the Kampong, shrieking, "Re-mow, Sa-tan!"—'Devil tiger!" Says Mayer,

> The man was about to collapse with fright and exhaustion from running. I calmed him so he could tell his story, which was that while he, his wife and daughter were gathering some faggots not one hundred yards from his hut, the tiger suddenly sprang from the thicket and striking his daughter down, carried her off in the jungle. After leaving his wife in the hut, he ran to the Tunghu's kampong to inform the Tunghu what had happened.
>
> As it was too late in the afternoon to do anything I told Tunghu S'lamen to send out the alarm for all the available men; the alarm is sounded by the striking of a hollow log, which can be heard for miles in the stillness of the jungle, and all natives hearing the booming sound know its meaning. I advised Tunghu to send five or six men back with the messenger and for them to stay with him until we came the next morning. The hunt was on, and all preparations were made at once for our early start, as the men began to flock in from the outlying kampong. They were to stay at the Tunghu's kampong that night to be ready to start at daybreak, after eating their breakfast. There was intense excitement the whole night, very little sleep for any one, for, as I told the men, they would not return until we had killed the tiger. A few of the natives, especially the headmen, had flintlock, muzzle-loading



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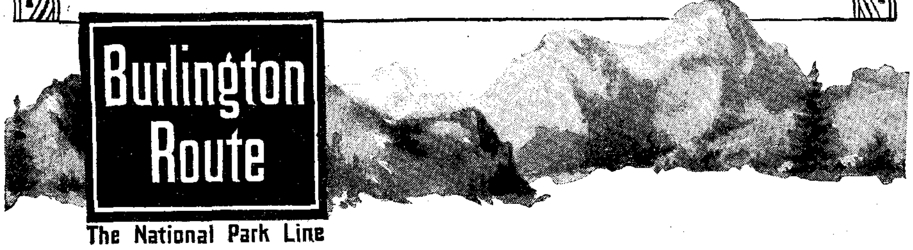

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

rifles. To these I handed out extra powder and slugs; they were really good marksmen and men who could be depended on at the right moment.

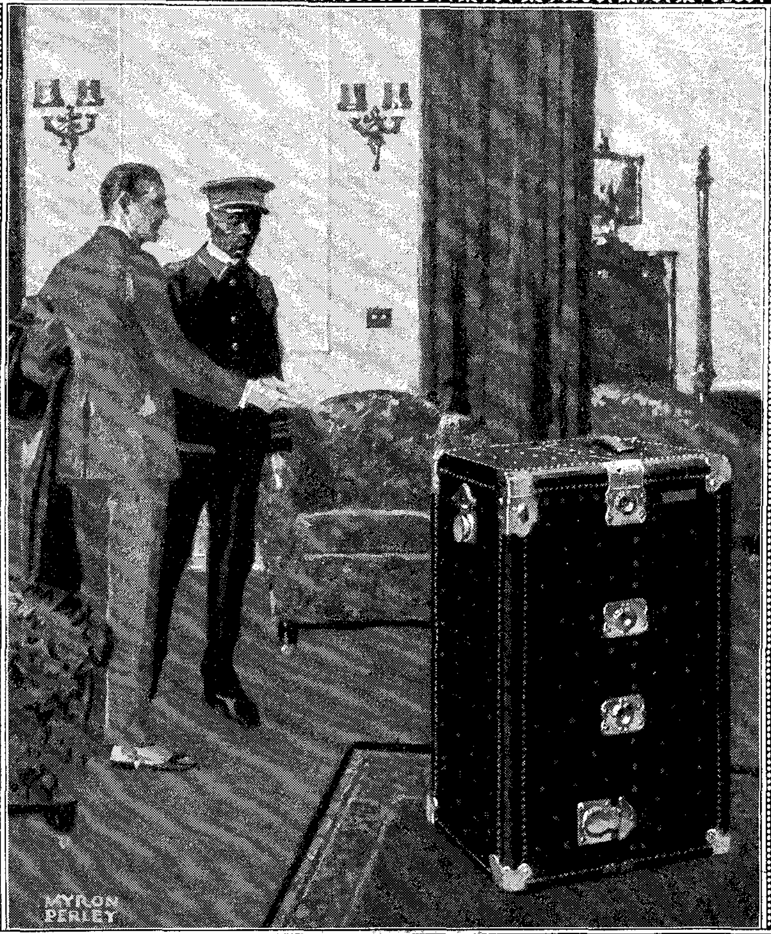
We started at daybreak. The men having eaten, every one was anxious and eager to be off, now that the hunt was to be conducted not alone by a white man, but in numbers. There were fifty natives; the Tunghu and two of his headmen with their flintlock rifles rode on the first elephant, while Ali and myself followed behind on the second, the third with stores bringing up the rear, for I had no idea when we would get back. Altho the Tunghu assured me the elephants were well broken, I did not place any reliance on them. Riding on an elephant and jogging along peacefully is one thing, and tiger-hunting on the back of one quite another. As I have mentioned elsewhere, they are excessively timid both in their wild and domestic state, and to become a well-trained tiger-hunting elephant, one so broken must have plenty of courage and experience. It is simply madness to attempt to use an elephant that has never been broken and tried out, as they will always bolt. Then again, if one never had a gun fired from its back, the effect is rather startling to his riders. It is a terrible thing to be bolted with while on an elephant's back in the jungle. I intended to take no chances while mounted as far as shooting was concerned, depending on cornering the tiger, if possible, and if the ground were favorable, to start on foot.

Besides my 50-110 express, I had a Holland double-barrel 450 and a Fox No. 12 smooth-bore shotgun. Ali had his spears, but was to use either the express or double-barrel Holland if we came up with the tiger. The other men carrying spears, parangs and tomtoms made up the party. Arriving at the place where the girl had been seized, two men who were experienced trackers took up the trail, which was quite fresh and plain and could be easily followed. The tracks were not over an hour old, and as the jungle was sparse, it would give no cover to the tiger. After crossing a small stream, his track led toward a rocky hill less than two miles distant, coming suddenly into a clearing with tall grass.

Mayer shouted to his men, ordering them to "spread out, keep quiet, and move slowly within a few feet of one another." The grass, still heavy with dew, showed where the tiger had passed through into the deeper jungle. Mayer continues:

We had perhaps traveled about one hour, the tracks becoming difficult to follow on account of heavy undergrowth, when we were startled by the screaming and chattering of monkeys. We knew then the tiger was not far ahead, and at the same time the elephant that the Tunghu was on, spreading his ears and raising his trunk, uttered a shrill, brassy trumpet, expressing his fear. I called to the Tunghu to take the elephant back, as he would be worse than useless. He was quickly turned about and driven behind, the Tunghu coming up with me, the two headmen joining the men on foot. The elephant I was on showed no sign of uneasiness; the mahout or driver spoke sharply to him, calling back to me that he could handle him as that was not the first time he had been used in smelling tiger. Still I was loath to risk a gun from his back.

HARTMANN



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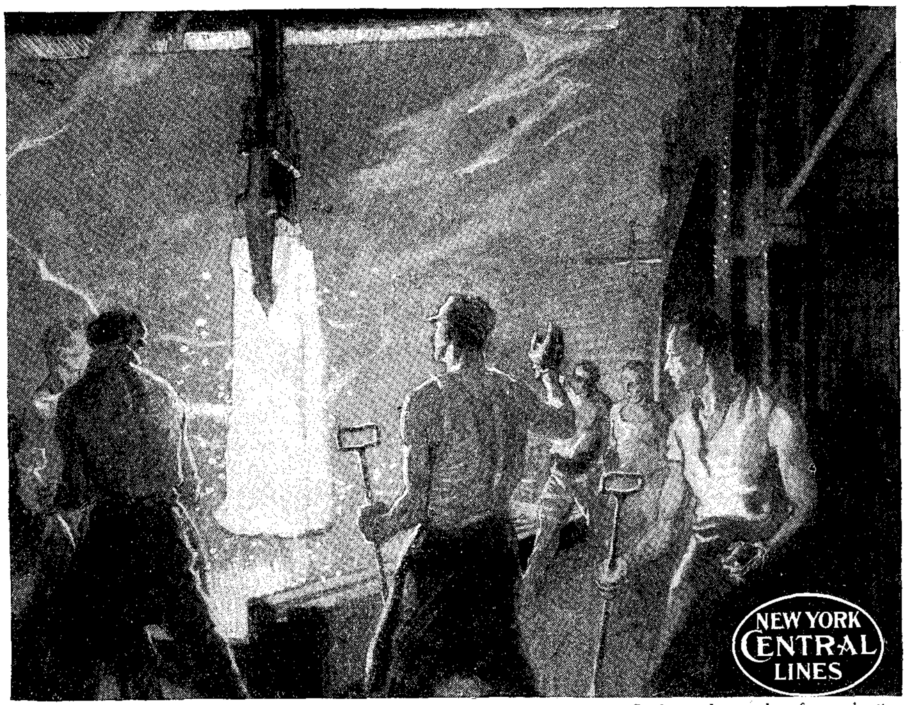
We followed the trail of the chattering monkeys, when suddenly they ceased, as we came to a very heavy path with thick undergrowth, excellent cover for the tiger, into which he had evidently gone. The patch itself was not more than seventy yards in diameter. I called to the men to stretch out and surround the place, and make as much noise as possible, keeping close together.

As soon as the patch was surrounded, I told the Tunghu to send the two elephants, the one he had been on and the other one carrying stores, back to his kampong for more men, and the men as they came on were to cut and load up the elephants with all the dry wood they could; also each man was to carry some wood and as many of the long nets as had been made. These I intended to spread out at the back and as much around the sides as possible, making doubly sure he should not escape. I told the Tunghu we would not leave the spot until the tiger had been killed. I had the platform built with "kaj-ongs" forming the roof. This was very soon finished, and late in the afternoon the elephants returned with more foodstuffs, wood and forty men. Each man had gathered a good bundle of dried wood, which wood I had passed around, as I intended to form a circle of fire and keep the tiger within the circle. I then had the fires started and they were kept up the whole night, but in the morning the fires that were in the front of the platform were allowed to die out, and after the men had taken turns eating, I ordered them to close in about twenty-five feet, throwing the fire before them. In this way I kept narrowing the circle every few hours while we on the platform kept a keen lookout.

On the second day one of the headmen on the left side of the circle fired a shot at what he said was the tiger. Instantly there was a great commotion and the men started shouting and making a great noise. We were keenly on the alert, as the platform faced the only spot of the circle that was open and free from fire, and hoped the tiger would break cover. Suddenly Ali, touching me, quietly said, as he raised his gun to his shoulder. "Tuem-block-on-poko" (behind the tree). Telling him to cover the left side, I covered the right side of the tree the tiger was crouching behind, and told Ali to shoot as close to the tree as he could without hitting it. He fired, and almost instantly I let go at a streak of yellow and black; it disappeared at once. The yelling by this time was enough to drown the grunt or roar of the tiger; there was no way at the time to know if we had succeeded in hitting it, so completing the fire circle in front of the platform, we lay down to sleep as best we could. What little wind there was, was in our direction, and kept us pretty free from being eaten alive by mosquitoes.

The fourth morning came. Still the beast refused to break cover. So Mayer resolved to go into the circle at once with the elephant. The nets, he tells us, were well put up at the back, outside the fire. Additional men strengthened the sides. Says Mayer:

I was taking no chances of escape. I had two headmen get up on the elephant I had come on, and told the driver to back a short distance, as I wanted the headmen to shoot off their guns from the elephant's back, in order to watch the effect on the elephant. I told them to each fire his gun off on opposite sides, but not at the same instant. Well, he never moved, and when those muzzle-loading flintlocks go off they



Steel ingot being taken from reheating furnace preparatory to rolling into rails

Rails and Research

THE New York Central Lines have placed orders for 172,400 tons of heavy open-hearth rails for 1922 delivery, enough to lay a new single track from Chicago to New York. In 1921 more than a thousand miles of rails were replaced.

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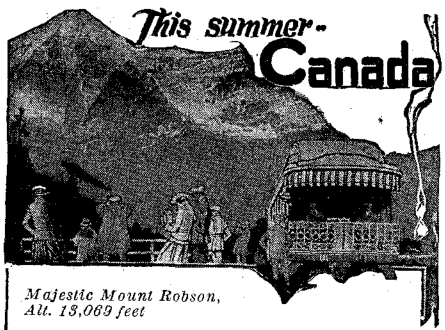

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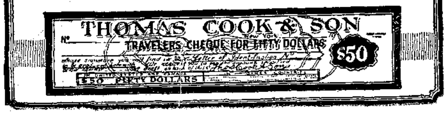
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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

certainly kick and make a startling noise. After that test I was satisfied to take the chance and told the Tunghu that Ali and myself were going in after the tiger, and that he and his two headmen must keep sharp lookout from the platform and have their guns trained on the opening. The mahout was a plucky fellow and felt very proud, assuring me he could handle his elephant.

I passed the word for all the men to be on the lookout and allow the fire on the right side to die out, to keep together, and those of the headmen who had guns should shoot if the tiger tried to break through. As soon as the fires had died down, I told the driver to go ahead and keep to the right side. When on an elephant in fair ground, the object should be to get the tiger to charge instead of letting him sneak away, for the hunt is then ended in a short and exciting encounter, but if once let away it may be hours before he is found again, if he ever is at all.

Coming opposite the tree where we had shot at the tiger, and under a patch of heavy undergrowth, against a large boulder, we both saw it. Seeing the elephant, it gave a coughing roar, and as it did I let go, catching it fair in the eye. Ali had his spear poised ready to throw, but the man-eater slumped down, and to make sure I put another explosive bullet in its side as it lay. I called to the Tunghu we had got it. I will not try, for I could not adequately describe the scene which followed when the men knew their foe had been killed; shouting, yelling, dancing, they went wild. Runners started off at once racing back to the kampong to tell the news and have the women make ready a feast. The return to the kampong was like a royal procession. The Tunghu and I on the elephant led the way, the men carrying the dead tiger, singing and laughing, calling the dead animal all manner of names. There was great feasting that night; it was made hideous with the singing and beating of the tom-toms, and, altho dead tired from lack of rest, sleep was impossible. In the morning the Tunghu did a most astonishing thing; nothing of the kind had ever been known to the oldest subject; he set free five of his debt slaves.

On examination I found that the first time we fired at her, while behind the trees, as she leapt back from the shot Ali had fired, I had caught her in the flank, smashing the hind leg, and with all her suffering, thirst and heat, she never betrayed her cover or uttered a sound.

She measured eight and three-quarter feet from tip of nose to tip of tail and weighed about two hundred and ninety pounds. She was in milk, but tho we searched, we never found her cubs.

The last adventure told in Mr. Mayer's book has to do with the seladang or gaur. This animal is a species of wild ox which Mr. Mayer considers "the most dangerous animal on earth." In fact, except for a baby seladang that died, "not one has ever been captured alive." It was while rhinoceros-hunting that the party came upon a pair of seladangs, and before the adventure was over the hunters had become the hunted, Mayer's "headman" had been killed, and he himself felt the hand of the jungle fever upon him. It was sundown

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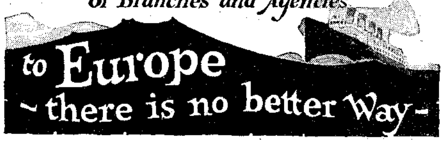
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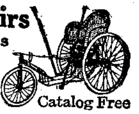

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when a crash was heard in the jungle and the Malays in the party screamed "Seladangs!" As Mr. Mayer goes on with the story:

> The men dropt everything and jumped for the trees just as two seladangs came charging down upon us. Ali, who was carrying my rifle and who had become separated from me when the men rushed for the trees, started toward me. Gaging the distance, I saw that he could not make it and I yelled to him to save himself. I jumped backwards and made for a tree; then, as I pulled myself up, I saw the bull seladang catch Ali on his horns and toss him. I dropt to the ground again, horrified; I wanted to get my rifle and I forgot about the other animal.
>
> The cow seladang charged, and I barely had time to get behind the tree. Unconsciously I had drawn my *parang* (a heavy knife) and, as the great chocolate-colored beast plunged past me, I slashed. The blade hamstrung her, and she plunged, bellowing, into the jungle. Then the bull, instead of catching Ali's body on his horns, allowed it fall to the ground and turned toward me. I swung up into the branches of the tree, just out of his reach, and slashed downward as he charged. I failed to hit him and I narrowly escaped falling.
>
> We could hear the cow bellowing furiously and dragging herself away through the jungle. She did not return. The bull charged back again and stood beneath me, pawing the ground and bellowing. Then he turned and attacked Ali's body trampling upon it, time after time, until every bone was broken.
>
> Each time the bull returned to the tree, I fired downward at him with my revolver, but I might just as well have used a popgun—the little bullets had no effect. One dynamite cartridge would have ended him, but my rifle lay on the ground five yards away. Night came on, but the seladang did not leave. I remained poised throughout the night, waiting for a chance to jump down and run for the rifle. Our thirst became terrible, and there was little consolation in the thought that the seladang was probably quite as thirsty as we were. But there was some chance that he would leave us for a few moments to find water, and I needed only a moment to get the rifle and climb back into my tree.
>
> Ants and mosquitoes swarmed over us. Trying to find some protection against them, we wrapt our hands and faces in *sarongs*. But we were as helpless against insects as against seladangs.
>
> Morning came and wore away to noon, and still the beast stayed by his post. Then the fever began to hit me and my head throbbed. I propped myself against the trunk of the tree, saving all my strength until the moment when I should need it most.
>
> The ten natives were scattered through the trees near me and we talked back and forth. They, of course, depended upon me and my "magic" to save them, and I, with the fever burning more fiercely every minute, realized that something must be done immediately. My thirst was becoming unendurable and my strength was leaving me rapidly. I called to the men to join me in my tree, and they swung from limb to limb until we were together. The seladang took up his position beneath us, bellowing and pawing.
>
> I counted the arms in the party; we had, besides our parangs, four spears and three krises. With the parangs we cut stout branches; then we tore our sarongs into strips and bound the krises to the poles.

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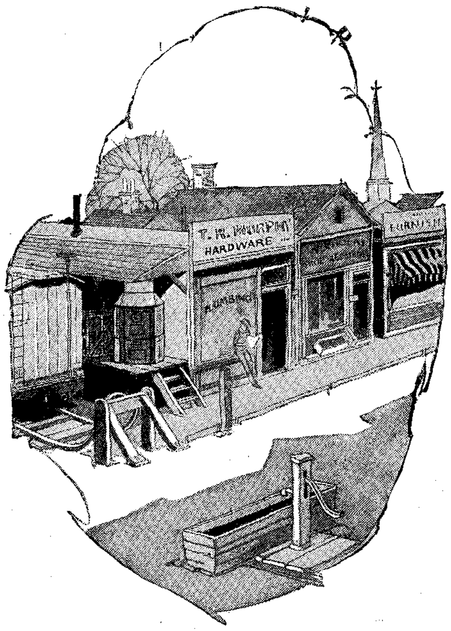

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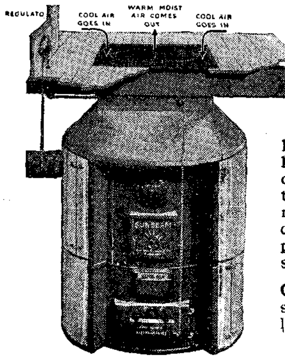

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

As was usual in the Archipelago, especially in the inland districts, the spears and krises were poisoned, and our only hope of victory lay in that fact. I knew that the poison would kill a man in a few minutes and I had seen smaller animals die of it, but I did not know what effect it would have on so large and powerful a brute as a seladang.

Next we gathered leaves and stuffed a sack, made from a sarong, full of them, and tied it with a string, so that we could dangle it in front of the beast. Then three of us armed with the krises took positions so that we should be above the seladang when he charged, and we lowered the sack. He snorted and drew back; then he put his strength into his legs and lunged forward. I drove downward with my kris, tearing a wound in his back near the hump; he whirled and charged again, and this time one of the natives blinded him in one eye.

He withdrew a few yards, snorting, bellowing and pawing. He turned again on the body of poor Ali, as if to vent his anger on it. Presently we lured him back with the bundle of leaves, and he charged again. I scored another cut near his hump.

This charging and jabbing went on for fully an hour, and we seemed no nearer success than when we started. It was impossible to get in a death-stroke, and the poison apparently was having no effect upon him. In any event, I thought, we were winding him, and, if we could last out another night, he would have to seek water. But there was another danger—one of the natives, crazed by thirst and excitement, might run amuck there in the tree. I planned, if we were forced to remain in the tree through the night, to take charge, diplomatically, of the krises and spears. I regretted having spent all the ammunition for my revolver on that useless fusillade the day before.

The game resolved itself into an attempt to pierce the seladang's sound eye; we lured him back, time after time, but could not drive a kris to the mark. Evening was approaching, and I thought the battle was over for the day. The seladang stood near by, ignoring for the moment, the sack we were dangling. Blood was flowing from a dozen wounds. When he took a step forward, we cried out in surprize. He was weakening! He almost tottered away, as if he had forgotten about us.

Even tho he had routed us completely, treed us and kept us treed and killed my good friend and assistant, Ali, I felt sorry for the beast, as I sat there watching him. He had put up a magnificent fight, and, half dead, he would muster his remaining strength and charge us again if we dared set foot on the ground. It was his victory until the moment he died.

His head drooped lower; and then he went down on his foreknees, bellowing weakly. Presently his hindquarters slumped down, and blood began to flow from his mouth.

I dropt from the tree and walked forward cautiously to the spot where my rifle had fallen; then, armed, I stood watching him in the throes of death. None of the Malays had followed me, and, when I told them to come down, they refused. Finally, to convince them that there was no danger, I put a 59-110 explosive bullet behind the beast's shoulder.

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REVIEWS OF NEW NOVELS

THE ODESSY OF A PIONEER

THERE ought to be more books like this of Mr. Quick's, with its true epic quality, its great song of the making of our country. Here is a story (Vandemark's Folly, by Herbert Quick, $2.00) that no lover of America can afford to miss, for it is filled with that wonderful spirit that has made America. You feel the growth of the nation as you read it, and the transmutation of a wilderness into a land of homes and farms. You struggle with those who fought for this transformation, you pit yourself against the forces of disintegration, the selfish and the evil, and triumph with the workers and the sowers and the reapers, and know that the work was good.

The narrative relates the adventures of a boy of Dutch blood from New York. The early picture is pitiful enough, with the brutal, sly stepfather, the driven, overworked mother, the small lad at work in factories, always tired, without time for sleep, let alone play. If there are any who doubt the progress made in the protection of childhood from many of the oppressions of that time, let them read here and they will see that we have done something at least. But this part is brief. We are soon introduced to the canal life with the boy, who runs away from the cruelties of his stepfather, and becomes driver for the captain of a canal boat.

The life along the canal in that time was a stirring and picturesque thing. Buffalo was the gate of the West, and through it went the men and women of a new era. The canal way was the only way, or practically so, and the boats dragged families and freight in an endless procession from the Sea to the Lakes. Adventurers of every stripe were travelers here, and the down-and-outer went along with the prosperous. The canalers themselves were a wild fighting crowd, with little restraint and less morals so far as the bulk of them went. Jacob Vandemark enters on this existence a little, puny lad, innocent and timid. He comes out at the end a strong, self-reliant boy who has seen much evil but is free of it himself, who has fought his way to respect, who knows many things but has had no schooling. One thing has kept him fine, and that is his love for the mother he ran from, ran because a brute tried to kill him. He is always looking for her, for when he got back on the return trip with his boat and rushed to the forlorn home where they had lived, he found it empty and deserted, without any clue as to the track he should follow. Years pass before he finds out where she went, and what became of her. The discovery marks a new era for him. He leaves the canals, and presses forward with the westward tending crowds to make a farm for himself in the prairies of Iowa. And step by step we go along with him on that long trail.

It is difficult to convey the fascination with which Mr. Quick has invested this long, slow progression toward a home and an ideal. Jacob's adventures are never striking, there is nothing of the impossible. But they are convincing and they give an extraordinary sense of actuality to the book. There is just enough description of the country and the hardships to make the thing vivid without burdening you; and there is an amazingly varied and always interesting succession of human types, men, women and youngsters, good, bad and in between. The slow, cautious Dutch

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Next week there will be held at Atlantic City a meeting that should interest every citizen.

Gathered there from every corner of the country, and even from points outside, executives and operators of hundreds of electric light and power companies, large and small, will meet with manufacturers, engineers and distributors for the purpose of determining the method and means for improving and extending the electrical service which they furnish to you and to all the people.

The Electrical Industry realizes that its obligation and its opportunity is Service. The electric light and power companies are today serving upwards of sixty-five millions of people. The electric current is being used for lighting, for heating, for transportation, for performing household duties, and for the operation of factories. Such universal service is made possible by the adherence of electric light and power companies to definite policies of high value, fair treatment, and dependable and uninterrupted service.

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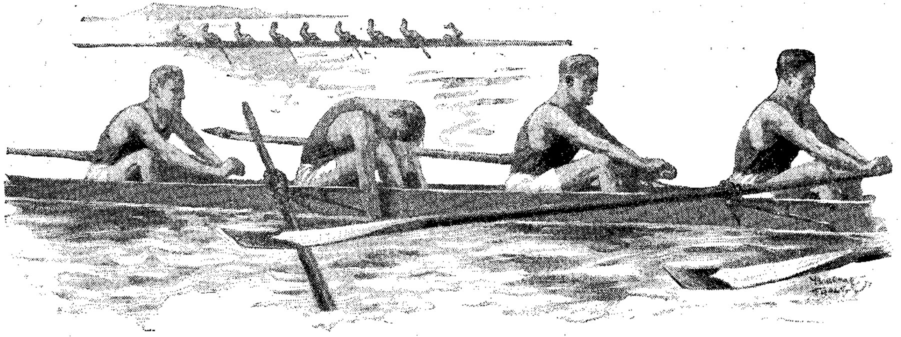

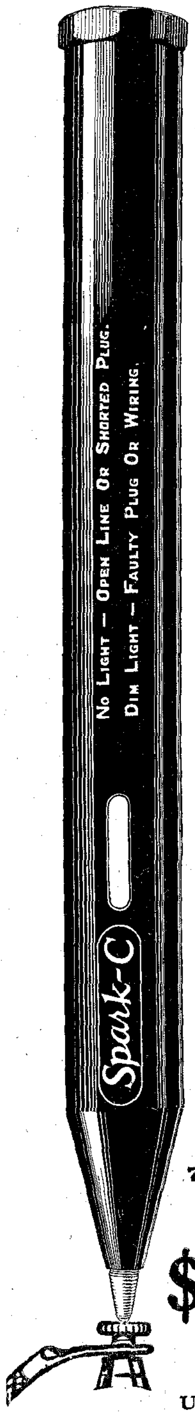
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REVIEWS OF NEW NOVELS

Continued

boy who never jumps at a conclusion, who makes sure of his footing before he moves, who is shrewd in his judgments and without fear, generous and careful at once, is a splendid piece of characterization. He tells his story in the first person from the safe harborage of an old age that can look about on his lands and houses, his flocks and herds, his large family, and he is always utterly real and immensely likable.

The day after Jacob reached his land, he put the plow to work. And this is how that act is presented:

"The next day was a wedding-day—the marriage of the plow and the sod. It marked the beginning of the subdual of that wonderful wild prairie of Vandemark's Township and Vandemark's farm. No more fruitful espousal ever took place than that—when the polished steel of my new breaking plow was embraced by the black soil with its lovely fell of greenery. Up to that fateful moment the prairie of the farm and of the township had been virgin sod; but now it bowed its head to the yoke of wedlock. Nothing like it takes place any more; for the sod of the meadows and the pastures is quite a different thing from the untouched skin of the original earth. Breaking prairie was the most beautiful, the most epochal, and most hopeful, and as I look back at it, in one way the most pathetic thing man ever did, for in it one of the loveliest things ever created began to come to its predestined end."

THE MYSTERIOUS AND MURDEROUS "BAT"

ON ONE occasion a certain Alexander Skeat was the guest of honor at a certain Club of Friends in London who met together for social relaxation. From time to time they entertained distinguished visitors who addrest them on some subject of interest which was afterwards discust. The impression made by Skeat was not altogether pleasing, yet the club was horrified to read a week later in the *Times*, an account of his murder. A policeman in St. James Park heard a cry from one of the paths and hurrying thither found Skeat lying on his face. This policeman declared that close by he saw dimly in the fog a large animal, unlike anything he had ever seen before, with a long neck, narrow head and glowing eyes. He blew his whistle, whereupon the thing, evidently alarmed, hopped twice, spread a large pair of wings, ascended into the air and disappeared. An examination of Skeat's body revealed only a small red speck under one shoulder-blade, from which proceeded an incision, no larger than a thread, which reached the heart, while a further analysis showed a sudden and unaccountable disintegration of the component parts of the body. All London is aroused, for it appeared as if Skeat had been killed by a force unknown to science, for the story of the strange animal is hardly considered.

Of course the incident is discust by the Club of Friends, but no solution of the mystery is reached, some being inclined to credit the policeman's story, while others scout the idea of any such animal's existence. The next startling event is the entire destruction of the Albert Memorial. An event that would doubtless be welcomed by thousands of English. One morning London awakes to find a huge pile of fine gray dust where the monument had been; no ruins of bricks and mortar, no shattered pillars, but absolute disintegration of the whole thing, while a few scorched boughs of adjacent trees are the only extraneous signs of the catastrophe. Science is called in to suggest an explanation, but is helpless. Then follow more mysterious murders—in America, in England, in Europe—and all apparently of selected men; in fact, there seems to be an intelligence directing the movements of "the Bat," as the malign animal is called, for by this time it has been seen in flight by many, and one person has actually beheld it in the woods, with a man standing by it, apparently speaking to it.

Since "Bats" enter into modern plays as well as novels and furnish prolonged interest for the theater-going public, it is safe to assume that readers enough will be found for this mystery yarn called "No. 87" (Macmillan, $2.00) by one who signs himself Harrington Hext, tho it is whispered that behind that name may be found the personality of an English scientist.

Some readers can not enjoy a mystery story unless everything is clearly explained in the end. Of course the explanation is necessarily based upon a hypothesis, which, being granted, is satisfactory. The book is extremely well written and the various discussions held in the Club of Friends enlarge the interest beyond the mere solution of the mystery.

REWARDS OF THE UNSELFISH

A POOR peasant girl in the south of France comes to take charge of the house and the two little children, one a mere baby, belonging to a widower, Michel Corbier. She remains there four years, giving to her work a devotion so wholehearted, so beautiful and so unconscious of self that it touches whatever there is of the divine in human nature. Simple and ignorant, she is none the less great, and to know her is to walk with the angels.

When a story impresses you as not so much a record of life as life itself, it belongs in a category by itself. Such a book was "The Story of an African Farm"; such was "Marie Claire," and such, too, is "Nêne" by Ernest Pérochon (George H. Doran, $1.75) which won the Goncourt Prize in 1920.

Not that Nêne is faultless. But her faults are those that come from love of others, not of self. She knows only how to give, never how to take. Chaste she is, and she can defend herself if need be, but yet she sets no value on herself. She is as humble as a field flower, and as sweet.

The farm is in the Vendee, a part of France with a curious history that has resulted in dividing the people there into three sects, the Catholics, the Protestants, and the Dissenters, who once were Catholics, but who, during the Revolution followed their priests and rose for the King. And when, after all the fighting was over, and most of the priests were reconciled and had taken the oath to the Republic, a few remained who retained the bitterness of the war in their hearts and who refused any terms. The devoted peasants followed these into a fierce isolation, disdaining the threats of excommunication, forming small communities scattered over the Vendee, and gradually dying out. But some still remained, fairly strong and numerous. They were backed by the Protestants, who rejoiced in the break in the Catholic ranks. It was a disgrace for a girl or boy of the Dissenters to marry a Catholic, and seldom did one of the maidens violate this

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REVIEWS OF NEW NOVELS

Continued

law of the cult. But with the young men it was different. They went afield and fell in love with Catholic girls, and then they got married, and usually the children became Catholics. But the Dissenter side of the family cast them out, fierce and unforgiving. So that there were enmities in the country, feuds that passed on from one generation to another. Still, Protestant and Catholic and Dissenter worked together in the harvest season, as need came. And if fights broke out, they rarely became sanguinary.

Naturally such a people are passionate and poetical, loving their land with ardor, feeling history as something vital and present.

Corbier has lost his wife only a year ago. He had loved her and he mourned her—mourned her so that as he followed his plow the day that Madeleine came to his house for the first time, to take up the work for which he had hired her, the tears ran down his cheeks for the woman he had lost, whose children must be brought up by a stranger, who would stand no more with welcoming eyes in the doorway as he came in from the fields. Lovely she had been, with soft hands, and they had had joy of each other. Why had she gone so soon to God's house, and left his house desolate?

He resents the presence of Madeleine, Nêne as the baby calls her, without being conscious that he does so. He is compelled to admire the way she takes hold, bringing order and sweetness into the whole place, keeping the children fresh as pinks, always at work, always cheerful, ready, self-effacing. But he says nothing in the way of thanks and encouragement.

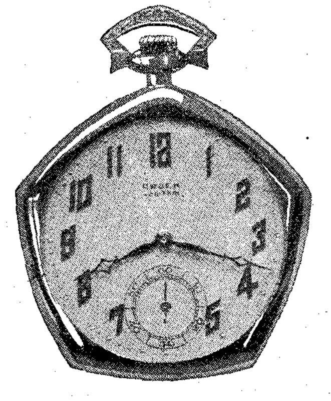
Nêne does not expect either. She grows to love the two small ones immediately, and this love gradually dominates her whole life. Corbier is young, fine-looking, the father of the two babies. She dreams a little in regard to him, wondering if perhaps some day they may not marry, and she become truly the mother of the young ones. But once, as she plays with the baby boy, he gurgles out "Maman," and this Michel overhears. He flies into a rage, tells her that she is sacrilegious, forbids her ever to allow the child to say the word again.

Mortal sin, he called it. And Madeleine is hurt so badly that it seems to her she can not stay on. For three days the two do not speak to each other—Corbier does not so much as look at her, and the insult bites into her heart. After all, it is no sin to love the children. Yes, she will leave.

But she does not leave. Does a mother leave her children because she is insulted or unjustly used? And no mother ever loved her children better than Madeleine loved the children of the dead wife of Corbier.

The misunderstanding is gradually forgotten, work goes on, and what work! Nêne is up by three every morning, and rarely in bed before ten, often later. It is a big farm, with many hands, and Nêne has everything to do, no help at all. The children use up much time, there are the clothes to wash and mend and make, spinning to do, cleaning, the goats and cows and fowl to care for, the cooking—it is endless.

Let those who know only the luxury of France read this book. Here is France herself, the France that is rebuilding her ruined towns, that is finding somehow the labor and the money to do what must be



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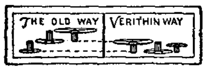

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done while Germany whines that she can not bear to be taxed, can not meet her obligations. Here is the courage, the devotion, the energy of a great race exprest quite simply in the person of a peasant girl.

Nêne's story is a story of sacrifice. She loses everything, because she has never learned to ask, to take. Corbier accepts her labor as a due, does not even notice how perfect it is. Does not know that his children look so dainty and have their little treats and toys because Nêne buys them pretty things with her own poor wages. Does not realize the blessing she is to them and to his house. He falls in love with another woman, a scheming, pretty, selfish little beast, cruel and clever, and that is the end of Madeleine. The tragedy develops swiftly and sweeps poor Nêne away on its tide.

The book is written with consummate art and extraordinary insight and sympathy. Here is no touch of sentimentality to mar the truth. Each character is drawn with entire comprehension, full and round. Each scene is painted as it is. You feel behind the special men and women, the actual farm or road or village or house, the whole neighborhood, the entire countryside. Yet this book was hawked about from publisher to publisher in France without finding any taker. When the author took it finally in its manuscript form to the Académie, its worth was recognized, and the Prix Goncourt of 1920 was the reward. Since then the story has met with steady success and the most distinguished praise. It has sold over a hundred thousand copies in France, and made its author, a poor school-teacher, famous.

KINDNESS TO BURGLARS

A BURGLAR out of jail may conceivably be like a fish out of water. The fish wriggles to get back, and in the hands of a humorist like George Barr McCutcheon, the burglar does likewise. "Yollop" (Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.00) is not the burglar's name, however; it is the identification of the burglar's captor, and we meet him at the exact moment when the capture has been effected. In his efforts to get back to his jail, he is doing his best, but it is a difficult job—as difficult as to stay there once he's in. He tells Mr. Yollop all about it as the two sit in the rather chilly room where the capture has been made, waiting for the police. Mr. Yollop has the burglar's pistol, and the burglar is sitting against the wall with his hands up. He has just telephoned to the police under Mr. Yollop's instructions—even coercion. For tho he wishes to be sent home again to Sing Sing, every self-respecting crook has a rooted objection to being taken by the boob whom he is holding up or burgling or what-not, and Smilk is no exception.

The two are prepared for a long wait. As Mr. Yollop remarks, it will probably take the police at least two hours to find the house, with absolutely no clue to it except its number and the name of the street.

Mr. Smilk, the burglar, is particularly enraged by the parole law. As he puts it, "just about the time we begin to feel comfortably settled up the river, along comes some doggone home-wrecker and gets us out on parole. Then we got to go to work and begin all over again. Sometimes, the way things are nowadays, it takes months to get back into the pen again. . . . Why can't they leave us alone instead of drivin' us out into a cold, un-

Snow White and Rosy Red

Framed by the rosy curve of her lovely lips, her smile reveals the flashing white of perfect teeth.

Her beauty blooms triumphant over Time because she knows the secret of a healthy mouth.

Pyorrhea, which attacks youth's radiance as a grub destroys the budding rose, has passed her by.

Do you face your telltale mirror as fearlessly as she?

Four out of every five people who pass the fortieth milestone have Pyorrhea. Thousands younger are not immune.

Its danger signal is tender, bleeding gums. Quickly its deadly work is done, unless you halt it in its course. The gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen, drop out or must be pulled.

You can stop Pyorrhea abruptly in its course of havoc. At the first sign of warning, see your dentist for treatment.

Then go to your druggist, buy a tube of Forhan's For the Gums, and use it regularly.

Forhan's For the Gums is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

It will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress, if used in time, and used consistently.

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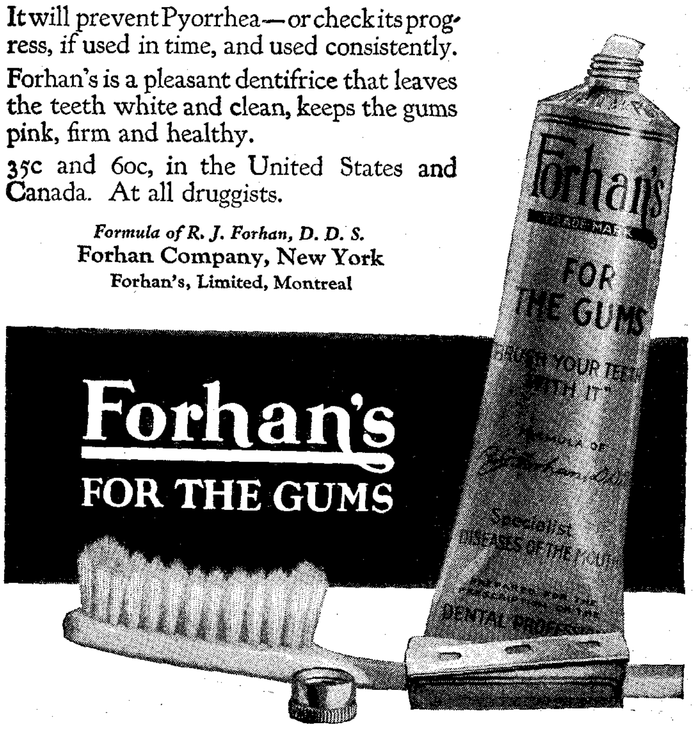

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

Why do women like pipe-smokers?

We asked many women. One said: "Because a man who thinks things out, does them and goes all the way through with anything he starts generally smokes a pipe if he smokes at all—and nearly always he does smoke."

Another replied: "A pipe smoker is more of a home man, it seems to me. There is no better picture of contentment than a man smoking a pipe in his home after the day's work is done."

"He is more honest, more reliable, more manly," said another—but she was rather young.

There were many reasons given by the fair ladies; some of them not very powerful from a logical viewpoint.

And just to show that woman is not the only illogical of the two sexes, we asked a number of men why they liked the tobacco they smoked. One said it was strong enough for him. Another said it was mild enough for him—and they were smoking the same brand. All of them had some more-or-less indefinite reason for liking a certain tobacco, but putting that feeling into words was difficult.

Even our old Edgeworth smokers — our best friends — have difficulty in telling why they like Edgeworth. "It is a friendly, friend-making tobacco that just suits me," was the best answer we could get. *Just suits me!* There's the whole thing.

But Edgeworth doesn't suit everybody. Out of every hundred pipe-smokers there may be one or two who couldn't get supreme satisfaction out of Edgeworth.

Nevertheless, we would like to send any pipe-smoker free samples of Edgeworth, and we are sincere when we say that we would rather send samples to a man who thinks he will *not* like Edgeworth—for he may find he is mistaken and then he will be the best friend for Edgeworth that a smoker could be.

If you will send us your name and address on a postcard, we will forward samples of Edgeworth, Ready-Rubbed and Plug Slice, and there is no tag attached, "Send money if you like it." The samples are free and postpaid. Address your card to Larus & Brother Company, 5 South 21st St., Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

REVIEWS OF NEW NOVELS
Continued

feelin' world where we got to either steal or starve to death?"

Thus Mr. Smilk runs on, elucidating the hard life of the criminal whose only desire, after all, is to be comfortably in jail, where he is sure of three square meals a day, has a minimum of labor and a modicum of leisure, agreeable society, and any amount of amusement and recreation provided for him absolutely free. As he says, the law is all right. It is the people who abuse it who make the trouble, and who throw unoffending men, living an honest life at Sing Sing, back into crime again. It is "these here sentimental reformers who take it upon themselves to interfere with the personal liberty of criminals, and to say whether a feller shall stay in jail or not."

This is all new to Mr. Yollop, and he is soon taking a heartfelt interest in Smilk and his troubles. When the police arrive, and this is not until a number of astonishing things have happened, for whose exposition there is no room here, Smilk is discovered with the jewels in his possession, the sister of Yollop gagged and bound, and the rooms in disorder. He is arrested and removed. Then the business of getting along to Sing Sing begins.

And then the fight begins! Naturally Mr. Yollop, who is evidently a well-to-do man with at least some education, has no chance with the jury. Of course the testimony of the police is utterly discredited. And when Mr. Smilk's wife, arriving with a bunch of miserable-looking children borrowed for the occasion, enters the plot, the jig is up. Smilk is in despair, and tho Yollop, who has come to have a real feeling of affection for the unfortunate man, is doing all he can to get him convicted, there seems little chance of such a happy ending.

But Yollop is a man of resource.

In one of the confidential chats he and Smilk have together the burglar confides to him the names and addresses of several other wives belonging to him. And Yollop sees a great light.

No American jury would be so brutal, so devoid of all feelings of chivalry, as to set free a man who has wronged a woman. Especially a poor woman and a mother.

So, when two other wives are sprung in court, the sympathy that had been running high for Smilk, evidently a poor lad driven by starvation to robbing people who had plenty to spare, and who are evidently vindictive, heartless creatures who wish to see a helpless young man delivered up to the law, his career ruined, this feeling is suddenly chilled when wife number two and wife number three open their mouths and speak.

The trial scene is amusing, and the little book, which can be read through in an hour or two, is packed full of laughs from cover to cover. Mr. McCutcheon has his fun with the present-day methods of catching and convicting criminals, with the manners of counsel and the brains of juries. The talk of the jury in finally arriving at a conviction is a delightful bit of satire. In spite of the lure of such a book we find Burton Rascoe of the *Tribune* reporting the conversation of two of our "Young Intellectuals": "We talked about the little tragedy of once popular writers like Harold McGrath and George Barr McCutcheon, who had been crowded far in the background by the newer men, and how none of them, except Tarkington, had oriented himself to the newer fashion and point of view." What "newer men" could write "Yollop"?

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354-360 Fourth Ave., New York**

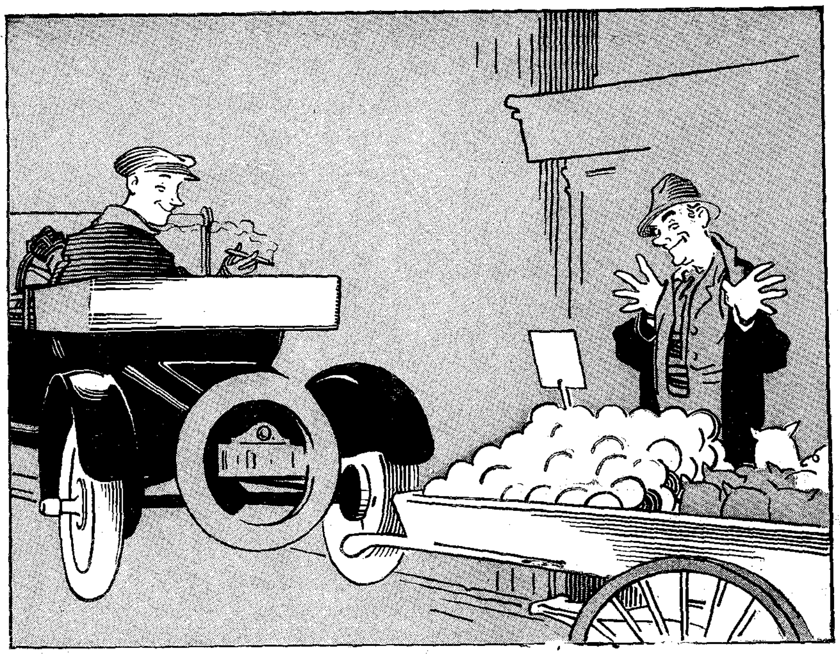
POSTHUMIZING DICKENS AGAIN

DICKENS readers have here a pretty *casus belli* if they choose. The idea of trailing people through a generation or two after they have been quietly disposed of by the original authors is an adventure that appeals to Sir Harry Johnston. He first trifled with "The Gay-Dombeys," then turned to Shaw, and expanded the careers of *Mrs. Warren* and her daughter *Vivie.* Now he is back again to Dickens and drags out "The Veneerings" (Macmillan, $2.00), and incidentally adds to his culpability in the minds of any who feel there is a serious question in literary ethics involved in the process of carrying on the lives of another man's characters.

At the end of "Our Mutual Friend" we are told that the Veneerings, after a brief career of social endeavor, go bankrupt and retire to the Continent, where they propose to live on the proceeds of Mrs. Veneering's jewelry, and Sir Harry Johnston's book opens with their arrival in Calais, where they encounter Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lammle, who had preceded them by a short time. As is often the case in life the women blossom out in times of adversity while the men pursue the downward path with ever-increasing speed. Mrs. Veneering takes to raising poultry and vegetables on a small farm near Calais while Sophronia Lammle becomes a more or less respectable adventuress, to use the word literally, and after a short experience in the French Secret Service, settles down in a paid position in the Pyrenean nurseries of John Harmon. For that gentleman had bought the drug business of Chicksey, Veneering & Stobbles, and with far-seeing intelligence was establishing nurseries in various parts of the world where the plants could be grown necessary for the production of curative drugs. This is evidently a subject on which the author is thoroughly at home, and he writes of such a plan with enthusiasm and great knowledge of the plants of many countries, such descriptions being among the most interesting parts of the book.

John Harmon is a rich man but he entirely disagrees with his sons, who think that fact should permit them to live in idleness, and as neither of them takes the least interest in their father's business he seeks out young Mervyn Veneering, who is only too glad of such a chance, and gives him a place, near the bottom of the ladder to be sure, but with every chance to rise.

Besides the characters whom we remember of old, others are introduced. Some of Bella Harmon's troublesome brothers and sisters, on hearing that she has married a rich man, break the silence of years and apply for help, while Susie, the family black sheep, charitably spoken of as "on the stage," has to be firmly dealt with by John before subsiding. Georgy Podsnap reappears, with plenty of money left her by her parents and firm in her old allegiance to Sophronia, now known as Mme. de Lammelle, and whose latter years are in shining contrast to her earlier ones. Part of the scene is laid in South Africa, where Mervyn goes with Harmon and his daughter in order that they may be married where marriage with a deceased wife's sister is legal. We have a glimpse of Cecil Rhodes at Grote Schur, where the English party is entertained, and an account of the Jameson Raid, in which Reggie Harmon takes part and is severely wounded. Altogether the story is vivid and full of life and interest, tho some might ask if the author is warranted in his account of Sophronia's origin and her relations with Veneering in the days when Dickens was responsible for her actions.



How to Reverse a Ford Quietly

If there is "F" Autoline Oil in your crank case your Ford will glide instead of "jump" when you reverse.

The reason some Fords "chatter" is because the brake and transmission linings have became hard and glazed, so that they cannot grip the transmission drum evenly.

"F" Autoline Oil stops and prevents "chattering" because it keeps these linings soft and pliant. It costs no more than ordinary oil. It will not clog the oil line.

You have nothing to risk. "F" Autoline is sold on the basis of "stop the chattering or money back." Get your garage man to drain the oil now in your crank case and fill up with "F" Autoline Oil. If your car "chatters" after that, your money will be refunded.

Ninety years in the oil business taught us how to make "F" Autoline Oil. We are the makers of "OO" Autoline Oil, one of the few oils recommended in the Franklin Owners' handbook—for use in Franklin Cars.

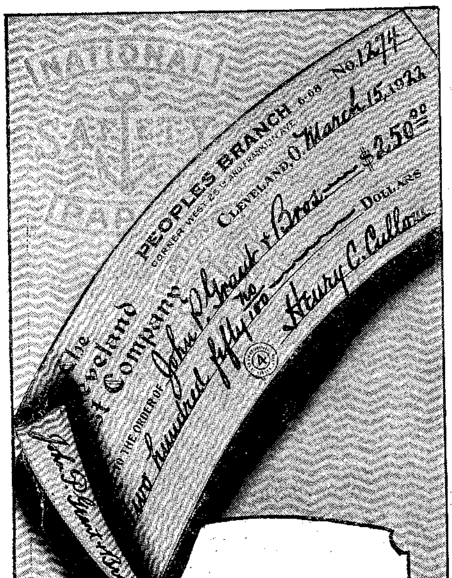
A Ford dealer wrote us a letter telling how "F" Autoline Oil for Fords stopped "chatter" for his customers and said, "We are glad to recommend this oil to all of our friends and Ford users."

Go to the garage that displays the red Autoline Oil sign—and put an end to "chattering."

ROBINSON 1832 OILS

AUTOLINE OIL COMPANY
Automotive Oil Sales Department
WM. C. ROBINSON & SON COMPANY, BALTIMORE
PACIFIC COAST OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO
REFINERY: CORAOPOLIS, PA.
"F"
SALES OFFICES AND WAREHOUSES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

AUTOLINE OIL
"for your motor's sake"



Before
you decide

Before you decide on your method of check protection, ask yourself:
1. Is the protection complete?
2. Is it dependable?—proved by actual *use*.

National
Safety Paper

protects every part of a check—amount, payee's name, date and endorsements—against alteration with chemicals, eraser, or knife. A glaring white spot instantly shows up the change.

The dependability of this protection is established by over 50 years of use. More than 75% of the banks in New York, Chicago and Philadelphia, and thousands of other banks use checks on National Safety Paper.

Ask your bank for checks on National Safety Paper or specify them to your lithographer. Look for the wavy lines.

Write for our book
"The Protection of Checks"

George La Monte & Son
61 Broadway, New York
National Safety Paper is also made in Canada by George La Monte & Son, Ltd., Toronto

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

TO MAKE THE LABEL TELL THE TRUTH

HEREAFTER manufacturers can be prevented from labeling an undershirt "all wool" when it is really 90 per cent. cotton, even tho its composition may be no secret throughout the underwear trade. Not only is such misleading labeling illegal but, according to the United States Supreme Court's decision, the Federal Trade Commission has a right to order any manufacturer to cease using any label or brand which might deceive the ultimate consumer. Under the Clayton Act, says Justice Brandeis, "trade-marks which deceive the public are denied protection, altho members of the trade are not misled thereby." The decision is welcomed by the press, which realize that the court, in the words of the Indianapolis *News*, "decided from the view of the retail purchaser rather than from that of the trade," altho, as the New York *Journal of Commerce* remarks, "the elimination of deception in labeling or branding should aid honest business as well as the consumer." "Common sense," it may be noted, is the most popular editorial characterization of the decision.

It seems to one of the counsel for the Trade Commission that as a result of the Supreme Court's decision against the Winsted Hosiery Company, which appealed from an order of the Commission, "there will come a revolutionary change in advertising. It will be possible to give the public full protection from unscrupulous firms which mislabel, misbrand or misrepresent the article they are offering on the market." But the New York *Commercial* thinks that the word "revolutionary" is rather too strong for the case, "in as much as first-class periodicals have for a long time been enforcing this law in its strictest interpretation; in fact, none but second-rate publications will knowingly accept advertising that in any way deceives the buyer. In this respect the efforts for clean advertising have been supplemented by the first-class advertising agencies until straight advertising has become so wide-spread among the advertising fraternity that its general enforcement by the Federal Trade Commission could not be called revolutionary."

Taken by itself, as affecting only the practises of the Winsted Hosiery Company, the decision read by Mr. Justice Brandeis on April 24 would not appear to have very far-reaching consequences, several editors admit. But, they contend, the case is typical of a large number of misbranding cases now before the Trade Commission, which will probably be settled on the lines of the decision. Besides, as we read in the New York *Times*, it will, taken in connection with the recent decisions in the shoe machinery and price-fixing cases, "serve to remind certain classes of prominent persons that they can not break the law with impunity."

> This means not merely the protection of the general public from exploitation by conscienceless producers of one kind or another, but also the protection of the humbler and poorer of producers from the capacity of those strong enough to dominate in certain industries, and who have, in the past, been wont to use their power to crush competition. Live and let live promises to be the new slogan in business.

The strengthening of the hands of the Federal Trade Commission is emphasized by other commentators. "This is almost the first real victory the Commission has won," says the Boston *Herald;* "and it may prove to be a great significance." To the New York *World* it seems all important that the Commission and "the law of its creation" should be so fully sustained:

> This is a pioneer body in the Federal Government. It was designed not to supersede but to aid in the enforcement of the anti-trust laws. It has been fighting for its life ever since its establishment, and having uphill work. The hand of every manufacturer or dealer or coal-operator or others engaged in doubtful practises under the laws to maintain fair competition has been set against it, and quite too often have the lower Federal courts been disposed to give them refuge.
>
> Now the Supreme Court has spoken in the matter and with but a single dissenting voice. This little game of hamstringing the Federal Trade Commission will have to stop. That body represents a line of Government trade regulation which is here to stay for a while.

ARE LIVING COSTS TOO HIGH?

OFF-HAND, most of us would probably say yes. But when Secretary Wallace tried to answer the question in a recent address before the National League of Women Voters he made the statement that "if it were possible to bring up prices of everything to about 60 per cent. above the pre-war level that would benefit most of our people and the nation at large." Now there is occasion for wide difference of opinion on this point, the New York *Evening Post* notes in discussing Mr. Wallace's remark. And, in fact, the Secretary of Agriculture readily admitted this. It seems to *The Evening Post's* financial editor that to bring prices up to the level advocated by Mr. Wallace would involve "a considerable amount of readjustment":

> In the first place, average prices would be higher than they now are; for nearly a year wholesale prices have been fairly stable, at about 50 per cent. above the pre-war level. Again, the suggested plane of

desirable prices would mean a considerable rise in prices of farm products, food, and metals, and a considerable drop in the prices of clothing, household goods, fuel, and building materials. One's views as to the desirability of these changes will naturally be governed largely by the degree to which they may promote or retard his own economic welfare. As a general proposition, it may be said that individuals with fixt incomes from salaries and investments will not welcome any suggestion of a higher level for average prices, while farmers and producers of metals and any others whose prices are below the general level, as well as the debtor class generally, would welcome a higher level. What is really needed now is not higher prices or lower prices, but more uniform prices as between different groups, and then, after uniformity, stability.

THE BELGIAN TRUST IN THE SAVINGS BANK

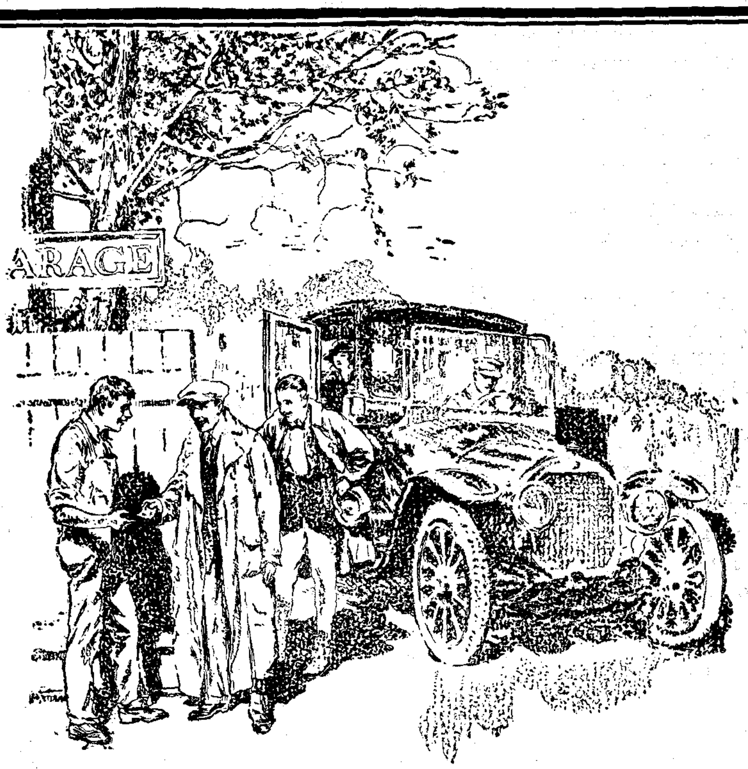
OF all these the thriftiest are the Belgians, might seem to be a perfectly proper paraphrase of Cæsar's characterization, when we read in the Commerce Department's *Commerce Reports* that practically half of the 7,600,000 inhabitants of Belgium are savings-bank depositors. And what is more, almost all these deposits are in the same bank. For—

> The function of depository of popular savings in Belgium is not, as in the United States, shared by numerous savings banks, or the savings departments of established financial institutions, but is mainly concentrated in the Caisse Génerale d'Epargne et de Retraite, at Brussels. The Caisse d'Epargne is a private company with legally regulated functions, and operates under the supervision of the Minister of Finance. It cooperates with the Belgian postal service, thus obviating any need of a postal-savings system. According to its last report, this institution had 3,500,008 accounts, indicating that practically one-half of the inhabitants of Belgium are depositors. Total deposits at the close of 1921 were 1,494,522,172 francs, showing an average credit to each depositor of 427 francs.

VIENNA BECOMING THE WALL STREET OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE

SELDOM does the same road lead to poverty and financial leadership. But it seems to in the case of the capital of stricken Austria. Vienna, according to a correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* who writes from that city, is now becoming "the most important center for continental European arbitrage transactions." That is, it has become a center of foreign exchange for the very reason that the Viennese banks have been compelled by the worthlessness of their own money to become experts in dealing with foreign moneys. The writer notes that:

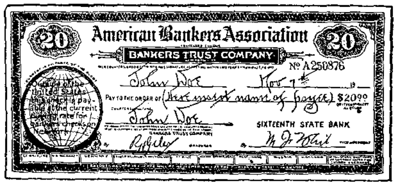
> The quotations in Milan, Zurich, Prague, Warsaw and Belgrade have for the past few weeks been nothing else than transcalculations of Vienna quotations. The point is that Vienna bankers are no longer calculating in crowns. The exchange markets of all Continental countries are more or less hampered by the habit of



WHEN TOURING...

---you will find the bumps in the financial roadway smoothed out by---

"A·B·A" American Bankers Association Cheques
FOR TRAVELERS



American Bankers Association
20
BANKERS TRUST COMPANY
No A250876
John Doe Nov 7th 19
Pay to the order of (Here insert name of payee) $20.00
John Doe
SIXTEENTH STATE BANK

FACTS About A·B·A Cheques

- —universally used by travelers in every land.
- —your counter-signature in presence of acceptor identifies you.
- —safe to have on the person because they can not be used until they have been countersigned by the original holder.
- —safer than money, and frequently more convenient than Letters of Credit because the bearer is less dependent on banking hours.
- —issued by banks everywhere in denominations of $10, $20, $50, and $100.
- —compact, easy to carry, handy to use.

Ask for them at your bank or write for particulars to
BANKERS TRUST COMPANY
New York City

Have you a friend who is a printer?

If you haven't, you may sometimes feel that printers are a cantankerous lot, whose chief business is keeping you from having the kind of printing you think you want.

But if you know a printer *well*, you can testify to a keen, marrowy man; a man of agile intellect and sound instinct in matters of taste.

There's something in the tradition of the art of Bodoni and Ben Franklin that attracts and holds that sort of man.

A cantankerous lot

We firmly believe that is because printers *are* like this that Old Hampshire Bond is so well known. For longer than we can remember, printers and Old Hampshire Bond have had a strong affinity—it just seems as though they get on together naturally and with mutual respect.

Printers buy almost all of the Old Hampshire Bond that is made. They buy it to make into business letterheads which they design and print and sell to their customers everywhere.

Ask your printer

We have never met a printer who did not appreciate this fine paper and recommend it whenever he was called on to supply business stationery of character and distinction. And if you have acquired wisdom in printing matters, you will take his say-so as the dictum of the man who knows, and use Old Hampshire Bond for *your* letterheads.

For printers and business men interested in fine paper, we have some interesting samples, which we shall gladly send to all who write on their business letterheads.

Old Hampshire Bond

Hampshire Paper Company

"Made a little better than seems necessary" Old Hampshire Bond

South Hadley Falls, Mass.

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

thinking in the national currency. This mental limitation does not exist for the Vienna banker. He always thinks in the currency in which he is dealing and not in his national currency. This creates a mental flexibility which is a condition of international currency transactions.

Of course, the London banker, who before the war was trained to think in metal, gold or silver, had the same mental independence from the peculiarities of national exchange, but in the European continent even neutral bankers took their national exchange as the national unit.

It is remarkable that the German markets for foreign exchange depend on Vienna quotations. Vienna is the market in which German importers buy dollars, pounds, French francs and so on. Of course, it represents an enormous economic and financial brain without an adequate economic body. The critical situation for Vienna was at the time when this hypertrophic brain of Vienna appeared condemned to think only for the small economic body of little Austria. But if Vienna has a brain for big economic units she may play an important rôle in the European East which will not only help the bankers and the bankers' employees but the whole population of the town.

WHAT UNCLE SAM OWES

UNDER this heading *The Nation's Business* (Washington, D. C.) assembles, in a convenient form so that the whole situation may be taken in at a glance, the essential facts regarding United States Government's indebtednesses:

	Billion Dollars
The public debt is about	23.5
Of this amount there falls due within the next 15 months a total of about	6.2
This 6.2 billions is made up of the following:	
Victory Notes	3.5
Due in 15 months (May 20, 1923)	
Treasury Certificates	2.2
Due in varying amounts in from 1 to 10 months.	
War Savings Securities	.5
Due in 10 months (January 1, 1923)	
	6.2
In addition there are:	
Treasury Notes	.7
Due in June and September, 1924	
	6.9

THE WAR LOANS

The war loans mature in this order:

			Billion Dollars
1.	(1923)	Victory Liberty Loan Redeemable June 15 and December 15, 1922 Payable May 20, 1923	3.5
2.	(1928)	Third Liberty Loan Payable September 15, 1928	3.6
3.	(1938)	Fourth Liberty Loan Redeemable October 15, 1933 Payable October 15, 1938	6.3
4.	(1942)	Second Liberty Loan Redeemable November 15, 1927 Payable November 15, 1942	3.3
5.	(1947)	First Liberty Loan Redeemable June 15, 1932 Payable June 18, 1947	1.9

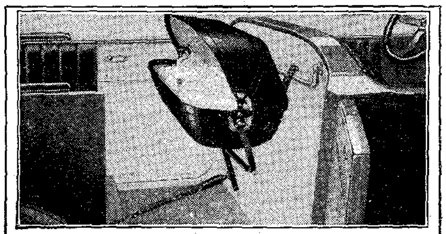
[Within twenty-five years, that is, by the time of the maturity of the First Liberty Loan in 1947, not only all of the war loans will have become payable but practically all of the present indebtedness of 23.5 billion dollars will have become payable.]

Can You, Too, Say, "Yes, I'm Getting My 8 Per Cent?"

THAT was the answer Dr. Thompson got when he cross-questioned a friend who had been investing in Miller First Mortgage Bonds. An interest yield of 8% is attractive *provided you get it.* Invest in Miller Bonds and be *sure* of getting it. Write today for free story, "Yes, I'm Getting My 8%," which explains how and why.

MILLER MORTGAGE BONDS
$100 Bonds; $500 Bonds; $1,000 Bonds
Interest paid twice yearly
Yield: 8%
Partial payment accounts invited

G. L. MILLER & CO.
INCORPORATED
508 HURT BUILDING ATLANTA, GA.
"First—the Investor's Welfare"



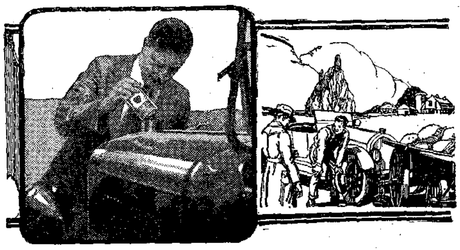
Have Baby Comfy

In a Gordon Motor Crib. More pleasure for you when motoring with baby tucked snugly in this convenient crib. "The safest way, the doctors say." Crib easily strapped in any touring car. Spring arrangement absorbs all shock over roughest roads. Hood when raised protects against weather. Fold crib flat or detach when not in use. Sold everywhere or sent parcel post prepaid.

Send for illustrated booklet and dealer's name
GORDON MOTOR CRIB CO.
219 North State St., Dept. 30 CHICAGO

INVENTORS Who desire to secure patent should write for our guide book "HOW TO GET YOUR PATENT." Send model or sketch and description of your invention and we will give opinion of its patentable nature.

RANDOLPH & CO., Dept. 171, Washington, D. C.



Miracle No. 3

Collision with farm wagon 26 miles from town. Radiator leaking three places,—constant trickle. A friendly driver fortunately carried can Radiator Neverleak in tool kit.

RADIATOR NEVERLEAK

Poured contents into radiator. Leaks stopped immediately. Saved annoyance, possible delay and big repair bill. Radiator is as good as new today.

Guaranteed satisfactory or money back. Cannot harm radiator. Carry a can for emergency. 75c. at all dealers or sent direct.

Buffalo Specialty Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.

RADIATOR NEVERLEAK
A LIQUID COMPOUND
POSITIVELY STOPS LEAKS
DOESN'T IMPAIR COOLING
CONTAINS NO ACID
DOUBLES LIFE OF RADIATOR

CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

April 26.—In an address to the British and American press representatives at Genoa Premier Lloyd George declares that Europe faces another war unless its political difficulties are cleared up by the Conference.

The Ambassadors' Council demands that Germany immediately hand over for trial 15 men accused by the Inter-Allied High Commission of having attacked the French barracks at Petersdorf, Upper Silesia, three months ago.

It is officially announced at Cairo that the United States Government has recognized the new Egyptian Government, but that it maintains capitulatory rights.

April 27.—The Russian Soviet Government issues notes in denominations of 50,000,000 and 100,000,000 rubles, which will be redeemable in 1924.

Three soldiers are killed and six wounded in a pitched battle between Irish Free State and Republican troops at Mullingar.

April 28.—Separate plans proposed by the British and the French for the rehabilitation of Russia, the one emphasizing the need for a revival of industry and the other for a revival of agriculture, are given by the Genoa Conference to a body of experts for the purpose of harmonizing and combining the essentials of both.

Fighting, accompanied by heavy artillery firing, begins between the troops of General Chang Tso-lin, Governor of Manchuria, and General Wu Pei-fu, Commander of the forces in Central China. Meanwhile the foreign legations issue a joint warning to the Chinese Government against fighting in Peking.

Five more Protestants are murdered in County Cork, making a total of eight killed in two days. Since February 1, the Secretary of the Ulster Union Council announces, 51 Protestants and 9 Crown servants have been murdered in Belfast by Sinn Feiners.

Paul Deschanel, who retired from the Presidency of France on account of illness and was succeeded by President Millerand, dies in his 65th year.

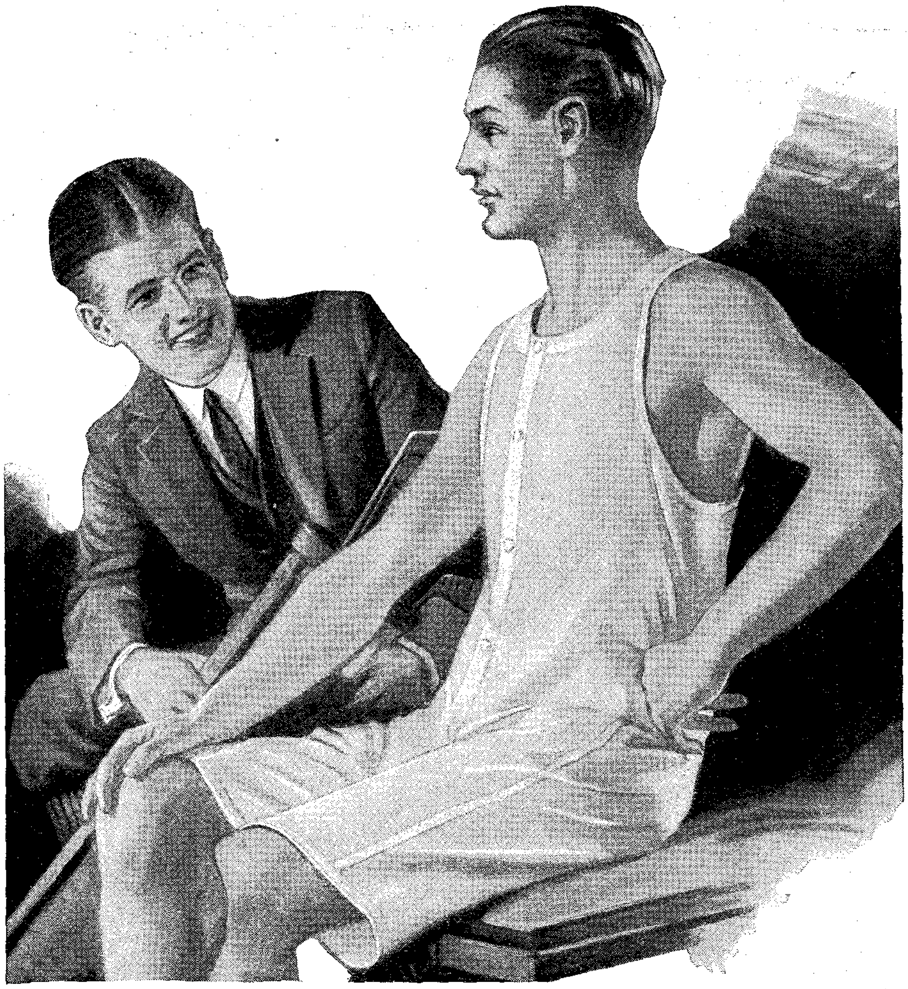
April 29.—The peace conference between the Free State and the Republicans ends when Eamon De Valera and Charles Burgess, rebel leaders, reject three offers made by the Provisional Government.

Richard Croker, former leader of Tammany Hall, dies at Glencairn Castle, Sandyford, a few miles from Dublin, in his 79th year.

The Russian delegates to the Genoa Conference serve notice on the Allied Powers that unless a declaration of the Entente's stand, including credit grants, is forthcoming immediately, the Bolsheviki will withdraw the concessions they agreed to a week ago and will stand on their old demands.

The southern naval squadron belonging to the Peking Government is captured by the forces of President Sun Yat-sen, head of the South China Government at Canton, and the opposing forces about Peking engage upon a wide front. One hundred and fifty bluejackets and marines arrive to reenforce the American Legation at Peking.

The advisory committee of the League of Nations, meeting in Genoa, recom-



"Comfort at every point —from neck to knee"

"WHY didn't somebody make an athletic union suit like Topkis long ago?

"Look at the long, wide legs! You can walk all day in Topkis without ever feeling a pinch or a pull. Scarcely touches your body. Big, roomy armholes.

"Fits exactly right—no bagginess; no clumsy belt.

"And listen—Topkis lets your skin breathe. No stuffy feeling.

"Quality? Value? Feel that fabric. Look at the workmanship. Seams firmly stitched; buttons put on to stay. Where could you get underwear anything like it for a dollar except in Topkis?"

Only the best nainsook and other high-grade fabrics are used in Topkis Athletic Underwear. Pre-shrunk—full size guaranteed. But get *your* size—38 if your coat is a 38, and so on.

No good dealer will ask more than a dollar for the Topkis Men's Union Suit—although many will tell you it's *worth* more.

Men's Union Suits, $1.00.

Men's Shirts and Drawers, 75c per garment. 75c for Boys' Union Suits, Girls' Bloomer Union Suits, and Children's Waist Union Suits.

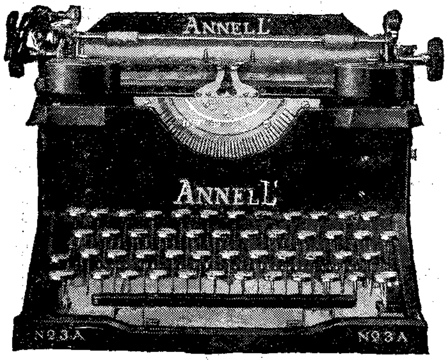
Ask for TOPKIS Underwear. Look for the Topkis label.

Illustrated booklet tells underwear facts you ought to know. Write for free copy.

TOPKIS BROTHERS COMPANY, Wilmington, Delaware
General Sales Offices; 350 Broadway, New York City.

TOPKIS
Athletic Underwear

Brand-New: From Factory to You.



BIG SAVING

This beautiful machine is the only brand-new (unused), standard, full-size typewriter with a 4-row, 42-key, 84-character Universal keyboard that you can buy for less than $100. It comes direct from factory to you at practically the wholesale price of other high-grade typewriters—**a remarkable saving.**

Free Trial

Use Annell' on your work at our expense, put it to the test for ten days; then if it doesn't satisfy you in every way, return it to us and we will refund even the express charges. You take no risk. Could anything be fairer?

Easy Terms

While you are using the machine, small monthly payments scattered over a period of more than a year make it easy and convenient to own this full-size, brand-new (unused), 4-row, standard-keyboard typewriter.

Mechanical Marvel

Strength and simplicity are the outstanding qualities of this machine. It embodies the ideas and experience of mechanical geniuses who have been making typewriters for generations. Every essential operating convenience is possessed by Annell', including the 4-row, 42-key, 84-character Universal standard keyboard. It will last a business lifetime and is fully covered by an ironclad guarantee.

Send Coupon Today
For Complete Information
about the greatest of all typewriter offers.
Don't miss it. Act now.

ANNELL' TYPEWRITER CO.
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NOT AN ORDER - MAIL TODAY

ANNELL' TYPEWRITER CO.
641 No. 230 East Ohio Street, Chicago.

Send me complete information about your wonderful typewriter offer; this places me under no obligation.

A Working Grammar of the English Language

by James C. Fernald, L.H.D. English grammar presented so concisely, simply, accessibly, that it is of constant value to every one who needs practical information. Cloth, $1.50; by mail, $1.62.
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Dept. 74, N.Y.

ASK for Horlick's
The ORIGINAL
Malted Milk

Safe Milk
For Infants & Invalids

NO COOKING
The "Food Drink" for All Ages.
Quick Lunch at Home, Office and Fountains. *Ask for HORLICK'S.*
Avoid Imitations & Substitutes

CURRENT EVENTS
Continued

mends control of the opium trade, by providing that no opium shall be exported or imported without a written governmental certificate that it is needed for medical or other legitimate purpose.

April 30.—Heavy fighting, resulting in combined casualties of 1,000, continues between the armies of General Chang Tso-lin and General Wu Pei-fu. Martial law is declared in Peking, and the American Legation requests Washington to send another warship to Tientsin.

Pope Pius XI sends a note to all the Powers represented at Genoa, appealing to them to adopt a conciliatory attitude toward Russia and to open the way to peaceful relationship among all the nations of the world. Georg Tchitcherin, chief of the Bolshevik delegation, assures Louis Barthou, head of the French delegation, that the Russo-German treaty contains no secret military clauses and that the Bolshevik delegates are anxious to cooperate with France.

The Sublime Porte agrees to the Allied High Commissioners' suggestion for the demilitarization of Thrace and for the freedom of the Dardanelles, provided the security of Constantinople is assured.

May 1.—Representatives of the regular and irregular branches of the Irish Republican Army agree to accept the fact that a majority of the Irish people favor the peace treaty, and to hold an election for the establishment of a government which will have the confidence of the whole country. Irregular forces are reported to have robbed various branches of the Bank of Ireland of more than £100,000.

The subcommission of the economic conference at Genoa decides to ask Chief Justice Taft, of the United States Supreme Court, to name the president of a mixed tribunal of three which will fix the amount the Bolsheviki shall pay to holders of Russian bonds and the compensation in cases where the Bolsheviki have seized private property. This action is subject to acceptance by the Bolsheviki.

Leon Trotzky, Soviet War Minister, declares to the Moscow garrison at the May Day review that the Allies at Genoa desire conditions to which Russia will never yield, and asks the troops to be prepared.

A sergeant of the American forces in Germany is wounded during the May Day celebration in Mayence.

The rival Chinese leaders agree to exclude Peking and Tientsin from the field of military operations.

May 2.—The Allied plan for the rehabilitation of Russia is sent to the Bolshevik delegation at Genoa, but without ratification by the Belgians and with only tentative approval by the French.

The revolt against the Free State Government, accompanied by raids on branches of the Bank of Ireland, spreads in Southern Ireland; and in Kilkenny the rebels seize several public buildings, from which they are later ousted by Free State troops.

Severe fighting occurs along the Hun River, 30 miles south of Peking, where 40,000 troops of General Wu Pei-fu, the Central Chinese leader, endeavor to force a crossing to gain control of the Peking-Tientsin railroad from General Chang Tso-lin.

Kills!

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DOMESTIC

April 26.—Continued reports of dead and missing in the flood that inundated Fort Worth, Texas, for two days brings the list to 63.

April 27.—President Harding delivers a memorial address at General U. S. Grant's birthplace at Point Pleasant, Ohio, and says that all nations are backing the disarmament movement.

Twenty-four nationally known lawyers file a report with Secretary of State Hughes denouncing the motives and methods of the State and Navy Departments in their treatment of Haiti.

April 28.—The House passes the Dennison "blue sky" bill making it illegal to use United States mails and other agencies of interstate commerce for transporting and promoting the sale of securities contrary to the laws of the State.

April 29.—The Senate unanimously adopts the La Follette resolution calling for an investigation into the action of the Interior Department and the Navy Department in the leasing of the naval oil reserves in California and Wyoming.

The Socialist party of the United States, in convention at Cleveland, votes for an immediate affiliation with the Vienna Internationale.

Gifts by John D. Rockefeller for the advancement of education in the United States within the last twenty years are estimated by the President of the General Education Board to be $130,000,000.

Secretary of State Hughes replies to the protest lodged against the United States Government in Haiti by announcing that the Government's policy will stand.

Twenty-five moonshiners of the Mill Creek district in Kentucky agree to turn over a new leaf and to surrender their stills to Judge Hiram Johnson of the Circuit Court, and afterwards engage in prayer in the court-room.

April 30.—President Samuel Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, issues a statement declaring that recognition by the United States of the Bolshevik government would be "a needless and base betrayal of civilization."

May 1.—A bill extending for one year from next July 1 the power of the War Finance Corporation is passed by the Senate by unanimous vote.

The House passes the Dun bill authorizing an appropriation of $65,000,000 for road-building for the year beginning July 1, and $75,000,000 for the year thereafter.

Major-General James William McAndrew, Chief of Staff of the A. E. F. in France in the latter part of the World War, dies in his 60th year.

May 2.—President Harding sends to the House a request for a special appropriation of $500,000 to be used by the Department of Justice to investigate and prosecute all civil and criminal cases growing out of the war.

Two joint resolutions to legalize light wines and beer, and a bill providing, in effect, for submission of the same question to a referendum vote are introduced in the House by Representative Ansorge, of New York.

Collections of internal revenue for the first three-quarters of the current fiscal year fell off by more than $875,000,000, as compared with the corresponding period of last year, according to a report of the Internal Revenue Bureau.

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from
Ocean to Ocean

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Ouch!—PROF—"Do you know where shingles were first used?"

FROSH—"I'd rather not tell."—*Burr.*

Always Be Yourself.—TRUCULENT BILL COLLECTOR—"Are you Mr. Smith?"

MR. SMITH (meekly)—"No, sir, I'm my roommate."—*Record.*

But Not Very.—It is reported that the oldest man in America has died recently near Cork. In this country, of course, the oldest man is still alive.—*Punch.*

The Power of Love.—CAPTAIN (sharply)—"Button up that coat."

MARRIED RECRUIT (absently)—"Yes, my dear."—*The Alleghany Campus.*

The Higher Journalism.—REPORTER—"I have come to interview you, sir."

GREAT STATESMAN—"Well, go back and write your interview and let me see it."

REPORTER—"Here it is."—*Life.*

Suburbanity.—WOMAN—"I should think you would be ashamed to beg in this neighborhood."

TRAMP—"Don't apologize for it, mum, I've seen worse."—*Williams Purple Cow.*

Wised Up a Bit.—BURROWS—"Sorry, old chap, but I am looking for a little financial succor, again."

BANGS—"You'll have to hunt further. I am not the little financial sucker I used to be."—*Lawyer and Banker.*

Why Business Is Now Dull.—"I've got a lot of things I want to talk to you about, dear," said the wife.

"That's good," answered the husband; "you usually want to talk to me about a lot of things you haven't got."—*Tit-Bits.*

Tame Bird, Wild Parson.—JUDGE PRIEST—"Parson, that turkey you sold me yesterday wasn't a tame one as you claimed it to be, for I found shot in it."

PARSON BROWN—"Judge, dat was a tame turkey jest like I sed it was; dem shot was meant for me."—*Judge.*

Soft Answer Turneth Away Wrath.—WIFE—"My dear, you've forgotten again that to-day is my birthday."

HUSBAND—"Er—listen, love, I know I forgot it, but there isn't a thing about you to remind me that you are a day older than you were a year ago."—*London Opinion.*

Superiority.—Booth Tarkington tells of an old colored man who appeared as a witness before one of our committees. In the course of his examination these questions were put to the man: "What is your name?" "Calhoun Clay, sah." "Can you sign your name?" "Sah?" "I ask if you can write your name." "Well, no, sah. Ah nebber writes ma name. Ah dictates it, sah."—*Atlanta Chronicle.*

His Passing Fancy.

There was a man who fancied that,
By driving good and fast,
He'd get his car across the tracks
Before the train came past;
He'd miss the engine by an inch,
And make the train hand sore,
There was a man who fancied that. . . .
There isn't any more.
—*Carnegie Tech. Puppet.*

Self-Defense.—SHE—"I'm afraid, Don, at I will never see you in heaven."

HE—"Great guns! What have you en doing now?"—*Sour Owl.*

Sufficient Excuse. — COP — "You're nched for speeding."

COPPED—"What's the big idea? Doesn't at sign say 'Fine for speeding'?"—*Sun ial.*

Good for What Ails You.—"Quite a long ne in the doctor's office."

"Yes."

"Lot of men ill?"

"Not ill, hopeful."—*Judge.*

Filial Piety.—VISITOR—"Are your children doing anything for you in this your st illness?"

OLD MAN—"Oh, yes; they are keeping p my life insurance."—*Western Christian dvocate.*

In the Artist's Studio.—CAPTAIN OF OMMERCE—"D'you sell them?"

ARTIST (in hope)—"Oh, yes, certainly!"

CAPTAIN OF COMMERCE—"Young man, me with me. I've been looking for a lesman like you for years."—*Sydney ulletin.*

"— ! — !! — !!!" — CLERGYMAN — "I ought back the second-hand car I bought om you last week. It is too obstreperis."

DEALER—"What's wrong? Can't you n it?"

CLERGYMAN—"Not and stay in the inistry."—*Motor Life.*

Painless Dentistry.—AUNT ETHEL—Well, Beatrice, were you very brave at he dentist's?"

BEATRICE—"Yes, auntie, I was."

AUNT ETHEL—"Then there's the half-rown I promised you. And now tell me what he did to you."

BEATRICE—"He pulled out two of Willie's teeth!"—*Punch.*

Puzzle: Find Pop.—Colonel B. A. Franklin, Vice-President of Strathmore Paper Company, is responsible for the following story: A gentleman having business with a back-country farmer inquired of the armer's boy where the old man was to e found. "He's out in the pig-pen docoring a sick shoat," replied the boy, and dded as an illuminating after-thought, Pop's the one with a hat on."—*Christian ntelligencer.*

Letting Him Down Easy.—A rich man, ying on his death bed, called his chauffeur ho had been in his service for years, and aid:

"Ah, Sykes. I am going on a long and ugged journey, worse than ever you drove e."

"Well, sir," consoled the chauffeur. There's one comfort. It's all down hill." –*American Legion Weekly.*

Spoiling the Fun.—The teacher said to er pupils:

"Wouldn't this be a great world if people ould all love one another and treat each ther with kindness?"

One small boy looked doubtful.

"Wouldn't you like to see everybody reat everybody else with kindness?" the eacher inquired.

After a moment's reflection the boy nswered:

"Then there wouldn't be any more Mutt nd Jeff pictures."—*Youngstown Telegram.*

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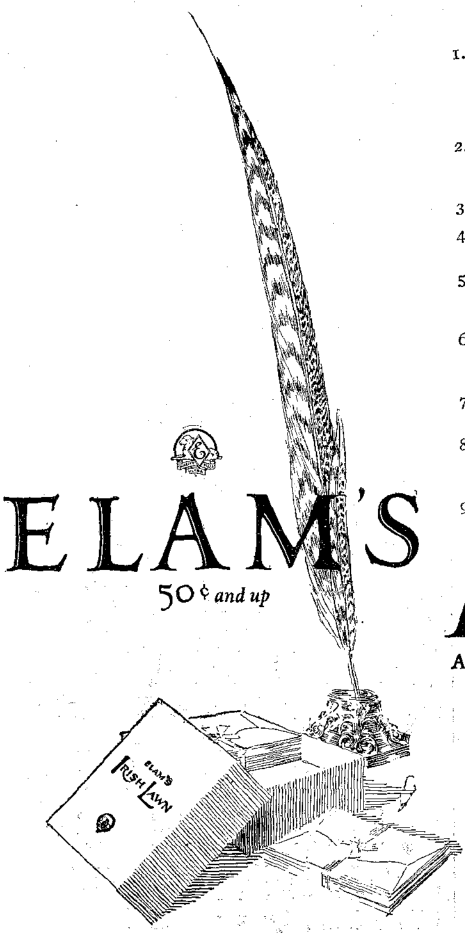

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2. Letters may be used in one word only so often as they appear in the contest phrase. For example, s may be used three times, but m only once.
3. Contest closes July 31, 1922.
4. Use singular or plural, but where singular is used, plural cannot be counted also, and vice versa.
5. The list showing the largest number of correct words will be awarded first prize; the next largest, second prize, etc.
6. All answers must be written on one side of the paper only and words numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, etc. Write your name and address on each sheet.
7. In event of ties, full amount of the prize tied for will be paid to each tying contestant.
8. The decision of the judges will be final and awards made and checks mailed to winners as soon as possible after close of contest.
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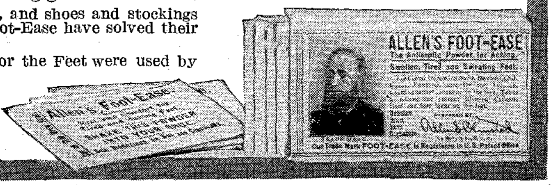

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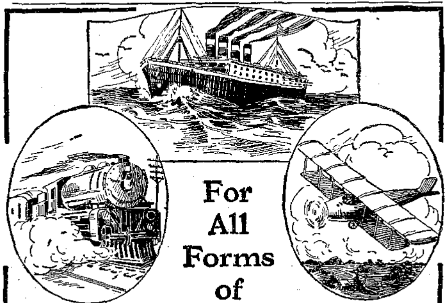

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"G. L.," Americus, Ga.—"Kindly give me th correct pronunciation of the name *Deschanel.*"

The name *Deschanel* is correctly pronounced *de''sha''nel'*—first *e* as in *prey*, *sh* as in *ship*, a as in *artistic,* second *e* as in *get.*

"R. K.," Lisbon, N. H.—"Kindly give me the correct pronunciation of *sky* and *ski.* Is there any authority for the 'h' sound?"

The word *ski* in Danish is pronounced *ski*—*i* as in *police.* In Norwegian and Swedish *sk* before *e, i,* and *y* is pronounced as English *sh* in *ship;* hence, *ski* is invariably pronounced *sh* (*sh* as in *ship*, *i* as in *police*) by Scandinavians The word *sky* is pronounced *skai*—*ai* as in *aisle.*

"E. S. L.," New York, N. Y.—"I swear frequently by *The Great Horned Spoon.* Who buil *The Great Horned Spoon* and what was it made of?

The phrase "by the great horn spoon" is ludicrous oath of unknown origin, of which w *find a mention as early as 1848 in the* "Biglow Papers," "Sez Mister Foote, 'should like to shoot The holl gang, *by the great horn spoon.*' "

"E. J. H.," Chicago, Ill.—"In the expressio 'This is a book of *Mary's*' is the apostroph necessary in front of the 's' in *Mary's?* It seem to be a case of double possession. Is there good authority for omitting the apostrophe in thi case?"

"Sometimes the form in *'s* and the form with *of* are combined, making a double possessive Thus we say, 'That check *of Thompson's,*' where 'That *Thompson's* check' would be awkward and 'That check *of Thompson*' would seem rather flat. We prefer the possessive at the end of the phrase, even tho it combines two forms, and this *mode of expression has become an accepted* English idiom."—Fernald's *English Grammar Simplified.* Therefore, the form you give is *correct*—"This is a book *of Mary's.*"

"H. R. D.," Dayton, O.—"Is there but one correct pronunciation of the words *data* and *apparatus?* Must the penultimate 'a' be long in each word?"

The words you give are correctly pronounced as follows: *Data, de'ta*—*e* as in *prey*, *a* as in *final; apparatus, ap''a-re'tus*—first *a* as in *fat*, second *a* as in *final*, *e* as in *prey*, *u* as in *but;* or *ap''a-ra'tus*—first *a* as in *fat*, second *a* as in *final*, third *a* as in *art*, *u* as in *but.*

"J. D. J.," Tampico, Mex.—"How is *Easter day* figured out? I already understand that it falls on the first Sunday after the first full moon after the twenty-first day of March. Now I want to know whatever the full moon and the twenty-first of March have to do with the matter."

Easter day, according to the decree of the Council of Nice, is the first Sunday after the paschal full moon, that is, the full moon that occurs on the day of the vernal equinox, March 21, or on any of the 28 days following that date. Consequently the earliest date on which Easter can fall is March 22, and the latest is April 25. It is considered the great movable feast of the Christian year.

"R. W.," St. Louis, Mo.—"How is the term professor correctly used?"

A *professor* in the specific meaning of the term designates a public teacher of the *highest rank* who holds an endowed or established chair in a university or one of its colleges. Endowed teachers of higher grades of study are also called *professors*, and the term is used to designate one who holds a high *salaried* (or *endowed) position as a teacher* in an educational institution. The title is higher than those of *Reader*, *Instructor*, or *Lecturer*. As a teacher in a high school is not an instructor *of the highest grade*, it is technically wrong to style him "Professor," but the word is used sometimes as a title of courtesy, when added to the name of a person spoken to, and, having the sanction of usage, is permissible, if not distasteful to the person to whom it is applied. That it might prove offensive is due to the fact that the term has been much abused, having been used by charlatans, magicians, prestidigiators, jugglers, and instructors in dancing, as ell as exponents of phrenology, without due and ccredited title thereto.

"D. O'B.," Detroit, Mich.—The correct pronunciation of the word *cello* is *chel'o—ch* as in *in, e* as in *get, o* as in *obey.*

"R. E. S.," Yoakum, Tex.—"Kindly give me he meaning and correct pronunciation of the ord *mezzanine.*"

The word means—"(1) A low story between wo higher ones; especially, one between the round floor and story above, sometimes between he ground floor and basement, or in a theater elow the stage boards, from which the traps are orked; hence, *mezzanine floor* or *story.* (2) A mall window broader than it is high." The word s pronounced *mez'a-nin—e* as in *get, a* as in *final,* as in *hit* or as in *police.*

"J. J. C.," Auburn, N. Y.—"Please give me he correct pronunciation of *Apache,* an American ndian, and *apache,* a French robber or assassin."

Apache, the name of an American tribe of ndians, is pronounced *a-pach'i*—first *a* as in *nal,* second *a* as in *fat, ch* as in *chin, i* as in *habit.* he word *apache,* one of a band of lawless persons ho frequent the streets of Paris at night and rey upon pedestrians, is pronounced *a''pash'*—rst *a* as in *artistic,* second *a* as in *art, sh* as in *ip.*

"E. F.," Lima, Ohio.—"Kindly tell me which is orrect and state the reason: (1) 'Livingstone as one of the most daring explorers that *has* ver been known.' (2) 'Livingstone was one of e most daring explorers that *have* ever been nown.'"

Have should be used, as the antecedent of "that" "explorers," not "one"—"Livingstone was ne of the most daring explorers that *have* ever een known."

"E. M. L.," Iowa Falls, Ia.—"Is there authori- back of the expression *ought* for the term *zero*)? What are the other expressions used for at term?"

The word *ought* is a corruption of *naught,* which the proper word to use for the cipher (0).

"H. E. F.," Sand Springs, Okla.—"Please tell e the correct use of the period after a sentence nding with an abbreviation. Is it correct to se one or two periods, for example—'We have n hand many cases of jars, caps, lids, etc.' or We have on hand many cases of jars, caps, lids, tc..'?"

When an abbreviation ends a sentence, only ne period is used to mark the omission of letters and the end of the sentence. When the construction requires an exclamation-point or an interrogation-point, the mark is placed after the period; as, "He called for us this P. M." "Can you call for us this P. M.?" "We ordered several books shipped to Jones Bros." "Have you shipped the books ordered by Jones Bros.?" Only one period should be used in the sentence you cite —"We have on hand many cases of jars, caps, lids, etc."

"I. B. R.," Santa Barbara, Calif.—"Kindly ive me the correct pronunciation and meaning the word *viscount.*

The word *viscount* means "(1) In England, a tle of nobility between earl and baron. (2) continental Europe, a title next below that of unt; also, the son or younger brother of a count.) Formerly, in England, a sheriff." The word pronounced *vai'kaunt—ai* as in *aisle, au* as *ou out.*

"E. B.," Voluntown, Conn.—"What is the rrect pronunciation of *La Salle,* the name of famous explorer in the early history of America?"

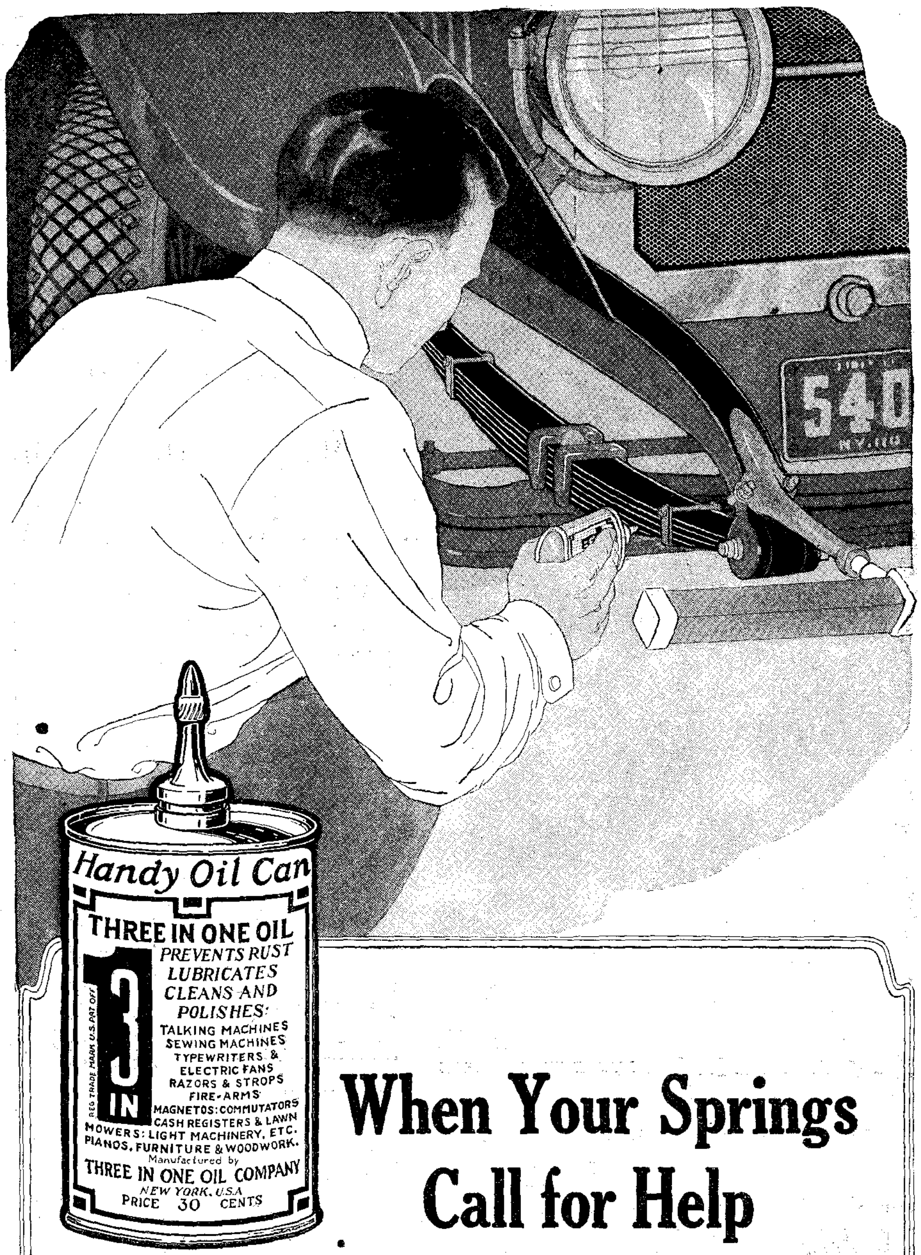
The name is pronounced *la sal*—first *a* as in *tistic,* second *a* as in *art.*

"A. C. D.," Seattle, Wash.—"Kindly explain e difference between *already* and *allready.*"

Already, now used as a solid word, was origilly written *all ready. Already* and *altogether* ve meanings that differ greatly from *all ready* d *all together. Already* means "beforehand"; *ready* means "everything is in a state of eparedness." *Altogether* means "completely"; *together* means "every one in union, or contly."

"E. A. F.," Earlington, Ky.—"Is the expreson 'I have enjoyed myself to-night' correct?"

The expression "I enjoyed myself" is an Ensh idiom for 'I enjoyed the entertainment,' whatever there was to enjoy in common with ers.



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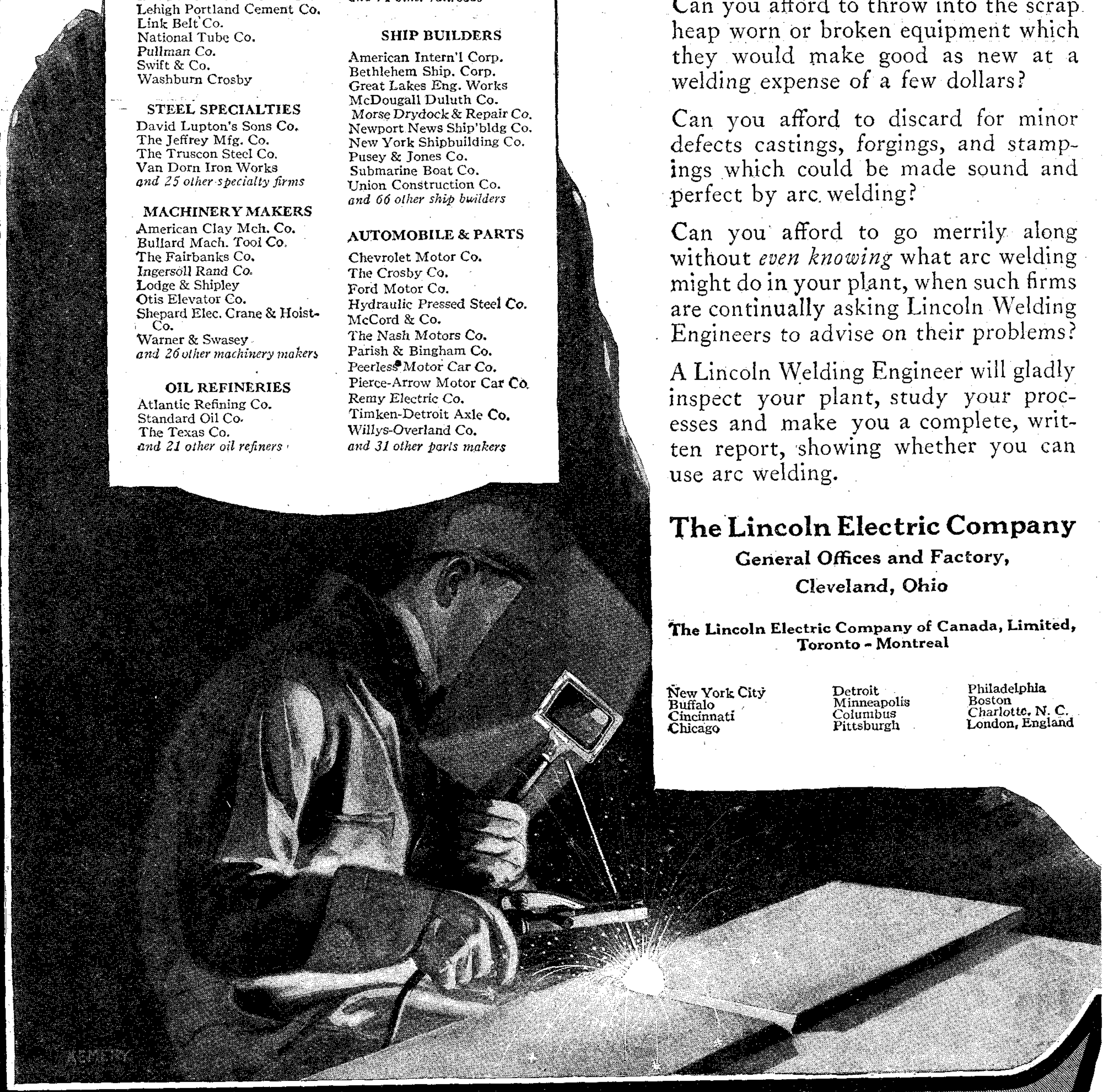

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